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PERSONAL NARRATIVES

OF EVENTS IN THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE

RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

No. 11. . . . SECOND SERIES.

Set 2

Nos. 11-20

1781-83



PROVIDENCE:

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1881.

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PERSONAL NARRATIVES

OF EVENTS IN THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION.

No. 11. SECOND SERIES.



REMINISCENCES OF THE YEAR OF THE REBELLION OF 1861-5.

BY

J. ALBERT MONROE.

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OF THE

WAR OF THE REBELLION OF 1861-5.

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[LATE LIEUTENANT COLONEL FIRST RHODE ISLAND LIGHT ARTILLERY.]

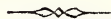


PROVIDENCE:

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REMINISCENCES
OF THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION OF 1861-5.



The pleasures of the past are the most vividly reproduced by the recollection and the recounting of incidents that occurred in the long ago. The memory of the trials, hardships and privations, is suffused with a bright tinge, as we recall the pleasant happenings that lighted up the dark days; and even those that seemed to make the darkness darker are dwelt upon with pleasant thought. The incidents that occurred in one's experience as a participant in the routine and campaigns of an active army, are similar, in a general way, to those that took place in the experience of every other participant in the same general affairs, and their narration carries the listening veteran back to

once familiar scenes and to circumstances alike, yet not the same; and the relation of little episodes of daily life, under such circumstances, present, to the inexperienced listener, the sweets that softened the bitter experience, the painful accounts of which, he is most familiar with. With these thoughts in mind, I have prepared the following narration of incidents, as a contribution to the papers of our society.

A SYMPATHETIC ENEMY.

The first of July, 1861, on which the first battle of Bull Run took place, was an exceedingly hot day; at least it appeared to be so by all who had not been accustomed to violent exercise in a warm climate. On the way to the battle ground in the morning, before reaching Sudley church, I went up to a large white house at one of the windows of which, a lady was standing, watching the passing troops, and I politely asked for some water. She gave me a gruff and insolent answer, and I turned away with feelings not the kindest imaginable. On our way back in the afternoon, after our apparent signal defeat, I saw the same lady standing at the same window, with a

tin cup in her hand, from which she was dispensing water to a goodly sized crowd of our thirsty men. I rode through the crowd and asked her for a drink. She passed the cup to me with a very little water in it, and I found it deliciously cold and refreshing. As she handed the cup, she remarked, "I can only give this to the wounded, for my ice is almost out, and I want very much to look out for them." My acrimonious feelings of the morning were entirely dispelled, for her heart, stubborn with the well and strong, had melted to the most kindly sympathy with those whose sufferings required a refreshing draught, though they were enemies to the cause she evidently was devoted to.

And in this connection I will say, it was my experience throughout the war, that the women invariably, by acts and words, disclosed their sympathy for one side or the other without fear or hesitation, while the men, as a rule, palavered and manifested a sort of I-must-scratch-your-back air.

AND SYMPATHETIC FRIENDS.

Passing through New York avenue on our way back

to our old camp, Camp Clark, we were very pleasantly surprised, near Eighth street, by the proffer of refreshments in the way of sandwiches and coffee, from the hands of two very intelligent looking and attractive young ladies. I took occasion, a few days after, to call at their residence to express my own thanks and those of the members of the company. The acquaintance thus begun, was most pleasantly continued throughout the entire war. After our arrival at Camp Clark, Mrs. Beale, formerly of this city, and who, I believe, was born here, extended to us every comfort that the resources of her kitchen and her cooks could afford.

ENCOURAGING YOUNG SOLDIERS.

In this paper I do not wish to enter into details of orders, and it is enough to say that we were ordered to leave Washington for Harper's Ferry, to relieve the three months battery, whose term of service was about to expire. We arrived at Berlin, some distance below the "ferry," early in the morning, and were met by a detachment of Captain Charles H. Tompkins's company, who escorted us to their camp, situated on

a beautiful knoll, overhung by the Maryland Heights, the crest of which was some fifteen hundred feet above us. The three months men started for home and we were left in possession of their battery, camp and camp equipage. On the opposite side of the river was a high mountain overlooking our position, from which a hostile bullet could be fired at us easily, and it seemed to delight several old stagers of the army, Mexican and Texas veterans, to visit our camp and tell stories of how they had been fired at in Texas and Mexico, and how, on one occasion, a very promising officer was killed, in the evening, by a shot from a height just like the one opposite. To one who has been through such experience, it is, of course, amusing to tell it and hear the like from others, but it is harrowing to the soul of a young person who finds himself so situated.

THE FIRST NIGHT MARCH.

We remained here until some time in August, when we received an order to report to Colonel John W. Geary, and to proceed, with his regiment, to Point of Rocks. The order was received in the afternoon

sometime, but it was not until after nightfall that we were directed to move. It was our first real night march, and as occasionally the blue light of a Roman candle would be seen shooting up in the darkness, signals probably to notify the enemy of our movement, our nervousness can better be imagined than described, for it must be remembered that a night attack, to men just learning the ways of war, is particularly dreaded, though a veteran feels more secure in the darkness of night than in the light of day.

THE ENEMY TAKES WINGS.

Arriving at Point of Rocks early in the morning, we went into camp on a beautifully situated piece of ground north of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. South of the railroad was the Potomac river, on the other side of which was the Catoctin mountains, or the northernmost one of the range known by that name. Colonel Geary was a very nervous and excitable man at that time, and was constantly on the look-out for a real or an imaginary enemy, on the other side of the river. One day we heard the long roll sounded in his camp, and shortly afterward Lieu-

tenant Colonel DeKorponey, the lieutenant colonel of his regiment, appeared in our camp and ordered me (at that time I was in command of the battery, Captain Reynolds being absent on leave and Lieutenant Vaughn, the senior lieutenant, on duty at Bolivar Heights) to run out a piece to fire upon some people concealed in the pines on the mountain side opposite, who were watching our movements or preparing to make an attack upon us. The gun was run out, loaded and fired, and, after two or three shots, a small flock of crows or buzzards lazily sailed out of the timber and flew away, which proved to be the enemy that had created so much commotion and caused one or two thousand hearts to rise into the throats of as many men.

DRUMMED OUT OF CAMP.

Another incident occurred here which made a deep impression on the mind of every man in camp—the drumming of a man out of camp. Though there was not any law to justify the drumming of a man out of camp except by the order of a court-martial whose proceedings are properly approved, Colonel Geary

took the responsibility of inflicting this punishment upon a member of his command, who had been guilty of some misdemeanor which a year or two after, probably, would have been considered a trivial affair. His head was closely shaven, and, escorted by a guard, he was marched out of camp to the tune of "The Rogue's March," to a point, some distance away, and there left to take care of himself.

"WHO IN THE DEVIL ARE YOU?"

I was appointed captain in September, 1861, and assumed command of my company upon its arrival in Washington, one Sunday in that month. Very little time was given me to prepare for the field, and, almost as soon as I got my battery and horses, I was ordered to report to General Fitz John Porter at Hall's hill, Va., and a day or two after joining his command, I was ordered to report to General McDowell at Upton's hill. On my way up the hill in search of General McDowell's headquarters, I saw a little house by the roadside, that was occupied by a general officer, so, halting my battery, I rode to the house, and dismounting, inquired of the orderly who answered my knock

at the door, if it was the quarters of General McDowell. He only had time to say, "No; General Keyes is here," when an old gentleman, who was General Keyes himself, appeared at the door and asked what I wanted. I told him very respectfully, and he then said, "Who in the devil are you?" I replied, "Captain Monroe." "Captain! captain of what?" said he. "Captain of that battery out in the road," I answered. He surveyed me, very carefully, from head to foot, and then said, "Who in hell was such a damned fool as to make a boy like you captain of a battery?" "Governor Sprague of Rhode Island, was such a fool as that," I said, the only reply to which was a gruff grunt which seemed to indicate intense disgust that a boy should be appointed to fill a position ranking with that for which old army officers had had to wait for years.

INCIDENTS AT THE FIRST WINTER QUARTERS.

We established our winter quarters at Munson's hill, a short distance from Upton's hill, where, under the command of Captain John Gibbon, Company B, Fourth Regular Artillery, who named the camp Camp

Dupont, we spent the winter in company with three other batteries. Several incidents occurred, during our stay there, that served, in a measure, to relieve the tedium of winter life in the field.

The officers floored their tents, and under my floor, a number of mice made a home. We got to be familiar, and often, at night, two or three would play about on the top of my table, by the side of which I was reading, and munch crumbs that I threw to them. When we left camp I was really sorry to part with them.

We had a man in the company whom I invariably found untidy and generally dirty, at the regular Sunday morning inspection. I warned him a number of times that, if he didn't get himself clean, I would have him washed, but repeated warnings seemed to have no effect. One Sunday morning I found him dirtier than usual. Detailing four men, two to throw water and two to scrub, I sent them to the brook and had him thoroughly washed down. The weather was quite chilly, and I was told by the officer-of-the-day, that it was a comical sight to see him standing there, stark naked, while the *douche*-ing and scrubbing operation

was going on. He came out white, and I never found much dirt on him at inspection after that, though I used to suspect that his only time of washing was Saturday night, or Sunday morning before the sun was up.

At the time we were in this camp, one very pleasant Sunday morning, everything was quiet and everyone was enjoying his ease; suddenly a loud explosion was heard, and the air seemed filled with all sorts of missiles. Upon investigation, we found that some of the men of my battery had picked up an old shell, and from curiosity or in the hope of having some fun, had embedded it in the bank of a run near by and exploded it by building a brush fire around it. This reminds me of a story that I heard, but of which I had no personal knowledge. Some men found a projectile, the like of which they had never seen before, and they took it to their commanding officer, either to satisfy their curiosity by an explanation from him as to its peculiarity, or to show him the new-fangled thing. He threw it aside as unimportant, paying but little or no attention to it. His cook, who had been watching the interview, picked up the projectile and

evidently thought that he could solve the problem by throwing it into the fire where he was cooking dinner. It is hardly necessary to say that, soon after, a new cook had to be procured and a new dinner had to be provided, for the result of the experiment was that the dinner in course of preparation, went to smithereens and the cook got a shell wound in one of his legs.

A CAVALRY CAMP UNDER FIRE.

Captain Gibbon was a very thorough officer, and he wanted every man under his command to be thoroughly acquainted with artillery practice and drill. In order that the enlisted men and officers might be made familiar with the sighting and firing of shotted guns, he caused to be cut, in a tract of timber near our camp, a space, perhaps twenty feet wide, and, it may be, half a mile in length. It was his custom to order a piece from each battery, with one or two detachments, to go to this place daily for target practice, the target being an immense pine tree directly in the center of the pathway cut through the timber. At that time I had rifled Parrott guns, and one day, in

compliance with Captain Gibbon's orders, I took out one of my guns, he accompanying me, and we commenced blazing away at the tree. We observed the effect of the fire, discussed its effectiveness, scientifically considering whether it were better to elevate or depress the piece a little more or not, and so on, when we heard all at once, "What the devil are you trying to do? Stop that or I will cut you to pieces; you have been firing right into my camp." Looking behind us we found a squadron of cavalry, whose commanding officer had thus summarily ordered us to cease our practice. Of course we stopped, for the idea of being cut to pieces was not a healthy one. That afternoon, Captain Gibbon and I rode around the timber to the cavalry camp, and sure enough, our shot had struck plump into their drill ground, which adjoined their camp, and where they were drilling at the time of our firing.

ONE IN A MILLION.

In the spring of 1862 the Army of the Potomac advanced toward Richmond, but, after reaching Manassas, it halted for several days, and then, for some

reason, the plan of operations was changed by the transfer to the Peninsular of the entire army with the exception of General McDowell's corps, to which my battery was attached. We moved from Fairfax Court House the eighteenth day of March, towards Alexandria, in a cold and regular Virginia driving rain, and it can rain there when it takes a notion to. My baggage wagons went by the old road to Alexandria, while the battery followed the Warrenton pike. When we reached Cloud's mills, we found the stream crossing the road near there, so swollen that it was impossible to ford it, therefore we had to bivouac for the night, our tents being in the wagons. Placing some fence rails slanting against Cloud's house, which was built of brick, and throwing a paulin over them, the officers crowded underneath and slept quite comfortably, the men taking refuge under the carriages of the battery; but we were a pretty sorry looking set of fellows in the morning, for we were thoroughly wet through to the skin. I had a change of dry underclothes with me, and in the morning I asked permission to enter one of the rooms of the house to put them on. I was directed to the nigger loft, to which

I went, followed by the ancient darky who occupied the quarters, and he remained with me, grumbling and growling, while I changed my clothing. He was evidently one of the rebel southern darkies, for he muttered that he was "going to watch any gorn durned yankee who was in his room." I think this was the only instance in my experience that a negro showed an unfriendly spirit towards a Union soldier.

DROWNED OUT.

As before stated, McDowell's corps was left behind when the rest of the army went to the peninsular, and we all were ordered back to our old camps. A few days after, I received orders to take my battery to Fairfax Seminary and await orders. We did not arrive there until late at night, and as I was expecting further orders, early in the morning, directing another move, I instructed the officer-of-the-day to pitch a Sibley tent, which I would occupy for the remainder of the night with the lieutenants. After the tent was up, I suggested to him that it would be a good plan to ditch it, though the night was beautifully clear and the moon was at its full. Making a survey of the

sky, and not seeing even a sign of a cloud, he thought there was no necessity for it. In a small matter of that kind I did not care to exercise my authority to give him a direct order to do it, but I had had too much experience then, to place much confidence in clear weather appearances in Virginia, so I took the precaution to have the seat and a cushion of a spring wagon that we had, carried into the tent, upon which I went to sleep, with my carpet bag for a pillow, while the other officers went to sleep on the ground. Sometime in the night I awoke and the tent was fairly blue with curses, while without, the rain was pouring in torrents. Putting my hand down on the ground, I found that a miniature river was pouring through the tent, and from the trouble the lieutenants were in, I knew that they, as well as their bedding, and clothing were thoroughly drenched. It was pitch dark, and they could not find a dry match, nor a candle to light even if they had had the match. After enjoying their tribulations in silence a little while, I fished a candle and some matches from my carpet bag and struck a light. There were four sorry looking men wading about in their stockings, through three or four inches

of water, with not a dry thread on or about them. The ground that we had encamped upon had, at some-time previous, been a cornfield. Afterwards it had been sown to grass, and it presented the appearance of beautiful meadow land, with a gentle rise from a narrow ribbon-like space next to the road, on which space our tent was pitched. The well-defined but not quickly discernible furrows had conducted all the water that fell on the extensive slope, directly to our quarters, hence the tribulation of the lieutenants. The headquarters tent was never afterwards pitched without digging a ditch about it.

THE BLISS OF IGNORANCE.

A few days later we were ordered to move with the corps, and our first halt, to make camp, was at Bristow station. We had received stringent orders forbidding foraging of every description. Even the most trivial violation of the order, was to be severely punished. The ground about Bristow station is quite flat, and in the spring it is decidedly swampy, but I managed to find a knoll, covered with cedars, which I selected for a camp, very luckily, for on the day of our arrival

a heavy snow-storm set in, which covered the ground with snow to the depth of several inches. While the rest of the corps were suffering intensely from the cold and exposed wet camps, the men of my company were enjoying comparative comfort. I sat in my tent one evening and imagined that I smelled the savory fumes of fresh meat cooking. I knew that no fresh meat had been issued for several days, and I was confident that none of my men, in the face of the peremptory orders that had been issued, would be guilty of gobbling a pig or a sheep, but I threw on my overcoat and went out to investigate. Picking my way through the trees, I found my own men very busy about their fires, and a toothsome flavor pervading the camp. I did not make myself known nor investigate further, for really under the circumstances I did not want to know anything more, but I must have been recognized by some one, for when the cook brought in breakfast the next morning, he set on the table a dish of delicious pig's liver, etc. He said that the commissary had been around in the night and issued fresh meat, and that this was apportioned to the officers. No further explanation was necessary.

SQUATTING IN A SHUCK STACK.

From Bristow station we were ordered to Fredericksburg. On the way there General Patrick, who commanded the brigade to which my battery was attached, lost the road, and at nightfall, at the close of a wet and disagreeable day, we found ourselves just nowhere, so to speak. We didn't dare to go into camp, so we just squat, as it were, for the night. Near by us was a stack of corn-shucks. We pulled this open, and after feeding the horses upon its substance, the officers buried themselves in the base of the stack and slept quite comfortably until morning.

EQUINE PRIDE.

When a lot of new horses were drawn from the quartermaster's department, there was always a trial and thorough examination of the different animals, to discover their particular qualities and to determine upon what uses to put them. We were at Bristow station over a week, and while there I drew from the department some sixteen or eighteen horses, to replace the lame and sick ones. One afternoon at dinner the officers told me that among the new horses was one

that nobody in the company could do anything with ; that the men had tried it and failed, and that they each had also failed. I directed the officer-of-the-day to have him saddled, and after finishing my dinner I mounted him. Ground and lofty tumbling would be nothing compared with what followed. He made it lofty for me for full half an hour, and when he found that he could not get rid of his rider, he put, and he put in such a way that I would as soon have checked a whirlwind as stopped him. About a mile from our camp was another battery encamped, and this horse went directly for the picket rope, which was perfectly filled with the battery horses. He dashed straight up to the rope, between a couple of the horses, and in spite of my efforts with both whip and spur, he refused to budge. After a while I got a man to lead him out of the tangle and to point him in the direction of my camp. Then came a Gilpin-like ride ; fences, hedges and ditches received no respect, for he took them all without apparently seeing them. On arrival at camp he was very tractable, willing to do almost anything, and that evening I rode him over to General King's headquarters, where

I made a friendly call. The next morning he was dead. He had been kindly treated, and I could not account for this except that his spirit was broken and he wanted no more to do with life.

ALMOST TRAPPED.

When General Burnside came up from North Carolina, he was ordered to Fredericksburg to relieve General King, and King's command, with the exception of my battery, was sent to Warrenton. I was very much pleased, for I had had a strong desire to serve with General Burnside, for a long time. But a few days elapsed, however, before I received an order to rejoin my division at Warrenton. I was mad from head to foot, and entered upon the execution of the order with anything but good will. I nursed my ill feelings all the way to Warrenton, and arrived there in no amiable mood. After selecting a pleasant place for a camp, and seeing that my command was properly disposed of, I went to headquarters and asked Bob Chandler, the adjutant-general of the division, for a pass to go outside the picket line. He was aware of my disappointment at having to leave General Burn-

side, and in answer to the usual question, what I wanted the pass for, I replied, sarcastically, that I was going to desert. We both regarded the matter as a joke, and I went off with my pass, which was readily granted. I wanted to visit some lady friends by the name of Grayson, whose acquaintance I had made on the occasion of our first visit to Warrenton, and who lived some two miles out of the village and just beyond our line of pickets. I called at the house, riding out there unaccompanied by an orderly, contrary to my usual custom. I was graciously and most cordially received by the Misses Grayson, and after a short conversation they invited me to indulge in a glass of wine, to which I assented. They both went up stairs to get the wine, and they had hardly left the room when a yellow girl whom I had spoken to once or twice at the previous visit, one of their slaves, slipped into the room and commenced rubbing the window-glass most vigorously. Turning her face partly towards me, she said, "Git out of dis, git out of dis soon as you ken, Bob Uttebach's roun'." "What's he doing here," I said. "He's done been cut off an's hiding in the woods," she said. I replied,

“Oh, well, I guess there is no hurry then,” and prepared to take my seat again, from which I had risen at her first word. “Go long, I tell yer shure enuf, he’s right back the house yere.” I didn’t wait for anything more, and went through the front door just as the ladies were coming down stairs, one of them bearing a tray on which were a decanter and some glasses. They asked me what was my haste, but I only hurriedly said that I had forgotten a very important matter at camp, and must get back there immediately, and I didn’t stop to say that, but said it as I hastened to mount my horse. The full import of my reply to Chandler flashed upon my mind the instant I found that I was in danger, and that if taken prisoner, my language would be construed to mean that I really intended to do what a strict construction of the remark would imply. I very well knew Bob Uttebach to be the commanding officer of a company or squadron of rebel cavalry, and I had no desire to fall into his hands. I reported the affair at headquarters, and having a squadron of cavalry placed at my disposal, I went over there, a few hours after, and

enjoyed their cake and wine, together with some delicious peaches.

A RACE FOR POSITION.

An amusing circumstance occurred towards night on the twenty-eighth of August, at the commencement of the battle of Groveton. We—General King's division—were moving quietly along the road, in the movement that resulted in the concentration of the entire army at Manassas the next day. General King and his staff were riding with me at the head of my battery, when we heard the skirmishers in advance commence work. A halt was immediately ordered, and as it appeared to be nothing more than a sort of a scare, I invited the general and his party to take a lunch with me. My larder was well supplied, which they well knew, and they accepted my invitation as cheerfully as I gave it; so directing the light wagon that contained our private mess stores to a shady spot, we all sat down, picnic fashion, to a hearty lunch. The firing in advance gradually grew more brisk, and finishing my meal before the others, I concluded to ride forward to select a good place to put my battery

in position, should an engagement take place. After going some distance and nearly reaching our advance skirmishers, I descried quite a large force in our front and concluded that a fight was unavoidable. I rode hastily back and ordered my battery forward, intending to occupy a commanding knoll that I had selected as a good position. Just as the head of my column reached the foot of the knoll, an officer rode over its summit and dashing down at full speed, cried out, "For God's sake, captain, get out of this, for they are putting a battery on this very hill." I looked up and you can imagine my surprise at seeing the enemy just coming into battery with his guns on the top of the very knoll that I was at the base of. I lost no time in turning the head of my column, and retreated at a gallop to gain the cover of some timber between the rebel battery and the road, but I was not quick enough to escape their fire, though I sustained no damage except the loss of my light wagon, containing stores and mess kit and the lieutenants' luggage. A couple shots passed through the covering of the wagon, which frightened the driver, our mess cook, who jumped out and ran to save his precious black skin.

We regained the road and got under cover of the timber, but it was an uncomfortable place, for although the rebel battery commander could not see us, he knew where we were, and he timed his fuzes so as to burst his shells over us. I resolved to get a chance at him if possible, so taking the first section along the road quite a piece, I found a position perfectly commanding his, and directed the lieutenant of the section to open fire at once. This movement was not discovered, as by this time it had become quite dark. The engagement lasted until after nine o'clock, I think. I had only a few casualties among my men and horses, but I lost a caisson, the stock of which was broken by a shot from the rebel battery, and I had it blown up that it should not fall into the enemy's hands.

We would not have met with this mishap had I not endeavored to get my battery into a safer place. Beyond us was another piece of timber, where the road was free from artillery fire. This was separated from the timber under cover of which we were halted by quite a long space which was swept by both infantry and artillery. The rebel battery captain was

timing his fuses so perfectly that the air about us seemed to be almost crowded with fragments of shells, and afraid of losing heavily, I determined to run the gauntlet and gain the cover of the other wood. We went at a gallop, and when the shell struck the caisson stock the caisson went to the ground and the men on it went into the air. Fortunately, none of them were seriously hurt. Finding it impossible to take it away, I directed Lieutenant E. K. Parker to destroy it, which he did with remarkable coolness, considering the exposed position it was in.

About the middle of June, 1875, I was in Alexandria, Va., and called at the City Hotel to see a friend who was boarding there. He wished to introduce me to the proprietor of the hotel, who, he said, was formerly a major in Mosby's cavalry, and consenting, I was presented to a Major Campbell. We talked upon various matters concerning the war, and after learning that I had been connected with the artillery branch of the service, he informed me that during the first two years of the war he was captain of a rebel battery, and he added, "Were you at Groveton?" I told

him that I was there in command of a battery. He said that he heard there was a Rhode Island battery there, and it punished him severely. "What," I exclaimed, "you are not the fellow who stole a hill away from me, are you?" He replied, "I reckon I am the very fellow, but you paid me for it, for every one of your shots seemed to count. I lost two caissons, several men and several horses. I was not under a more murderous fire during the war." Although the war had passed by ten years, I felt a keen satisfaction in learning, even at so late a day, of the efficiency of my gunners.

INCIDENTS OF THE SECOND BULL RUN BATTLE.

The second Bull Run battle took place on the twenty-ninth and thirtieth of August. The first night of the action, I got my battery in position quite a distance in front of two Pennsylvania batteries, and opened fire. We had hardly commenced work, when the batteries in our rear began to fire at the wood in front of us, but their shells, instead of reaching the wood, burst directly over us. I thought it prudent to retire, and did so, taking position at the right of the

two batteries. As I was coming into battery, General Siegel rode up to me and inquired "What you leave down dere fer?" I told him that I was more afraid of what I had in my rear than what there was in front. He said, "Zats goot, I been watching you sometime; I tort you'd get oud-o' yat. The Dutchmen dey know nothin'," referring to the two batteries.

During the afternoon of the thirtieth, my battery got into pretty close quarters, but we got away, though by a very close squeak, so to speak. The men seemed to work almost by inspiration, and they handled their guns like toys. One of the enemy's batteries got perfect range of us, and they threw shrapnel at us fearfully. General Milroy, of Upper Potomac fame, seeing our situation and the skilful manner in which the men were handling their pieces, came into the battery, and, with sword in one hand and his hat in the other, cheered the men on most enthusiastically. The men worked nobly, delivering canister as rapidly as possible, but it was no use, for the infantry supporting us broke, and we had to limber to the rear, while doing which the rebel infantry charged upon us, and a number of them dashed in among our

guns, but we got away from them with all of our pieces and five caissons. The batteries each side of us were both taken. After retreating a short distance, our infantry reformed, and we went into battery again, but after a few minutes the attempt to check the force in our front was found to be vain, and we again fell back. This was the first extremely trying situation that my men had been placed in, and I hardly do them justice when I say, that every man of the company attended to his business, kept his post, and marched off the field with the battery, with as much regard for the execution of his duties as if on parade, while everything around was in the greatest confusion, and when we stopped at night we could account for every missing man, whether he was killed or wounded.

A QUEER GENIUS.

Just after the battle of Antietam, I was ordered home, though the order came in the form of a leave of absence, for ten days. Upon my arrival at home, I found that my leave of absence meant promotion to the rank of major in my regiment. Upon my return to the army, the officers of my battery told me that

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Uncle Robert (Robert Grinnell) had about a cartload of stuff in his knapsack, and his blanket wrapped around a lot of old trash, and that they had been unable to make him give up any part of it. This Robert was a queer genius. He had an itching for picking up everything that, under any circumstances, could have any value. I remember that we once found in his knapsack, a cast iron stove which he had come across in some deserted house. He had taken it apart, and had packed it snugly away with his clothing. I directed a sergeant (Sergeant Pratt) to bring Robert up with his knapsack. We were sitting around a good camp fire, and Robert reported with his knapsack and a huge bundle of traps tied up in his blanket. A more miscellaneous set of stuff in so small a compass, probably was never seen before or since. Almost everything in the way of small notions, we found there; shoe-strings, socks in abundance, and old clothing of every kind. We threw into the fire the most of the duds, which almost broke the heart of the old man, but we reduced his knapsack to respectable proportions.

The first part of the report deals with the general situation of the country, and the second part with the details of the various departments. The first part is divided into three sections: the first section deals with the general situation of the country, the second section with the details of the various departments, and the third section with the details of the various departments. The second part is divided into three sections: the first section deals with the details of the various departments, the second section with the details of the various departments, and the third section with the details of the various departments.

AN ENJOYABLE RIDE.

At this time I resigned my captaincy in order to accept the position of major, to which I had been promoted. My orders were to report to the Secretary of War, at Washington, for muster into service on my new grade. I went down to Harper's Ferry, through the Pleasant Valley, to take the cars for Washington, and a more enjoyable ride it never was my pleasure to take. The valley was quite thickly settled its entire length, and there was a look of thrift, comfort and prosperity, about the farm houses picturesquely nestled away on the hill-sides, that I never saw equalled in any other part of the south. It was in the early October, when the weather was all that could be desired, and as the army filed along the road which wound around the foot of the mountains that rose high above on either side, the scene appeared almost like one of enchantment.

ARTILLERY CAMP OF INSTRUCTION.

Upon my arrival at Washington, I called upon General W. F. Barry, Inspector General of Artillery, U. S. A., and his first greeting was, "You are just the very

man I want to see." He told me that he was organizing an artillery camp of instruction; that he had offered the command of it to a certain officer, who had requested twenty-four hours to consider the matter, but that he was anxious to have somebody take hold of it at once, intimating that he would like an immediate reply from me as to whether I would take charge of it. I decided to accept at once, and an hour from that time I was in the camp and had issued a circular assuming command and my preliminary orders for the government of the camp. I remained in command of this camp a little over a year—a year filled with happiness and pleasure. With the coöperation of the officers of the different batteries, and we sometimes had as many as twenty companies in camp, we made our camp-ground very attractive, and it became, during the spring and summer of 'sixty-three, the favorite resort of the *elite* of Washington. It was our custom to have weekly reviews, on which occasions we were visited by the dignitaries and fashion of the city.

A RECALCITRANT MAJOR.

A great many both pleasant and unpleasant incidents transpired during the year, but I will describe only one, which was more strongly impressed upon my mind than any other. I received a note from General Barry one day, that Major —— had been ordered to report to me with two batteries in a demoralized condition. About the same time I received an order directing me to allow no officer, nor any enlisted man, to leave camp except upon the most urgent business, the urgency of which I was to exercise my judgment upon. I assigned the major to quarters next to my own, and gave him a copy of the orders governing the camp. A few mornings after his arrival, I found that the major was out of camp without leave, and upon his return I promptly ordered him to consider himself under arrest, and I immediately preferred charges against him. A day or two after, just at night, the major came to the office tent where I was, and said that he wanted to tell me what he thought of me. I had no time to listen to that kind of talk, and I directed him to return to his quar-

ters, which he refused to do. After repeating the order two or three times, I called the guard and had him forced into his quarters. The next morning, I sat at my desk preparing the usual morning reports, when I noticed the major enter the office. He came up in front of me and said, "Colonel, you insulted me last night, and now I want you to go up on the hill with me and give me satisfaction." I paid no attention to him, except to direct him to return to his quarters, and kept on with my writing. He made the remark, "I don't like to strike a man sitting down," and I noticed a quick movement of his arm. In an instant it flashed across my mind that he was going to make an attack upon me, and in the same moment I had him by the throat with my left hand, and backing him a few steps, a good strong blow with my right fist sent him sprawling to the ground in front of the tent. At first I thought that he was stunned or killed, but after a few seconds he rolled over and crawled on his hands and knees to his quarters. So quickly did the affair take place, that he was on the ground before the clerks, two officers and an orderly, who were present, could interfere, though they jumped for him

the instant they divined his purpose. I immediately wrote a report of the affair and sent it forward with my regular morning papers. Two days after, an order came from the Secretary of War dismissing him from the service of the United States, without even a trial of his case.

INCIDENTS OF THE MINE RUN CAMPAIGN.

In October, 1863, after I had got almost everything to my liking at this camp, the grounds graded, stables built, and barracks for the winter well under way, I was ordered to the front, where I was assigned to the artillery brigade of the Second Corps, which command I retained until the following spring. In November we made the famous campaign of Mine Run. The first day's engagement was called Locust Grove. Here a very ludicrous, as well as a serious incident, occurred. A man either wounded or scared, was picked up, laid on a stretcher, and two men were carrying him off the field. A shell came along, burst, and killed both stretcher bearers. The man on the stretcher at once jumped up and ran as for dear life, apparently not in the least hurt.

The Second Corps was ordered to take position on the left of our line, in order to turn the enemy's right. We executed the movement on a wet and disagreeable day. Many of the men got fagged out and disheartened. Now a wet and tired man is not apt to be very brave, and he always feels that he wants to get under cover. I remember a man considerably exhausted, who sat down under a board fence, against which he rested his head, doubtless feeling that the fence afforded some protection. He had been seated but a few minutes when a shot struck the fence, directly behind his head. It is needless to say that only a human trunk remained.

That night was the coldest I ever experienced in Virginia. Two wounded men were frozen to death during the night, but a short distance from my quarters. Immediately in front of our position was high commanding ground, occupied by a few rebel guns, and it was the expectation of every one that we were to advance still further and occupy the heights during the night, but contrary to expectations no orders were received to advance, and to our surprise, in the morning the heights that we thought would be occupied

by us, were surmounted by well constructed earth-works, from the embrasures of which poked the muzzles of many formidable looking guns, and upon the top of the embankment the rebel soldiers were dancing, running and jumping, to keep themselves warm, but it looked as if their antics were in derision of our folly in not occupying the position the night before, when our way to it was comparatively clear. It was plain that it would be sheer folly to attempt to carry the heights, but the men were chafing to make the attempt. They saw the futility of it, but they were desperately resolved, and only awaited the order to advance to certain destruction.

Here occurred one of the most singular incidents of the war within my knowledge. The men who expected to make the attack, almost to a man, gave to the chaplains of their respective regiments their watches, money and little keepsakes, in trust for their friends at home, and writing their names upon slips of paper, each pinned the paper bearing his name on the inside of his coat, in order that his remains might be identified. I doubt if an example of

facing death more coolly can be found in the annals of history.

GAYETY IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The winter of 1863 was a gay one for the Army of the Potomac. About Christmas, permission was given to the officers to send for their families, and but a few days elapsed before regimental, brigade, division and corps headquarters were swarming with ladies. Of course it became incumbent upon all to make everything as agreeable as possible, and to furnish all the entertainment that our limited facilities would allow. Parties at the different headquarters became frequent, and reviews took place often. These presented a comely sight, for nearly all the ladies attended, mounted on horseback. The Third Corps and the Second Corps gave balls, which for richness of costumes and appointments, it would be difficult to surpass. The forests were robbed of their stores of holly, fir and pine, to give effect to these occasions, and the supper-room seemed more like an enchanted palace than a canvas tent, so deftly were the shrubbery and trees arranged and the music of the bands distributed.

A BUGLER COMMANDING A BRIGADE.

To go back a little, I will relate a circumstance that took place a day or two before I rejoined the army, after leaving Camp Barry, and I tell the story to illustrate what can be done by a determined spirit, however subordinate a position may be filled by its possessor. The Second Corps was hotly engaged at Bristoe station, by General Hill, when Generals Lee and Meade were both struggling hard, by forced marches, to get possession of the Centreville heights. The Second Corps was suddenly attacked, and they went at their work manfully, holding their position against fearful odds. Another corps in the vicinity could have rendered good help, but it continued its march, its commanding officer probably thinking it was nothing more than a mere skirmish. During the affair, bugler John F. Leach, of Rhode Island Battery B, observing the crippled condition of the enemy's batteries, boldly rode to the front of one of our brigades and ordered a charge, which order was executed, and the result was the capture of the rebel guns, with a number of prisoners.

WINTER QUARTERS.

I broke off in the story of the winter, and it may be interesting to learn how the men were sheltered during that inclement season, which I believe was the most severe that had been experienced in Virginia for a good many years. Fortunately we were in a well timbered section of country, and the men, taking advantage of the material at hand, constructed log houses. These were made by laying one log on top of another, the ends being dovetailed at the corners of the house. The chinks between the logs were filled with the clay that predominates in the Virginia soil. The roof of the house was an ordinary pitch roof, but formed with the common shelter tents with which the men were furnished. Sufficient light entered through the covering, so that no windows were required, though in exceptional cases, when the builders had run across a sash, a window was inserted.

Of course it was necessary to have a chimney, and this was generally made of logs in the same way, but the inside was thickly plastered with clay to protect

the logs from fire ; and here I will say, that a majority of the negro cabins on the plantations were constructed in this manner, from which, without doubt, the soldiers got their idea of construction. On top of these chimneys were perched, usually, one or two flour barrels, for the purpose of increasing the draught of the chimney. Occasionally a good brick chimney would be found, the bricks of which had been filched from some neighboring plantation. I remember well the residence of Colonel Thoms, which was a large brick mansion, beautifully situated on a commanding position. Colonel Thoms was a wealthy gentleman, and an officer in the rebel army. By January first, '64, every brick of his house was in the chimneys of the yankee soldiers, and its sashes were letting light into many an officer's quarters.

THE CAMPAIGN OF '64.

The campaign of '64 opened early in the spring, and we entered upon that long, arduous and tedious march that ended at Petersburg. Every inch of the way was hotly contested, and we had rest neither night nor day. There being little opportunity at the

first of the campaign to use artillery, the most of it was removed from the corps, and I was with the reserve, to which the batteries had been sent.

At Chancellorsville, I had my headquarters at a log house that had been used for a hospital at the time General Hooker had his fight there, the year before. I saw a red spot on the wall inside, and examining it, I found written above it, "Yankee blood from an artery sloughed off, and the patient died." With my knife I cut out the plaster, and it is now among the collections of the society.

From Chancellorsville to the James river was what might be called a continuous action. All through the Wilderness and Spottsylvania the musketry fire was terrific.

CHARACTERISTICS OF GENERAL GRANT.

For several days, while in the Wilderness, I was directed to remain at army headquarters, for the purpose of learning if there was any possible chance to use our artillery to advantage, and during these days I had the best of opportunities to observe General Grant. He talked but little, and most of the time

sat under a tree whittling a stick, while he kept his eye in the distance watching the movements of the line as far as it was possible to discern its movements. The only time that he manifested any particular anxiety about what was going on, was when a portion of our line, which was out of sight in the woods, had apparently broken, for the men came pouring out into the cleared land between us and the timber in a confused and scattered manner. General Grant's quick eye caught the movement, as you might say, before it had hardly begun, and he directed one of his staff to look into it, but he had not more than given the order when he evidently determined to investigate the difficulty in person, for before the officer could mount his horse, he was in his own saddle and half way down the hill on which we were located. His action was so quick and prompt, that every one present was taken by surprise. After riding nearly to the wood, he slowly returned and resumed his whittling, merely remarking, "That didn't amount to anything."

SPOTTSYLVANIA.

Shortly after came Spottsylvania, where such a

brilliant victory was won. The roar of musketry was like continuous thunder. Here the men used the carcasses of horses, and human bodies piled one on another, for breast-works. So fearful was the fire at one point, that a large tree, sixteen or eighteen inches in diameter, was actually cut off and felled by the bullets that struck it. We found it impossible to use our artillery, but the enemy, who had the advantage of position, placed a number of guns which he used with good effect, but which we captured.

WITH THE NINTH CORPS.

After Spottsylvania the country was more favorable for the use of artillery, and the batteries were distributed among the corps again. I was ordered to the Ninth Corps, which had just come from the west, to organize a brigade of artillery upon the system of the other artillery brigades of the Army of the Potomac.

A RICH HARVEST.

We had quite a severe action at Bethesda church. Between the opposing lines was a little white house which the enemy's skirmishers first got possession of,

but they were driven out in a little while and our men took possession of it. As usual, about the first thing they did, under such circumstances, was to rummage about to see if any small valuables had been left by the family. One of the men observed that the earth had been disturbed at a point in the cellar, and thrusting his bayonet into the loose soil, it brought up against something hard, which, upon being unearthed, proved to be an iron pot filled with silver and some gold coin. This proved a rich harvest, as I believe there were several hundred dollars in the pot. Men who are liable to lose their lives at any moment, and whose real necessities are supplied from day to day, care but very little for money, though it be in hard cash, so the contents of the pot were distributed as souvenirs to those who were fortunate enough to be acquainted with the finders or their friends. I believe that had the pot contained greenbacks or scrip, very little of it would have left first hands. I secured a silver quarter of a dollar, which is deposited with our collection of relics.

. AN EARLY MORNING SHELLING.

At Cold Harbor, I was awakened about three o'clock in the morning, by the explosion of a shell very near my tent, and I plainly heard the fragments whistle through the air. I thought it queer, for I knew that our quarters were beyond the range of any of the enemy's guns, and I concluded that a shell had been exploded accidentally in our vicinity. Though there was a good deal of commotion about our headquarter camp, I turned over with the intention of going to sleep again, when I heard the boom of a gun in the distance, and shortly after a shell exploded directly in camp, and they continued to come at intervals of about five minutes. Everything about the camp was in confusion, but I concluded that it was fully as safe to keep to my cot as to turn out. I remember hearing General Burnside call to Colonel Richmond and ask if there was anybody hurt. About five o'clock, I heard a scratching at my tent door, and in answer to my call, Dick came in and said, "The durned fools 'fraid of a few shells—ordered to move headquarters—oh, Colonel, you ought to seen the niggers,—some

got behind the tents, and one crawled into a box ; I laid down behind a tree and said let em shell."

LITTLE DICK.

Now Dick was a curious genius. When I first found him, in June, 1862, he was a child not over thirteen years old, riding one of the spare horses of my battery. We were considerably annoyed at that time by contrabands endeavoring to attach themselves to us in one way or another, and I had made it a rule to send them off at sight, otherwise we would have been overrun with them. Upon discovering Dick, I asked him who he was, and what he was doing there. He coolly replied, "I belongs to this yere battery, sar." His answer amused me, and I asked him what he did. "Oh! I'se Mr. Charley May's servant; I shines his bugle, rides his horse to water, cleans his clothes, and does what he wants." Charley May was one of the buglers of the battery. I was taken captive by the boy on the spot, and told him to report to me upon reaching camp; that I would take him for my servant, as buglers were not allowed servants. He reported as directed, and from that time until his

death, which took place here in Providence in the year '66 or '67, we were inseparable companions. A more devoted servant never lived. I have known him to come upon the field when the fight was hardest, to assure himself of my safety, and at Antietam the artificers tied him up to keep him out of the action.

I arose and dressed while Dick packed my valise, blankets, etc. Upon going out into the open air, I was a little surprised to find nearly all the tents struck and active preparations going on for moving, and within a short time, the entire headquarter camp was moved to a place of comparative safety.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A curious incident occurred during this, as it then seemed, most singular cannonade. Dick told me to go to a tent occupied by a couple of orderlies, and to look into it. In the tent were two men lying on their backs as they were when sleeping, but they were wide awake enough then, though they were unable to get up. They were asleep when the firing commenced, with their bodies close together, their feet spread wide apart, so that the right leg of one was close to the left

leg of the other. A shell had descended and entered the ground between the legs of one man and had come up out of the ground between the legs of the other man, without causing injury to either, except a temporary paralysis of the limbs caused by the severe shock imparted to them from the earth by the entrance and exit of the shell.

SENATOR SPRAGUE'S COURAGE.

I was at first considerably puzzled to understand how it was possible for these shells to reach us, as I knew the rebels had no artillery in position that could send a shot as far as we were from their line, unless from rifled guns, but these shot were round shot from smooth bore guns, and they came down from a great height in the air. I had been requested by General Hunt, Chief of Artillery, Army of the Potomac, to try the experiment of throwing a shot from a twelve-pounder gun dismounted from its carriage and set at an angle of about forty-five degrees, its cascable resting on the bottom of a hole dug in the ground, and I concluded that the same experiment was being made by the direction of some equally competent officer

within the enemy's line. I did not have an opportunity to try the experiment until we were fairly entrenched before Petersburg, when I gave Captain Twitchell, of a Maine battery, directions to dismount a couple twelve-pounder guns, and to make a trial of firing in the manner suggested. The result was truly surprising. We found that four and a half ounces of powder would send a shot as far as two and a half pounds would send the same shot when the gun was mounted on its carriage. While conducting these experiments, Senator Sprague visited the army, in company with several other congressmen. At that time we were excavating a tunnel to mine the enemy's principal fortification, and these gentlemen expressed a desire to see this work. At the request of General Burnside, I took the party out to the place where the work was going on, and on our return we stopped in the work occupied by the battery conducting these experiments. The position was a very exposed one, and the crown of a hat would hardly be more than exposed above the top of the earthwork, before a bullet would come whistling over. I had some shots fired from the dismounted guns, and warned the party that it

was not safe to try to watch the flight of the shot, as even slight exposure would certainly draw a fire upon them, but Senator Sprague, heedless of the injunction, rose up at his full height to watch the course of the ball. He had exposed himself only a few seconds, when "flip," "flip," came the bullets. For a man not accustomed to the sound daily, he took it the coolest of any one I ever saw.

A HARD BED, BUT A GOOD ONE.

To go back a little in point of time. The night before crossing the Pamunkey river was fearfully stormy. We did not reach the vicinity of the river until nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and it was not deemed expedient to cross that night in the darkness on the pontoon bridge, or the bridge was not completed, I have forgotten which. The baggage train was off at a distance, so that no tents were to be had, and there was no course open but to take to the ground for sleep. The land in the vicinity had all been ploughed, and it made a pretty muddy bed, but nearly everybody took to it kindly. I thought I could do better, so taking hold of two rails of a neighboring

fence, lowering one end of each to the ground, and placing a blanket over them, I lay down upon my inclined bedstead, and, covered with my rubber, slept as comfortably as one could desire to sleep.

A SEARCH FOR CHICKENS.

A day or so before reaching the James river, having been deprived of fresh meat for some time, and the orderlies whom I had sent out foraging having returned each time unsuccessful, I determined to make a trial myself, so directing orderly Stevens to accompany me, I rode ahead of the column, and after going some distance came across a negro hoeing in a field. I asked him if he knew of anybody who had any chickens. He told me that he did not know of anybody, but that if I would go on a piece and follow a path to the left through the brush, it would lead me to a house where there might be some. We followed his directions, and after a while rode into the doorway of a neat cottage, where were seated some half dozen persons whom, at first glance, I supposed to be white people, but upon a second look I knew them to be negroes. I asked them if they had any

chickens to sell, and as the yard was full of ducks, hens and little chickens, I expected an affirmative reply; but to my surprise they said they had nothing to sell. I said that I should think they could spare a few out of so many fowls, as I was ready to pay well for them in silver, when a comely woman advanced and said, "Mister, I'se got some right nice chickens and I reckon they'll suit you; my house is right yere thro' de bush." We followed her lead, and about a couple hundred yards distant we entered her doorway, which was about as full of children as the other yard was full of poultry. I asked her where she got so many children. Her reply was, "Thar's no trouble 'bout that, sar." She directed a boy to catch a lot of chickens, and while he was occupied in so doing I sauntered about the yard, in which was tastefully arranged a number of flower beds.

THE PROMISE OF A WIFE.

Passing by the door of a little building, I saw within, a girl about seventeen or eighteen years of age engaged in washing some small articles of clothing. She was as white as the fairest Caucasian, and her

cheeks were as red as the roses in the garden, while her hair did not show the slightest trace of the African blood in her veins; but the peculiar angles about the eyes and the semi-Mongolian expression so invariably found in such eyes, and the form of the nose, though it was delicately moulded, told the story of her ancestral blood. I asked the woman whose girl that was. She said, "Dat's my chile." I then asked her what she was going to do, now that the Union army had got down there, and she said that she was going to take the "chilern" and go "norf." I asked her the name of her pretty daughter, which she said was Mary Jane. Then I told her if she went North, to go to Rhode Island, where she would find sympathizing friends, and after the war, to inquire for me, giving her my name, as I would like to have Mary Jane for my wife, meaning that I would like to take her for a lady's maid. The mother evidently misconstrued my meaning, for she quickly said, "Mary Jane, Mary Jane, go pick the gentleman a bouquet," and after Mary Jane had gone to pick the flowers, she said to me, "I'll find you, sar, I'll find you; dat's just what I wants; I wants Mary Jane to be some white

man's wife, I don't want her to marry no nigger." Just then Mary Jane returned with a beautiful bouquet of flowers, which she presented to me with a most gracious smile. We took away with us a goodly supply of splendid chickens, which were a rare treat for our mess.

THE COLORED TROOPS AT PETERSBURG.

Shortly after this we crossed the James. A day or two before an assault had been made upon the works before Petersburg by negro troops, and the bodies of those killed in the attack were then lying where they fell. It was a most singular sight. I had seen thousands of dead white soldiers, but the attitudes and positions assumed by these men in their dying moments truly surprised me. There is hardly any position that the human body is capable of assuming that these forms were not in.

NON-COMBATANTS DURING A FIGHT.

We advanced towards Petersburg, and on the way I rode into the yard of a house by the wayside for a drink of water. The lady of the house was in quite a

nervous condition, and she showed me a hole through her house caused by a shot during the action a day or so before. She and her daughter had taken refuge in the cellar, but even that did not fully protect them, for a shot struck the underpinning of the house at about the surface of the ground very nearly above where they were crouching, and the consequence was that they were nearly buried by the rubbish that fell in upon them. In the back yard were two trees, whose trunks were full two feet in diameter. A shot had struck one of these trees and passing completely through its trunk, was embedded in the other entirely out of sight.

BLOWING UP THE ENEMY'S MAGAZINE.

After we had got fairly entrenched at Petersburg, information, was conveyed to me in some way, that the enemy had magazines in each of their works in our front, in which they stored their ammunition. Of course these were so protected that it would be impossible to reach them with our ordnance, so after consultation with General Hunt, I procured some Coehorn mortars, hoping to break through the roof of

one or more magazines by shells falling from a great height, in which object I was successful. The mortars were placed in charge of Captain Gilman, who was detailed from a Pennsylvania regiment for that duty. Mortar firing is very uncertain, and it took Captain Gilman quite a while to get the hang of the schoolhouse, and he got almost discouraged, but he was advised to persevere. One day he came rushing into my quarters, all excited, crying out, "Colonel, I've got 'em; I've got 'em." When he got so that he could explain what his "I've got 'em" meant, I found that he had succeeded in getting a shell into a rebel magazine, which thereupon had blown up. The great pleasure that the captain exhibited was sufficient compensation for previous disappointment and our perseverance.

"PLAYING IT ON THE RECRUITS."

A great many little incidents happened before Petersburg that were extremely amusing, more so probably to those who are familiar with the habits of army life than to persons who never had that experience. For instance, it was customary when new recruits were re-

ceived by a regiment, to throw upon them as much of the drudgery of camp as possible. It was necessary to send to the rear from the trenches, at stated times, for water, which was carried to the front in iron kettles. This labor was generally assigned to recruits, and they preferred it to other labor which they considered more menial. They were taught to believe the only safe thing to do, if they heard a shell, was to fall quickly to the ground, and the chances of being hurt would be very small. The spring at one point of the line, where the men obtained their water, was at the foot of a long ridge, the side of which was occupied by a large number of infantry. Artillerymen, when using paper fuses, cut off that particular length of the fuse that will burst the shell at the proper time, and the piece of fuse not used is thrown away. The men encamped on the slope of the ridge provided themselves with these refuse pieces of fuses, and amused themselves by throwing a number of them all lighted over the heads of the parties of recruits climbing up the hill with full pails of water, the sizzling sound of which, as they passed through the air, was similar to that of a shell. When they heard the hissing of the

fuses they would invariably drop flat on the ground, the consequence of which was the contents of their pails went over them.

AN EXCITING RACE.

I remember going up to Yellow Tavern one day with Captain Twitchell, and on the way back we indulged in a race. We passed our inner line of works, and should then have turned to the right, but we were so interested in our sport we did not discover our mistake until we reached the outer line. The captain made the discovery first and immediately turned his horse, while I kept on quite a little distance before I realized what a pickle I was in. I turned my horse quickly and got within our works, when from both lines went up as hearty a cheer as I ever heard. Though we were within easy range of the enemy, not a shot was fired. They seemed to regard it as a good joke to let us off, comprehending, without doubt, that we had gotten into the scrape through our intense interest in the race.

THE MINE EXPLOSION AND THE COLORED TROOPS.

The story of the mine explosion has been graphically told by Captain Case, a member of our society, and in his paper he alluded to the sudden disappearance of a tract of timber immediately after the explosion. I had tried for three weeks previous to the springing of the mine, to get permission to have this timber cut down, but without success. It was directly in the range of some of our best posted batteries. The night before the explosion I made my last application and was refused, but about midnight I was notified that an officer would report to me in a short time with a hundred negroes with axes, for the purpose of cutting down the trees, but I was not to allow a single blow to be struck until after the mine was sprung. The officer reported a little while after, and I gave him instructions to proceed to the timber at once with his men, and to post them personally,—at the large trees to place three men, at the middling sized ones to place two men, and at the small trees to place a single man, if the number of his men held out, and to give them instructions to immediately

upon the falling of the tree they were at work on to commence work upon the one next to them. At that time we had but little confidence in the "nigger" standing fire, and it was with considerable interest that I watched this timber after the explosion. To the credit of the colored man it can be said, that it wilted almost like magic. A number of them were wounded and some were killed, but the survivors did not leave a tree standing.

THE NEGRO AND THE WATERMELONS.

Speaking of the negroes reminds me of a funny sight that came under my observation while before Petersburg. The negro has a great weakness for watermelons, so much so that it is said he will, at times, venture to steal them at night from the gardens of the planters. Somebody, aware of this fact, sent a vessel load of watermelons to City Point and transported the bulk of the cargo directly to the camp of General Ferrero's division, which was composed entirely of colored troops. I happened to ride through the camp about the time the men had got well supplied, and the scene was one of the most ludicrous I

ever saw. Instead of cutting the fruit in pieces, as is the usual custom, they had split each melon in halves lengthwise, and they devoured the pulp by taking the ends of the halves in their two hands, burying their faces in the cavities, and munching away. Their eyes, in most cases, came just above the shell of the melon, and if one can imagine a thousand negroes, sitting, squatting and lying, on the ground, engaged in eating melons in this manner, he can imagine the effect that the shipper of the melons produced.

INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE AT PEGRAM'S FARM.

At the battle of Pegram's Farm, our line broke and it looked, for a time, that the enemy would force a passage through it, but fortunately fresh troops came forward who took the place of the demoralized men, and the enemy was checked. In company with other officers, I endeavored to rally the men fleeing to the rear, and, of course, the sabre was used when a man refused to stop. I hit one man, with my sabre, a pretty heavy blow. He immediately stopped, and I thought his purpose was to discharge his piece at me, and I prepared to strike him again, when the expres-

sion of his face, upturned towards me, disarmed me of suspicion on that score. He said: "Colonel, I ain't a coward, and I ain't running because I am afraid; I will stand as long as you or any other man, but I am badly wounded," and he turned his neck towards me and showed a fearful bullet wound across the side of it. I remember the expression of his face as well as if it was an occurrence of yesterday—no fear, no animosity, no anything but an expression of indignation that he should have been suspected of cowardice. I made the best apology that the circumstances would admit of, but after that I did not strike a man until I learned that he was running to the rear from fear instead of from a wound.

My command worked hard all day, and one of my batteries was saved from falling into the hands of the enemy only by the most strenuous exertions of its officers and one of my staff officers, Lieutenant Moore, of the New York battery. When the line was reëstablished, the artillery was properly distributed on it. It was after dark before everything was arranged to my satisfaction, and then, accompanied by Lieutenant Booth, my ordnance officer, I started for my head-

quarters. While riding leisurely to the rear, I met General Warren and General Griffin. General Warren said: "Monroe, where are your batteries?" I told him that they were out on the line. He replied: "I have been listening all day, and haven't heard one of your guns yet." I told him that they were there, and had been engaged since morning. General Griffin then spoke, and asked if those were my batteries way to the rear of the line. I told him that the batteries were as far to the front as I dared to place them. He made some sort of a disparaging remark, which I forget, but it nettled me, and I replied, "I will put my batteries as far to the front as you dare to put your infantry." General Griffin was not a man to be backed down easily, and he said, "Come on, my boy, we'll see!" Together we rode to the front, and rode along the rear of the infantry line, the front of which was blazing with fire. I directed my batteries to cease firing and requested General Griffin to advance his line and I would put the batteries in front of it. After looking over the situation, he said, "I guess, Colonel, things are about right now," and started for the rear, and it didn't take me long to follow him.

A REBEL LOVE LETTER.

At Guinness Station, General Sheridan captured a rebel mail. I happened to be at army headquarters when General Patrick, the provost marshal of the army, was examining it. It was customary, when a mail was captured, to examine carefully all the letters, and to destroy everything of no consequence. In this mail was found a letter so quaint and singular, as to make it a curiosity, and, at my request, it was given to me instead of being burned. It was from a soldier in the rebel army to a young lady who resided at Guinness Station, and I will read it, that you may learn how one individual, at least, made love.

The first part of the letter seems to be addressed to another person, at whose house the writer had met the young lady :

“ My dear Friend

Aprial the 20. 1864

i this day take my pen in hand
to Let you hear from me i Reseaved youre Cind Leter of the
13th and Was Glad to hear from you and to hear that you Was
Well this Leeves me Well truley hopin that it my find you

Well JaCk i think that you have Rather made A flank move on me in some Way that i Cant tell how it is but i Cant tell all that i Will at some time if i ever git to see you in my Life you spoke of Rabit huntin and that you had Lots of fun in that Rabit hunt but i Want some fun at Cetchin of that Rabit that i saw at youre house spinin that day that is the Rabit that i Want to Com at and i Rote about that and Got no ansor to that amount and i Want to tell hear of What i Want but she thinks that is a Joke”

Now he appears to settle down to business :

Mis mary Martin my dear Mis.

i doe this day Conforntate to you that i Was not, A. Jokin i Want you to think and try to see youre Self if you Can doe as i Will say or not, I Can Say to you that if you think that you Can Complie With the offer that i Will make and that is i Want you for my Wife you said in that Leter that you Would Like to marry but not till the War Was over Well i think that Will be too Long i dont think that i Can Git along With out a Woman so long as that i have bin With out for three years and Cant doe no Longer and you ar the one i have intended to make my Wife and i dont Car Whoe noes it i Surtenley Loved you the first time that i Ever saW you in my Life and i Cant help it you noe and every body noes it that it Cant be helpt bless you My dear i Want all to be satesfede With it and you may think that i am Just A talkin to be heard but i am in earnist about it and if you and all is Willing to it you Can Rite in hast and i dont Want you to think hard of me i had Rather have you than any body

that i noe off but i am afrade that you ar but Jokin and if you are Rite to me in plain turms and then i Will noe What to be at and i dont Want you to make A fool of me by no means as i dont Want to be foold With in sutCh a time as this for When i Want any thing i Want it but take noe in sult at my foley my dear Mis mary take this and Reed and Set doWn and Count the Coust of A married Life and then ansor this leter and doe not turn youre baCk on me,

Mis Mary my dear Rite to me in A leter to youreself as people Can Rite as thay please i Will be hapy to Git aleter from you at any time and i Want you to Send me some hare of youre head and A hart all this in your Leter and i Will Send you Some of my hire in this and i Want you to doe all that i have Rote of and it Will be Well pleasin in in my Site my dear i Would be Glad to be at youre house and take diner With all of you talk about things that Would present them selves and to Clasp youre hand in my hand and to Lay my hand on youre head bless you my dear. Reed this and Laugh at it as i expeCt you Wille so i must Cloes by Sain to you Rite soon and fail

	not this from William	}	Warren
to Mis Martin i Will			
ever Remain youre friend			
houddy to all the famley i hope to see			
all of you in A short time and be			
ReCkonnize as a Son			

She never received the letter, and I never knew how his suit came out.

A NEGRO RELIGIOUS CAMP-MEETING.

It would be an impossibility to fully describe a negro religious camp-meeting, but I will endeavor to give you a faint idea of one. A short distance from our camp at Falmouth, was an immense barn belonging to the Lacey estate. Upon our arrival at Falmouth, the negroes came flocking into our lines in great numbers, and this barn was stuffed full with them—men, women and children of all ages. I never saw so many people hived in one place. I heard a continual shouting and singing there, but paid little attention to it, until one night when I was entertaining an uncle of mine from home, he proposed that we go over there to see what they were about. The threshing floor was occupied by the active worshippers, while the bins and lofts, on either side, were packed full of people, the most of whom were on their knees, shouting and praying. The threshing floor was covered with women in a sitting-kneeling posture, who were swaying their bodies to and fro, accompanied by a monotonous whine in a minor key, which was singularly weird but at the same time peculiarly attract-

ive. In the midst of this group was a circle, formed by the joining of hands, and made up of both sexes. These people of the circle were engaged in singing, shouting, placing their feet and legs in almost every conceivable position, turning to one and another as they sang with the most earnest expression of countenance. The nearest imitation of what I saw, as given by the various colored troupes who have visited us, has been by the Sheppard Jubilee Singers, but their performance is tame compared with the original, and I believe, should they truthfully represent such a scene, as I think they know how to do, that the public generally would regard them as impostors, for I have seen many people who believe even their tame illustrations to be an exaggeration.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

Most amusing incidents occasionally took place in the use of the countersign. I remember I was engaged on business in Washington, quite late one night, while encamped at Camp Dupont, and upon mounting my horse to go home, it occurred to me that it was the night for a new countersign, and as I

had to pass through several commands to reach my camp, it was necessary for me to have it, so I went to the War Department for it, and was given the word "Pyramids." It was a fearfully stormy night, the rain falling in torrents, and it was as dark as Egypt—one could not see his horse's head, it was so dark. I got along very well, passing several sentinels all right, and all at once found my horse in the middle of a stream crossing the road. I knew there was a little brook in that vicinity, but did not dream that it could swell to the proportions of the one I found myself in, and I thought that I must have lost my way, and turned to go back. The movement of my horse caused a splash, when I heard the quick click of a musket lock, followed by "Who goes dere," in an unmistakable German voice. I gave the usual answer, and received the usual order, "Advance and give der countersign." It was so dark I couldn't see; I couldn't find the sentinel, and I was in momentary fear that he would fire at me, so hoping to reach him by the sound of his voice, I said, "Where in the devil are you?" His reply came promptly, "Der countersign's der correct, pass on."

General Gibbon was returning to camp, one night, when the countersign was Jena. The guard stopped him as he was passing through General Augur's camp, and he gave the countersign, but the guard wouldn't accept it. Of course, the corporal of the guard was called, then the sergeant, then the officer of the guard, but neither would let him pass, and finally the officer of the day was called. General Gibbon explained who he was, and that he knew he had given the right countersign. The officer of the day was sure that it was not right, but the general pulled out his official announcement and told him to look at it. The officer was surprised, and said, "I declare, I read that 'Jug,' and the entire guard has 'Jug' for the countersign."

Lieutenant Campbell was returning to camp one night, and upon being stopped when passing through General Blenker's brigade, by a German guard, he gave the countersign, which was Genoa, but he pronounced it *Gee-no-a*. The usual forms were gone through with, but neither of the officers, from the corporal to the officer of the day, would pass him. Lieutenant Campbell demanded to be taken to General Blenker, before whom he appeared, and stated

his case. "Oh," said the general, in broken English, "my guards are very correct; we call it by the right name, Genoa, and not Gee-no-a."

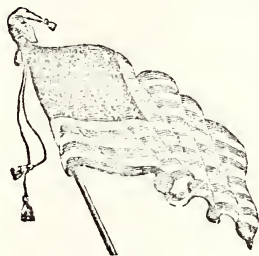
A GOOD STORY OF GENERAL GRANT.

A good story was once told me by General H. J. Hunt, about General Grant. He said that when the attack was made on the city of Mexico, Grant was acting as quartermaster, and observing a little work among the defenses of the city, occupied by a comparatively small number of men, but which was exceedingly annoying to the attacking force, he conceived the idea of capturing it; so, collecting together a lot of stragglers, shirkers and bummers, he led them forward, and, by a bold and quick movement, completely routed the occupants of the work. This act contributed materially to the success of the day. When General Scott made his report of the action, he neglected, or forgot, to mention this act. It was at that time Lieutenant Grant's intention to resign as soon as he could do so honorably, this virtually ending the war, and he keenly felt this oversight, which he deemed a lack of appreciation of his services. He

said to General Hunt that he thought it a damned shame that Scott did not speak of it in his report, as it was the first time in his life that he had had an opportunity to do a gallant thing, and that he would never have another chance to distinguish himself.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,
BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
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A

CRUISE ALONG THE BLOCKADE.

BY

FRANK B. BUTTS,

[FORMERLY PAYMASTER'S CLERK UNITED STATES NAVY.]



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A CRUISE ALONG THE BLOCKADE.



[READ BEFORE THE SOCIETY, NOVEMBER 13, 1878.]



Fifteen years ago, or September 5th, 1863, I was discharged from the United States service with all the honors of having served my country both as a sailor and a soldier. My last year's service had been so filled with the toil and perils of war, that I firmly resolved to stay at home and let those serve their country whose patriotism had never been singed by rebel powder, or rocked to sleep on the stormy ocean at the mast-head of a blockading vessel. I could not, however, keep my resolutions, and after a very welcome reception by my relatives and friends, the pleasure of being at home wore away. For enjoyment, I strolled about the camps and rendezvous of the newly organized regiments. Everybody was talking soldier

and was very sympathetic for those in the field, but I found that the stories of sharpshooters' bullets had quieted the patriotism of those at home who were able to become soldiers, and one thousand dollars and upwards had to be paid for recruits, with an assurance that their regiment would never do any fighting, and a guarantee that they were never made to stop a bullet. I was offered several positions to enter the service again, and finally accepted an appointment as paymaster's clerk in the United States Navy, and was ordered to the steamer "Flag," then at Charlestown Navy Yard, fitting out for the blockade. My idea at that time of the duties of a blockading vessel were not different from those of people generally, who thought all that would be expected of us would be to lie at anchor at the entrance of a city or harbor and wait for some mammoth English steamer to run into us, and then we would divide the prize-money.

I reported on board the ship "Flag," December 4th, 1863, and the short time given me in my orders necessitated my muster into the service in citizen's dress, and I can now almost feel my shame as I saw

the winks and smiles which were exchanged among the officers, who evidently took me for some country dandy. But after I had made a visit to a ready-made clothier's, or as a sailor would express it, "been to the slop chest," I was able to undeceive them and prove myself somewhat of a salt and a man-of-war's man after all, by a few hours' acquaintance and my appearance in a new uniform.

The steamer "Flag" was commanded by Commander James C. Williamson, better known in the navy as "Old Pap." He was one of those old fogies of whom there were not a few, who at the breaking out of the rebellion had been a lieutenant for forty years or upwards, and who would have died or been laid on the shelf with the same rank had it not been for vacancies caused by the war. He had never attained any very great reputation as a naval officer, possibly from the fact that he was never very well liked by his shipmates, and it was said he was so mean that his own shadow would not follow him. I will not vouch for the truth of what I heard a man say once, that while the captain was going down the ladder his shadow went over the side of the ship and was

drowned, so that he never had any afterward. There were some hard stories told about him, principally by the surgeon and paymaster, who messed with him and who were willing to be invited to dine with other officers three times a day. It was difficult to tell to what navy he belonged by his dress, from the fact that he always wore some old-fashioned uniform — sometimes the short-waisted pigeon-tailed coat that belonged to some deceased classmate when he was a midshipman, and with his pantaloons at half-mast. The other officers were all volunteers except the chief engineer, and if we occasionally did not observe the strict naval regulations it was thought no harm.

The vessel was sixteen hundred tons burden, full barque rigged and a screw steamer. Her name, previous to her purchase by the government, was the *Phineas Sprague*, and she belonged to the Boston and New Orleans line of steamers. The officers, crew and marines numbered two hundred and seven men. Her armament was one ten-inch Dahlgren pivot gun, two fifty-pounder rifled pivot guns, and eight thirty-two-pounder broadside guns, with the usual quantity of small arms. The officers quarters were pleasant

and spacious — more so than are allowed to regular war vessels — the rooms having been fitted for the convenience of passengers. The lower hold was used for storing coal, and the freight deck formed what is called on a man-of-war the berth deck, or quarters for the seamen. The vessel was very comfortable and pleasant for all on board.

We sailed from Boston Friday, December 6th, and to old salts, who are not the least superstitious of people, we were to have bad luck the whole cruise. The following night we put into Vineyard Haven, where we remained until the morning of the eighth, when the weather cleared and we hove anchor, and in a few hours were out upon the ocean out of sight of land. Our voyage was favored with the most delightful weather, and the change into a southern climate at that season of the year was enjoyed by all on board.

During the forenoon of the second day, a full rigged clipper ship hove in sight at leeward and rapidly gained upon us. The day was as bright and beautiful as was ever seen in mid-ocean, and the questions of her overhauling us when we were steaming four-

teen knots an hour, or whether a sailing vessel could beat a steamer, were fully discussed. About the middle of the afternoon all arguments were decided, for the vessel passed us within hailing distance, while we were admiring the evenly cut lines of her model, her full rig and all sail drawing in a fourteen-knot breeze. Our captain gave the usual hail, "Ship ahoy!" "Aye, aye, sir." "What ship is that?" "American ship Ocean Queen, two days from Boston, bound for Yokahama." Imagine the dignity of our captain, in command of a United States steamer, and his mortification, when the skipper of a sailing vessel sings out with a laugh, "Captain, if you have the mail on board, I will take it down for you." Three days later, while we were passing Cape Hatteras, we caught up with the vessel. The sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and there was hardly wind enough, as a sailor would say, to raise a pennant. The ship was almost motionless. As our vessel passed near her, our captain enquired: "Are you bound for Yokahama?" "Yes, sir." "No fresh meat aboard, I suppose, sir;" and we passed on without seeing each other again.

In another day we reported off Charleston, South

Carolina, to Admiral Dahlgren, (John A.,) commanding the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, and were assigned our station on the outside blockade. Now our duties began. Our first anchorage was three miles from the coast, at the entrance to the north channel of Charleston harbor. The daily routine of drill and changing anchorage at night were regularly carried on without interruption until an expedition was made to Georgetown. I never knew the object of this attack, but it may be called a specimen of Admiral Dahlgren's secret expeditions. In the first place, to carry out the secrecy of the plans, all the boats in the squadron were got together and a steam tug towed them up and down the lines in full view of the enemy in broad daylight; the transports were loaded with troops from Morris Island, who were shouting and cheering loud enough to be heard in Richmond. At night we were expected to sail off and by surprise capture something or somebody — no one knew which. The first signal for us to get up anchor was the discharge of a heavy cannon; and to start, a rocket was sent up. To prevent accidents by vessels colliding, we all set our top and side lights,

each vessel exchanged signals by use of rockets and colored fires, and thus the expedition proceeded up the coast, I presume to surprise the enemy, who must have thought the Yankees had sent down a procession of Lincoln wide-a-wakes, or some other torch-light procession. But I think the admiral must have been the most surprised, for when we neared the shore at Georgetown, we were saluted with shotted cannon, to aid us in the effect of our torch-light procession I suppose, by adding a few bursting shells, and the fleet, not being able to operate in the narrow channel, put to sea and anchored until morning. Then two or three of the fastest vessels had a race along the coast. The transports landed their troops where they had taken them on board, and this exciting expedition was ended.

It may be thought that vessels on the blockade encounter none of the dangers of war. But we could never lie down at night thinking we were out of danger. Not only were we exposed to the storms of wind and sea by which many vessels were wrecked on the enemy's shores, but subject to a momentary summons to save our lives from the attack of that terribly des-

tructive machine, the submarine torpedo. The vessels usually lay at anchor, with the anchor ready to slip by a joint in the cable, and a full head of steam was always kept up in the boilers, so that we were prepared to start under full speed at a moment's notice, while lookouts that could be relied upon, were stationed in all parts of the vessel.

Our first experience of night alarms came in the form of a floating torpedo which had been made to drift out upon the tide from Charleston. The sloop-of-war *Housatonic*, sister ship to the famous *Kearsage*, was destroyed by one of these during the night while at anchor only a short distance from our vessel, and more than half her crew perished. So constantly were these alarms and so frequently the results fatal, that I wished very often I was at home or in some safer part of the world. While I have been a member of this society, I have listened with great pleasure to the several accounts of night alarms, and to give you an idea of what we many times experienced in the navy, I will copy from a letter written at the time to my parents, an account of one of these torpedo attacks :

It was about midnight; I lay slumbering in my bunk, when I was awakened by an unusual excitement on deck, and while I was yet in stupor, trying to realize the cause, I heard our strong-hearted boatswain's mate in the greatest excitement run forward, shouting, "Slip the cable! slip the cable!" In a moment I was on my feet, and seeing that no alarm had been given below, I sprang to the rattle, and giving the machine a whirl, rushed to the spar deck. There was a dim moonlight and the sea was calm. Near us and to the windward, I saw bearing down upon us a floating object that filled every soul with dread. We were casting loose a broadside gun, when I heard the same boatswain's mate, who stood on the forecastle, shout again, "Back her! back her! for God's sake back her; she is right under our bows." I jumped into the netting, took a view of the clouds, expecting to take my next breath among the stars, and stood on tip-toe waiting the ascent; but as the vessel backed, the torpedo boat glided in the swift current of the tide harmlessly past. A shot from one of our guns cut it in two, and the torpedo proved to be a mass of floating sea-weed. The first salute was by my friend, Mr. Boyland, who had been crowded from the opportunity himself, shouting: "Just look at Butts, up there in the rigging in his shirt tail!" But I turned the joke by calling his attention to the shirt tails on the quarter deck and to the master-at-arms, who in his haste had run both legs into the sleeves of a pea-jacket and had the skirt buttoned around his body.

The most hazardous duty we had to perform while on the blockade was picket duty in Charleston har-

bor, and I may say knowingly, that there was no duty performed during the whole war, in either land or sea service, that was attended with so much toil, exposure and peril as this duty compelled us to endure. We had been but a few weeks on the blockade, when we received orders to send a boat, with an officer and its complement of men, to the inner harbor for picket duty. This was the first boat that had left the ship, and I asked permission to accompany it. My answer from the executive officer was, "I will let you go tomorrow night." I was delighted with his answer and anxiously watched the weather, and waited for the morrow's eve. It came, and when the crew had been selected, I reported to the lieutenant with all the dignity of some distinguished passenger, when he informed me that I would take charge of the boat and report to Commodore Green on board the ship Paul Jones for orders. I was quite surprised to know I was to be the ranking officer of that craft, and thought it quite a compliment to be placed in so responsible a command. It was six miles to the flag-ship, and not until sunset did I reach the vessel. I stepped into the cabin and saluted the commodore with all the po-

liteness I could manage, which was returned with a very hoarse "Hem! You are from the Flag, are you? How long have you been in the service? Ever done any fighting?" I gave my record as completely as possible, and when my speech was ended he gave me my orders in this way: "You will report to the Commander of the Passaic, get the countersign; a tug will tow the pickets into the harbor, and when it is dark enough to be favorable, go as near Charleston as you can; if you see a blockade-runner, send up a rocket; if you see a torpedo boat and cannot arrest it, burn a blue light; if you see any suspicious craft, burn a red; and if you see a picket boat, make them give the countersign or capture them." I raised my cap, and sliding backwards out of the cabin, thought what a muss I had got into if all these things were to happen.

I reported to Commander Rodgers, (C. R. P.,) as ordered, and our boat, with several others, was towed up the harbor, nearly to the obstruction crossing the channel between Forts Sumter and Moultrie. I learned from officers who were accustomed to the duty, that this was about the cruising ground and

that we were not expected to go further in towards the city. Besides having arms for the men, we were equipped with a compass, a dark lantern and a tinder-box. We cruised about below the obstructions for an hour or two, when it became tedious, and I made up my mind that that sort of fooling was nonsense, and as the commodore had told me to go as near Charleston as I could, I thought he did not mean going to sea as far as we could, as we seemed to be doing, so I changed our course. The only light visible was a calcium from the ship Ironsides, which at intervals shone up the harbor and gave us our course. I was familiar with the charts of the harbor, and having seven of the best men and a light boat, felt confident if we got squeezed we could make our escape, for it is not easy to follow a small boat on the water except in daylight. The picket boats were provided with half a pint of whiskey for each man and about a quart for the officer in charge, which is about the usual proportion of that encouraging ration. I dealt out an allowance to the men, scratched my back with the bottle, put the boat about and in a few minutes

crossed the obstructions and ran the boat straight for Charleston.

I cannot tell how near I went to the city, but we could plainly hear the machinery of some manufactory and could distinguish voices; and as we could expect to see nothing, we turned about. The current was running swiftly towards the sea, and had we so wished we could have glided rapidly out, but it was then only one o'clock — a long time before light — and we concluded to take a look at Castle Thunder and Fort Pinckney. We glided past and very near to them, but everything seemed dead within. We then ran for Fort Sumter. We saw several of the enemy's picket boats and I suppose they saw us, but we did not go within hail, for I did not want to give up the countersign there, nor did I care to know theirs. If I had been disposed, I could have hailed one of them and been answered with their countersign before we were suspected, but any further conversation might have betrayed us. The orders of our own pickets were to overhaul every boat we saw, but the enemy this night, as happened several times after, always avoided being approached, and our picket boats

were as safe in the rebel waters as in our own. I have been accused of attacking Fort Sumter with seven men, but the truth of the affair was this: We attempted to get a brick or some relic from this immortal structure, and while we were feeling our way in the shoal water near the fort, we were hailed from Sumter, and before we could get a start the sentry sent a bullet whistling over our heads. In less than a minute the whole heavens was ablaze with bursting shell from Fort Wagner, and a heavy cannonading was kept up between the two forts for nearly an hour, and no one except those in my boat knew what caused the rumpus. As day approached and it grew light, we drifted toward the fleet, and after going on board the flag-ship, I made my report to the commodore. Although the position I held had really no connection with this kind of duty, I was called upon a great many times to explore the waters of Charleston harbor, and my first night's picket duty was followed by many similar incidents and nights of exposure in storms and heavy seas that would now seem impossible for me to endure.

In order that you may understand exactly how this

duty was performed, and how different it was from picket duty in the army, I will explain it more thoroughly. The picket boats were divided into three classes. The boats of the first class, which I represented, were called the scout boats. They were light, sharp built and single banked, carrying five oarsmen, one coxswain and one officer—in all, seven men. There was not often more than one of these boats out the same night, and their duties were principally to get behind the enemy's line of pickets, which crossed the entrance of the harbor between Forts Sumter and Moultrie, where the enemy had placed obstructions, which I always thought were imagined by our people to be more formidable than they really were, and I doubt if anything more than a few torpedoes or some temporary rubbish ever obstructed the passage. These boats were often engaged in taking soundings, which was difficult work and the results were unreliable in most instances, as, owing to the darkness and secrecy required, they could not locate themselves, and although Sumter always could be seen like a shadow on the horizon, we could not tell with any accuracy how near, or in what direction we

were from it. We were equipped and prepared to fight, but we never made an attack, and depended on our fleetness to avoid capture. Our other duties were to explore the harbor near the city and watch the movements of any blockade-runners that were trying to escape, and to provide against a surprise by the rebel iron-clads.

The second class of picket boats were the usual man-of-war boats, called cutters, carrying nine men, who cruised in front of the enemy's line and were prepared to fight or run, whichever was expedient, and to kick up a rumpus whenever they saw an enemy's boat.

The third class were large boats known as launches, carrying fourteen or sixteen men each, and sometimes a boat howitzer. They were kept in readiness to assist other boats, and to arrest torpedoes. It was not unusual to hear an exchange of shots by these pickets, or a loud volley, indicating a close attack, and many times were some of our boats captured by the enemy, or some of theirs gobbled up by us. Our boats always had the advantage from the fact that they were manned by perfect seamen who could han-

dle themselves and their boat with better skill than the undrilled men of the enemy. It is impossible for any one to imagine how fatiguing this kind of duty was for our seamen. There was always a swift current in Charleston harbor, so that the men could not for a moment stop rowing, and if the weather chanced to be stormy and the sea rough, more vigilance was required, and the eight or ten hours' duty and labor would so completely exhaust them that they seemed hardly to have strength enough to get out of their boats.

The whole operation in the attack on Charleston seemed to be carried on inefficiently and unsuccessfully, and there seems to me no excuse for our not occupying Fort Sumter, which, of course, would have speedily led to the capture of Fort Moultrie and the city of Charleston. It always seemed to me that after the walls of Sumter had been so thoroughly demolished as they were, there might have been boats and pontoons enough brought into the harbor after dark, and sufficient troops landed on the ruins of the fort the same night, to have easily carried and captured it. The failure of the first attack and all subsequent pre-

tences, were owing, according to my view, to the manner of exposing operations as I have described in our attack on Georgetown, and the enemy were too well prepared for us.

From the beginning of operations by our land forces on Morris Island, I could not understand why the attack on Fort Wagner was so mis-managed as to allow one regiment—the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts—to charge on the fort, and after reaching the parapets, and with the fort within their grasp, to afford them no support, or at least not sufficient support, to have swept everything before them, instead of allowing those brave and patriotic men to be slaughtered. So far as the naval attack was concerned it was a success. I have heard statements that the enemy cared nothing for our monitors, because while we were reloading our guns they could shovel back all the earth removed by an exploded shell. This cannot be true, because a monitor of two guns could discharge and reload both guns in less than four minutes, and how much time could they have had when seven of these vessels were engaged. The facts are conclusive, for the enemy was glad to

evacuate, and the walls of the fort were found to be nearly level with the earth when our troops took possession. I very well remember a description of the attack by a contraband whom I met on the island in 1864, and I will try to relate it: "I was working thar wid a heap of other niggers and dem monetors come up. The rebs thought they wus goin to knock blazes out of them wid a lot of old cannons they got out of Sumter. This nigger was scared and begun to shake. I seed a big smoke and den, de lord! I thought, I thought the Yankees had chucked a cotton-bale at us! She come right in and struck in de sand, side de fort, den she busted! Great heavens, massa, you ought to see dem niggers git!"

The attack on the forts in Charleston harbor by the seven iron-clads was never equalled in naval history. Here these vessels came to anchor within eight hundred and one thousand yards of three massive fortifications. Fort Wagner is known as one of the strongest of earthworks, which are acknowledged to be more invulnerable than the heaviest masonry, and could be repaired in the dark hours during a siege. Forts Sumter and Moultrie were constructed in the most

solid and substantial manner of modern engineering, with all the improvements in casemating and heavy cannon that science could suggest, and Sumter, forming as it does an artificial island, commanded every possible entrance of the channel. The rebels themselves say they could bring one hundred guns to bear on a single point, and yet day after day our vessels renewed the attack, until Wagner was evacuated and Sumter demolished. When was there ever a parallel case? The Weehawken was struck four hundred and fourteen times, almost entirely by solid shot, and she expended more than three thousand rounds of ammunition. The other vessels did no less, and yet Fort Sumter was never captured.

Our blockade duty had numerous changes. We captured two "runners." One of these was given back to the owners, who pretended they were laboring to get out of the Confederacy and their cargo was taken on board to cover up suspicion and intended for a northern port. The second was disposed of by the government, and I received forty-nine dollars and ninety-seven cents as my share in the prize. Occasionally we would get sight of a runner during the

day, which had come up to sight the land for a sure entry at night, and an exciting chase, lasting usually until dark, served to enliven us.

About the middle of August, 1864, we received orders to proceed to Ossabaw Sound to relieve the vessel there, and make it our future station. When we arrived we found ourselves in a pleasant little sound at the mouth of the Ogeechee river. The landscape here was as beautiful as ever seen on a southern shore. At the east was the broad, open sea, from the edge of which the sun would rise with all the calmness and beauty of an ocean scene. At the north was Ossabaw Island, covered with the thick evergreen of live oaks and palmettos. Then a broad expanse of low lands, through which we could trace the course of the Big Ogeechee, and far beyond in the distance were dotted here and there the dwellings of southern planters. Southward a sand-bar, left naked by the change of tide, stretched several miles into the sea, and hundreds of pelicans and other sea fowl could be seen seated upon the sand and hovering over their prey. There the sea, in all the splendor of an ocean surf, rolled and splashed upon the beach, send-

ing its spray far above the shore; and beyond in the distance, at the edge of the horizon, stood the masts and rigging of a companion ship, at St. Catherine Sound.

Here, on the first day of our arrival, there was as sad an accident as often occurred in the service. One of our seamen, while seated in a port-hole, leaned over for some purpose with his weight on the shelf. The lanyard holding it up gave way, and he fell forward into the sea. Just as he arose to the surface of the water, a monstrous shark darted from beneath the ship, biting him in two, and in another instant the remaining portion of his body was swallowed by another. He was known to us as James Webster, but in a moment of confidence he had told a shipmate that through some foolish and trifling act he had mortified his parents, and to hide himself from the world he had left his home, and that Webster was an assumed name. The army and navy, in addition to those who went forth from noble and patriotic impulses, received hundreds who, sinking through some misfortune from the higher social levels, sought to bury in camp or on the deck of the ship their shame

or their despair. Some of the saddest secrets of earth are buried in the soldiers' graves, or have gone down at sea with the shotted hammock. On the ship's books appear this brief record : "James Webster, drowned." What a history lay beneath this short statement! A story of a wasted life and of broken hearts. Such homes as the death of James Webster made desolate, are those on which the darkest sorrows of the war have fallen, for no ray of glory comes through the thick shadow of death. How often some such brief record of the war has for a few hearts terrible meanings of which the world knows nothing. What might be called the domestic history of the war, would perhaps be one of more thrilling interest than the story of its campaigns, its battles and its victories.

We found our situation to be the most desirable on the whole blockade. Bordering the sea coast, were numerous islands, and very many times have we enjoyed ourselves rambling over them. We received fresh provision, and the mail every third or fourth week, and often for that purpose some one would be dispatched by a land route across Wassaw Island,

where, at the mouth of the Savannah river, a number of vessels were awaiting the attack of the rebel iron-clads. The method of forwarding the mails was for each vessel to pass it to another—not often along this coast were they beyond signal distance, although to follow the channel a boat would be obliged sometimes to go twenty miles.

The most eventful trip across Wassaw Island was performed by myself, and I will give a sketch of how it occurred: Early one morning in December, 1864, we were all taken by surprise at seeing two men in a small boat, rowing out from the Ogeechee river. A boat was lowered, and the first lieutenant in charge started in pursuit. The fugitives, as we supposed them to be, turned about and were making haste for the shore, when our lieutenant unfurled the boat ensign, and as he waved it above his head we heard three joyous cheers from the two companions, and in a few moments more they were greeted on board the Flag, as the advance scouts of Sherman's army.

While all through the north our loyal people were trembling in suspense at Sherman's absence, not knowing when or under what circumstances he would

first be heard from, these two scouts were greeted with the greatest joy, bringing as they did the assurance that he would soon join us and that the campaign would be a success. We hailed their arrival with a salute from our ten-inch gun, hoping its echoes might reach the ears of their daring commander. Each half hour during the day, and until the army appeared, we fired a shot, the designated signal that we were ready to receive them. Our captain prepared dispatches for the admiral, and I was instructed to deliver them with others from General Sherman, at Wassaw Sound.

I was landed on Wassaw Island just as the sun had gone down, and immediately started on my journey. The usual route was to follow the beach to the north end of the island; but I had crossed it several times in the daytime and thought it could be done easily enough at night. The island was uninhabited. Thick growths of palmetto and Spanish dagger grew in patches over the soil, while in the marshy places heavy live oak and thick undergrowths of scrub covered the island. It grew dark very rapidly, as is usual in the south, and in passing through one of

these jungles I lost my bearings and had to guess my way. I took a course, as near as I could calculate, for the north, and soon found myself at the edge of a small stream. I knew of there being a creek on the western side of the island, and thought by crossing it I could continue on my way towards the north. I pulled off my clothing, and holding it with my papers and side-arms with one hand over my head, plunged into the stream and was soon on the opposite side. I dressed myself and for a long distance tramped through one of those southern marshes which border the coast of South Carolina and Georgia. Knowing there was none such on the island, I discovered that I had swam to the main land. If any of you were ever lost in the night, without any landmark to guide you, you can perhaps imagine what my feelings were at that moment. The ground was moist, and clots of clay would hang to my shoes until I was forced to remove it with my hands. There was a thin growth of tall grass and wild rice, through which were muddy paths made by wild hogs and alligators, and so crooked that I could see both ends of a curve not a dozen feet from me. These are the marshes that are sometimes im-

proved in the south for rice plantations. The sky was clouded, but I could distinguish a light portion, which I thought must be north, and kept on in that direction. I would have turned back, but I knew the Savannah river was north, which would surely direct me, and judging the distance I had travelled and the thoughts of the cold bath I would be obliged to undergo again, I kept tramping until I got out of the swamp, and found myself on a good road. As I was passing the slave quarters of a large plantation, the lights of a city suddenly burst upon me. Then I sat down to rest myself and think what I should do. "The city must be Savannah, which is west. Yonder are the rebel fortifications on the river. The enemy's camps are below me." Then I knew I was inside the enemy's lines and must get out before day or wait until another night. I took my bearings and started off, cautiously approaching any road, for I knew that they were guarded, as I had passed a picket post and saw a hut with the usual log fire and a soldier standing near it.

My route was as near east as I could travel. Passing over cotton fields and other cultivated land, most

of the way, I arrived at a point of land between the Savannah river and a river west of Ossabaw Island. It soon grew light enough for me to see the vessels in the fleet, and I discharged one of my revolvers to attract their attention. Very soon I saw a boat lowered from the iron-clad Patapsco, which was stationed up the river as advanced picket, to which vessel I was taken and very hospitably received. As soon as I had made known my message, everybody on board was awake, and the news was hailed with great delight. The paymaster, who came on deck when my firing was heard, was the kindest-hearted fellow I ever met. He took me to his room, gave me a generous glass, which I truly needed, and opening his bunk told me to lie there until I was rested and ready to return. I thoroughly appreciated his kindness, for it was the first and only time I was ever treated with any sort of decency among strangers on a scout or as carrier of messages. This, my friends, is the means by which the first news from General Sherman, after he left Chattanooga, reached your ears.

A steamer that was dispatched to Ossabaw, con-

veyed me back to my vessel. Transports loaded with provisions that had been ordered for General Sherman's army began to arrive, and Ossabaw Sound presented as commercial an appearance as New York. Among the arrivals were a number of mortar vessels, and thinking that something would be done in the direction of Fort McAllister, I was granted permission to accompany one of them. I left the ship for several days and enjoyed the pleasure of a roving commission; that is, I could go where I pleased. The first operations were against an earthwork at the mouth of the Little Ogeechee river. This earthwork, known as Fort Beaula, was situated on a high bluff, near which were several houses used as summer resorts by some of the wealthy people of Savannah. The fort was heavily casemated and in a pleasant grove. In the rear were very substantial and snug quarters for the garrison. The mortar fleet took position behind a curve in the river, and a second day's bombardment reduced the fort, the enemy evacuating it. We had no landing force, but kept the enemy from re-occupying it for a day or two, when we saw a squad of Sherman's bummers, followed by a number of wagons and

all sorts of vehicles that those fellows had appropriated for conveyance. The small vessels moved up the river, and a large party of men went on shore. We had more fun that night than on any other night in my army or navy experience, and I think Sherman's bummers lost their reputation when our sailors joined them. I wish I could tell all I saw in those few days. We occupied the houses near the fort, which were filled with furniture and other valuable goods that had been moved from Savannah, either at the capture of Fort Pulaski, or at the contemplated advance of General Sherman, or both. The shores were completely bedded with large fine oysters, and the sailors soon became favorites with the whole army, for not one of those hoosiers could get an oyster out of the shell, but they would suck them down like a bear eating honey, when we opened the bivalves for them. I think all the sailors on the blockade could have been employed in that way until this time if the army had not moved.

I cannot describe all that went on in those houses that night, but if you could have looked in, the scene would have been about thus presented : On the hearth,

in the largest room, was piled a heap of flaming furniture, while around its edges and in the crevices, oysters were placed and replaced by a dozen half-starved soldiers, who would devour them like wolves and curse because they were so all-fired hot. At the side of the room were a soldier and a sailor, dancing in no gentle manner on top of a pearl-keyed piano, while a comrade, with his coat-tail burned off up to the waist, occupied the stool, and another, with the treadle in his arms, was drumming away trying to strike a tune. On the floor were half a dozen more stretched out for a nap, who, finding no peace to their slumbers, would alternately join in the racket; and so the night was howled away.

A day or two later the main army appeared. The rebel flag was still floating over Fort McAllister. The day was as bright and balmy as is often seen in a southern winter. I heard the bugle sound the assembly, and the echoes sent back shrill notes from distant brigades. I saw the men rushing to their different commands as if there was something peculiar in the sound of their own music. Soon on the edge of the woods long lines of infantry appeared.

The drums roll, the bugles sound again. The troops move forward with an earnest and steady tread and another line appears. The cannon in the fort now belch forth fire and smoke. The battle has begun. The bugles sound again and the men increase their steps. Now I see the shot pass through their ranks and shell burst over them. The bugles sound the charge, which causes a shudder. Forward, with bayonets lowered, to the front dashes this human mass, leaving the path marked with the mangled and dead. Then over the obstructions and down into the ditch. I see them swept by heavy charges of canister from guns on the angles of the fort. Then up the walls and on the parapet, a hand to hand conflict ensues. Then down into the fort among the cannonceers when sword and bayonet are thrust and parried, to conquer or die. Hurrah! my heart leaps out. I hear the cheers of our own men, and see the rebel flag hauled down.

The army was soon supplied with provision and moved on again in its course. The rebel iron-clads on the Savannah were captured; Charleston and Wilmington had fallen; the sea coast from Maryland to Mexico was thrown open, and our cruise along the blockade was over.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS
OF THE
TENTH R. I. REGIMENT,
WITH A
ROLL OF TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

OF THE PROVIDENCE HIGH SCHOOL,

WHO SERVED IN THE ARMY OR NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES
DURING THE REBELLION.

BY

WILLIAM A. SPICER,
COMPANY B, TENTH RHODE ISLAND VOLUNTEERS.



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THE HIGH SCHOOL BOYS
OF THE
TENTH R. I. REGIMENT.

OUR school days were cast in eventful times. Some of the Providence boys who met twenty years ago, in the old High School on Benefit street, can hardly have forgotten the stirring events which preceded the war, and the memorable presidential campaign of 1860, when they joined the Lincoln wide-awake army, proudly shouldered their torches and marched on to victory, little heeding the threatening clouds of secession gathering in the Southern horizon. How few then, at the North, young or old, realized the nearness of the storm which was soon to burst forth and rage for four long years, carrying blight and desolation into almost every family in the land. A struggle which cost the lives of more than

half a million brave men, and cost the nation also, during the last year, more than three million dollars a day! and left it, at last, with a debt of more than two billion seven hundred millions!

The excitement which followed the attack on Fort Sumpter, in April, 1861, was fully shared by the High School boys. Every one was expected to show his colors, and it was voted to purchase and raise the national flag over the High School building. Hearing that the college boys were about to unfurl the stars and stripes over University Hall, (where, eighty-eight years before, the old Revolutionary flag had floated,) it was determined to get the start of them, if possible. Wednesday afternoon, April 17th, at five o'clock, being the time appointed for the exercises at the college, the following High School announcement appeared in the *Journal* of that day: "The 'stars and stripes' will be raised this afternoon from the High School, at *half past four!*" But the boys were finally induced to defer their public demonstration till the following morning, though they couldn't refrain from indulging in a little informal raising, at the hour first announced, thus securing

the desired priority, and the following notice from the *Evening Press*: "High School Patriotism.—A splendid national flag, purchased by the subscription of over one hundred High School boys, was displayed from the High School building, this afternoon!" The formal exercises next morning were of a most interesting character. At eleven o'clock, in the presence of teachers, scholars, citizens, and soldiers about leaving for the war, the boys raised the flag, followed by the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner." The young ladies of the school carried small national flags. Mayor Knight delivered a brief opening address, and introduced Professor Chace, of Brown University, who responded with scholarly and patriotic sentiments. Bishop Clark related an anecdote of his great grandfather, who, after the battle of Bunker Hill, was obliged to sleep in a baker's oven, and added, "I am glad that he did not get *baked*, else I should not have been here to-day to address you!" and turning to the "Marines," who were to leave that afternoon for Washington, with the 1st Rhode Island regiment, he said, "some of *you* may have to sleep in a baker's oven before you get back,

but I hope you will not get baked, but live to come home well bre(a)d men, as you now are." They were indeed soon tried in the fiery furnace of Bull Run, and some never returned. Ex-Mayor Rodman, in his pleasant manner, referred to a conversation between General Nathanael Greene and his mother, during the Revolution, in which she cautioned him "not to get shot in the back!" Dr. Caldwell made an impressive closing address, when "America" was heartily sung, followed by cheers for "the Union," "the young ladies of the High School," "Governor Sprague," the "First Regiment," and the "Marines." "Fifteen cheers and a Narragansett" were also served up by the boys for a dispatch read by Bishop Clark, "that Virginia had decided not to secede." But they found out, a few days later, that they had wasted their ammunition.

It was now apparent that there was sufficient military spirit to warrant the formation of a High School company. A meeting was held in the hall, at which a committee of arrangements was appointed, and in a few weeks the boys fell into line under the name of the "Ellsworth Phalanx," in honor of the youthful and gallant commander of the New York

Zouaves, who had been shot at Alexandria, Va., May 24th, while engaged in lowering a rebel flag from a hotel in that city. How it would have startled the members of the Ellsworth Phalanx, had they been told that in the next year some of their number would be marching through that same rebellious city, and by the very hotel where Ellsworth fell! but so it proved, the boys singing "Ellsworth Avengers" with a will, and "John Brown's Body," as they went "marching on."

The beautiful standard of colors presented to the Phalanx, was the gift of the young ladies of the High School. Daniel W. Lyman, late our accomplished senator in the assembly from North Providence, was chosen captain. An arrangement was made with the United Train of Artillery by which their armory on Canal street became the headquarters of the corps, which, under the direction of the veteran Colonel Wescott Handy, of the Old Guard Continentals, soon attained a creditable degree of proficiency. Those were refreshing seasons; who can forget them? when, after the long and toilsome drill, or street parade, good Col. Handy marched us

through his root and herb beer establishment, near the Great Bridge, and treated one and all to a large glass of his celebrated beer, "compounded strictly from medicinal roots and herbs." May his memory *ever* remain as fragrant as his *beer*! What wonder that the corps rapidly advanced in discipline and spirits, and soon attracted not a little public attention for its *steady* and soldierly bearing on parade. Its brilliant evening receptions, also, and exhibition drills, will be pleasantly recalled. How they enlivened the long winter evenings of '61!

But the Rebellion was not yet subdued. Brighter days were looked for with the opening of '62, but May came, and with it fresh news of disaster to the Union cause. Stonewall Jackson had sent Banks whirling down the Shenandoah Valley, to the Potomac, and at midnight, on the 25th, a dispatch came to Providence announcing the disaster with an urgent appeal for troops for the protection of the capitol. Just an hour later the Governor issued an order to immediately organize a new regiment, the Tenth Rhode Island volunteers, for three months' service. The response was prompt, and among other military

organizations, the Ellsworth Phalanx contributed a liberal quota. The regiment was principally drawn from a volunteer organization of the citizens of Providence, known as the "National Guards," Colonel James Shaw, Jr., commanding, who was instructed by the regiment to offer its services "as then officered and organized." But Colonel Shaw, though an able and accomplished officer, felt that the chief command should be given to one who had received a military education; whereupon the Governor appointed Captain Z. R. Bliss, of the regular service, colonel of the Tenth, and James Shaw, Jr., lieutenant-colonel. By seven o'clock P. M., of the day of the call, 613 men were reported ready for duty; and the day following, the 27th, the Tenth regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Shaw, left for Washington, Colonel Bliss being detained at home on account of his father's death. At the head of Company B, recruited almost entirely from the ranks of the High School and University companies, marched Captain Elisha Dyer, formerly Governor of the state. The men are few, who, at his age, (over fifty,) would have abandoned the comforts of home

for the arduous position of captain in a volunteer regiment. *Most* of the permanent officers were gentlemen well known to the men, including Lieutenant-Colonel James Shaw, Jr., afterwards Colonel; Major Jacob Babbitt of Bristol, killed at Fredericksburg the following December; Adjutant John F. Tobey; Dr. George W. Wilcox, surgeon, and Rev. A. H. Clapp, the honored pastor of the Beneficent Church, chaplain. Hon. Nelson W. Aldrich, our able senator in congress, was then, at the age of twenty-two, a member of Company D, and Hon. Joshua M. Addeman, secretary of state, a private in our student Company, B. And we would not forget, also, to honor the name of our youthful and lamented comrade, Frederick Metcalf, son of the worthy President of this Society. Although but fifteen years of age, he enlisted with his older classmates in Company B; but Captain Dyer was unwilling to assume the responsibility of accepting so young a volunteer in the absence of his father, (then in active service with his regiment at Hilton Head, S. C.) But this did not dampen the ardor of young Metcalf, and we find him in October of the following year, a second lieutenant in his father's

regiment. He also creditably served as Post Adjutant at Fort Pulaski, Georgia, till May 27, 1864, when he was promoted to a first lieutenant. But in the following August he was attacked by a malarial fever. On the 19th of the month, seeming considerably better, he was removed for better care, to Beaufort, S. C. But there he gradually grew worse, and died on the 28th of August, in the seventeenth year of his age. His funeral was attended with full military honors. Though hardly a year in the army, he had won the respect of all his associates, and had earned one promotion in the field. Cut off in the dew of youth, he has left a memory forevermore associated with the most unselfish patriotism and pure devotion to duty.

Those High School boys whose fortunate lot it was to be members of Captain Dyer's company, will hardly again find in life a day of such strange excitement as that in which they first put on uniform and started for camp.

Of the departure of the regiment, and the journey to Washington, others have told. The same enthusiasm greeted the Tenth as all the Rhode Island

regiments. Who can forget the hearty reception in Philadelphia, at the rooms of the Volunteer Relief Association, or we of the Second Detachment, the midnight march through Baltimore, the rebellious city? Every man provided with several rounds of ball-cartridges, in case of trouble! Arriving at length at the capitol, the regiment had an immediate taste of army life, in the repulsive fare and quarters of the Soldiers' Retreat; but orders soon came to move, and on the 30th, an intensely hot day, marched to Tenallytown Village, six miles away, and went into camp.

From this point of the narrative, in an attempt to revive the memories of our three months' adventures, from their Rip Van Winkle slumber of twenty years, the writer has relied chiefly upon his old package of letters, preserved by his mother, extracts from which are now given, substantially as written.

Camp Frieze, near Tenallytown, D. C., June 3d and 4th, 1862. "To-day is a rainy one in camp, and the boys are either asleep, writing home, or lie stretched out on the straw, so I thought I'd give an account of our whereabouts. Camp Frieze, named

in honor of the quartermaster-general of Rhode Island, is beautifully laid out in a grove of oak trees, with tents in parallel rows, and streets or avenues between. Ours is, of course, Dyer avenue. The Second ward company, D, have Benefit street. The Seventh ward company, Broadway, and the Sixth ward company, Atwood avenue, in honor of Mrs. Alice Atwood, of that ward, who made and presented the men with one hundred pin-cushions, filled with pins. William Grant and Ira Wilbur are in that company. The college boys of Co. B have named their quarters 'Hope College.' In our High School tent there are seventeen of us, as follows: 4th Sergeant Charles L. Stafford, Corporal William P. Vaughan, and high privates Edwin B. Fiske, John A. Reynolds, Frank Frost, James F. Field, George T.* and Nathan H. Baker,* John B. Kelly,* Frank F. Tingley, Charles B. and Charles T. Greene, George H. Sparhawk, H. K. Blanchard, David Hunt, Jesse M. Bush and myself—all in one Sibley tent! Ned. Glezen, Daniel Bush, Howard Sturges and Brock. Mathewson are in Co. D, and Zeph. Brown and Jesse Eddy in Co. K. We arrange ourselves round, at

*Promoted to be corporals.

night, like the spokes of a wheel, with our feet, or, as the army shoes are termed, 'whangs,' to the centre pole, around which our guns are stacked. We sleep on straw beds on the ground, spread our rubber blankets to keep off the dampness, and make our knapsacks serve as pillows. The rations thus far have been horrid ; especially the meat, or 'salt horse' ; so that Frank Tingley and I have been out two or three times to get a good square meal, for *only* twenty-five cents, at a neighboring farm house. The surrounding hill tops are covered with forts and batteries. Near us are Forts Pennsylvania, Slocum and Franklin, which command the roads leading to Harper's Ferry and Frederick City. We are in General Sturgis's Division. Near us are the Sixty-third Indiana, the Fifty-ninth and Seventy-first New York, a Pennsylvania regiment, the Eleventh and Seventeenth Regulars, the Ninth Rhode Island regiment, and the Tenth Rhode Island battery. We have devotional services every night. Quartermaster George Lewis Cooke is occupying the only meeting-house of the village for our stores, but we hear that it is to be cleared out for the chaplain the com-

ing Sabbath. Last Sunday, as he had not arrived at camp, some of us got permission to go swimming, (not *fishing*,) in Rock Creek, near by. We kept together, as the neighborhood is said to abound with Secesh. Close at hand was a grave-yard where several members of Union regiments were buried, who, report says, were shot while on picket duty. The picket guard fell to our company that very night, and I was glad I was not chosen, *partly* on account of the lively thunder shower we had. Last night a fellow was brought in from the picket line who had stayed out too late, we believe, courting some fair F. F. V. At any rate, he had on light vest and pants, and came galloping along on horseback, when Fiske, one of our mess, jumped into the middle of the road, with bayonet at the charge, and yelled, 'Who goes there?' The rider jumped back in his stirrups and pulled up, badly frightened, exclaiming, 'It's m-m-me!' 'Advance *me* and give the countersign!' 'Twas no go, he had to give it up. 'Then you're my prisoner,' says Fiske, and he had to go into camp with us for the rest of the night. 'Twas pretty rough, I'll admit, but I guess he'll keep better hours in future."

June 10th. "I was handed your letter yesterday while washing the mess pans and cups. Two are detailed for this duty each day. There's no fun in it. I never realized before how much easier it is to *eat* a good dinner, than to wash the dishes afterwards. We have now been sworn into the service of the United States. There could be no 'special service at Washington' put into it, or any conditional oath whatever, and we had the choice of taking it straight, or taking a free pass home. After the oath was administered by Adjutant-General Thomas, the customary 'three cheers for your flag, men,' were heartily given. We have the best captain in the regiment, and the right of the line. One of the hardest things I have found to do yet, is to get up early enough in the morning. Reveillé comes at half-past four! But Captain Dyer meant to wake us up the other day, and started us off as soon as we were in line, on the double-quick. Now this is all very pretty, with a company of wide-awake soldiers on a level road, but a crowd of sleepy, drowsy, raw recruits, is very different material. We had not gone far, when unfortunate number one stumbled and

fell. Then graceful John Reynolds, of our mess, followed, and in the vain attempt to leap over the back of number one, was rolled into a hollow by the roadside. Then number three displayed his soles, or 'whangs,' to the rising sun, and so the fun went on, till order was finally restored, and we reached camp, as smiling and wide-awake a company as Rhode Island could produce.

"Joshua Addeman, of the college mess, has just left for home to deliver the class oration at Brown. Some of us would like to come and deliver a few at the High School, and make you a visit at the same time."

A letter to the writer, from home, dated June 14th, says: "It was college exhibition, (class day,) Thursday, and the orator was a student named Addeman, who went out in your regiment. He got a leave of absence to come on and deliver his oration, and then went back the same night. His subject was 'The Alliance of Scholarship and Patriotism.' The audience cheered him like fun, I can tell you. But he looked kind o' gray, as though he was smelling 'salt horse' in the distance!"

June 12th. "Last night was my first experience

'on picket.' Our squad marched down a lonesome-looking road, about a mile and a-half toward Fredericktown, and attempted to force an entrance into an old school-house by the roadside, but its barred shutters resisted all our efforts. We never felt so sorry at a school lock-out before! We marched further on, and took the best quarters we could get, in a wheelwright shop, opening to the road. I was on 'the relief,' and had just got fairly into an uncomfortable snooze, when we were all suddenly startled by an alarm, and orders from the sergeant to buckle on equipments, right shoulder arms, and double-quick down the road for the picket line—all the work of perhaps two or three minutes. Were we wide awake? Oh, yes, some, if not some scared! But the trouble was soon explained. Some drunken soldiers from a neighboring regiment, were attempting to pass our line without the countersign. Order was soon restored, and we were glad to march back to quarters, with all the arms and legs we brought out. It must have been about four o'clock in the morning, when I found myself posted as sentinel. I paced my beat, regularly, back and forth, *nothing* escaping

my keen vision. Suddenly there came the sound of approaching wheels; when, at the proper moment, with bayonet at the charge, and summoning all my voice to command, I called a 'Halt!' The occupant of the team proved to be an inoffensive fishmonger, on his way to Georgetown. He strongly protested, —and his fish still more *strongly* protested, against being interfered with—but with the help of a comrade, I marched fish and fisherman into camp, accompanied by about as tall swearing as I ever listened to. The fact is, the neighborhood around here is considered unfriendly, and it is therefore necessary to strictly maintain our lines.

June 13th. "When a box from home arrives at camp, the eatable portion of the contents, if sent to a High School boy, is considered the common property of the mess. When my box was opened, therefore, the boys all gathered round me, and as each package was taken out, they set up a terrible yelling and howling; whether they knew what was in it or not. You can guess the peanuts disappeared in double-quick time, and when I came to the lemons, there was 'tremendous applause and cheering in the

'galleries!' We not only had lots of fun over the box, but it was worth almost its weight in gold, for it contained everything I wanted. The combined knife, fork and spoon will be very useful, and will allow my fingers to take a rest, as no army knives and forks have yet been issued. The towels, also, are just what I needed, as I've been trying to make that same poor, single towel go, for more than a fortnight! You ought to have seen me skinning my fingers trying to wash it! But relief has come at last, and the contrabands now come round regularly for any washing on hand. So I 'put mine out,' to the tune of six cents apiece for shirts, and so on. I never ate any ham which tasted so good as that in the box; and we should have had small pieces if the whole High School mess had had it for dinner, for some of them are 'great feeders.' So it was agreed, that as quite a squad was going to the Potomac for a swim, those who stayed at camp should have the ham; and I tell you we enjoyed it, to the last hitch!"

June 15th. "We have a promising addition to our mess, in the form of a young contraband, thirteen

years old, who boasts the name of Abraham Douglass. He has a nice voice, too, and has agreed to do our singing, and wash the dishes besides, for two dollars and fifty cents a month! Cheap enough, isn't it? The boys enjoy the singing very much, and call little Abe out every night. One of his best songs is :

'De gospel ship's a sailin'—sailin'—sailin'—

De gospel ship's a sailin'—bound for Canin's happy sho'!

CHORUS.—Then glory, glory hallelujah, &c.'

and another is :

'Dere's a light in der winder fer thee, brudder,

Dere's a light in der winder fer thee!'

"One of our men wrote home : 'The boys have found a remedy for poor rations, in songs, which carry the mind back to the scenes of other days. Within reach of the battery's guns, you may hear, rising on the air of evening, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' or grand old Pleyel's Hymn ! Here a band of students revive the memories of Brown with 'Lauriger Horatius,' 'Here's to good old Prex., drink him down !' or, 'We'll all go over to Seekonk !' while from the

other end of the camp, from the tents of the Ninth regiment, come the strains of 'Let me kiss him for his mother.'"

In looking over my little red-covered soldier's hymn book, presented to the members of the Tenth regiment, I find the following beautiful lines of "The Countersign," pasted on the inside of the front cover. They were written by a private in Stuart's engineer regiment, and made a deep impression on my mind:

"Halt! who goes there?" my challenge cry,

It rings along the watchful line;

"Relief!" I hear a voice reply—

"Advance, and give the countersign!"

With bayonet at the charge, I wait—

The corporal gives the mystic spell—

With arms apart, I charge my mate:

"Then onward pass, and all is well!"

But in the tent that night awake,

I ask, if in the fray I fall,

Can I the mystic answer make

When th' angelic sentries call?

And pray that heaven may so ordain,

Where'er I go, what fate be mine,

Whether in travail or in pain

I still may have "the countersign!"

"A few members of each company are allowed, now and then, a pass to Washington. The other day, a party from Company B were sauntering down Pennsylvania avenue, when a door opened across the street, and there stood General Burnside! They all ran across, with one accord, to shake hands with him, on the score of being Rhode Island soldiers. The General extended a cordial greeting to all, and inquired where the regiment was stationed; and the boys left him, feeling that this meeting alone, had amply repaid them for their tramp to Washington."

A few months later, after the battle of Antietam, young Adjutant William Ide Brown, a student of Brown University, (afterwards mortally wounded before Richmond,) thus wrote home of Burnside: "O, how I love that General! I would think myself happy if I could be an orderly, and follow him from place to place. How I wish I knew him personally! How proud I was to have him speak to me on the night of the battle of Antietam, where I was on duty at the famous Antietam bridge! There may be greater generals than Burnside, but nowhere a more honest, noble, patriotic hero!"

Camp Frieze, June 18th. "Yesterday afternoon, Company B was thrown into quite a flutter of excitement, by the announcement that it had been detailed for a secret expedition, and was under marching orders. We left camp at two o'clock, P. M., accompanied by the regimental officers, with directions to observe the strictest silence on the way. What was going to happen? Had old Stonewall Jackson or Jeff. Davis ventured within our lines, and were the High School boys of Company B to have the glory of the capture?" Unhappily it proved not, though Stonewall *did* make a visit to Maryland a few months later, and his progress, and that of the entire rebel army, was arrested only at the terrific pass of Antietam, but sixty miles from camp. "After Company B had been marched perhaps two miles, it was halted, and faced, as the boys say, 'eyes right and left,' before a peaceful and unpretending mansion, and awaited an answer to the summons of Colonel Bliss at the front door. It seems that intelligence had reached camp that a rebel cannon was concealed on the premises, (a noted rendezvous for rebel sympathizers,) and it was con-

sidered not improbable that they might turn it to their advantage some dark night, on our sleeping regiment at Camp Frieze. It was altogether a very serious piece of business, the boys thought, on hearing the news, and visions of thirty-two, if not forty-two, pounders rose before us. The summons for surrender, however, was met by an indignant refusal from the fair matron who answered the call, which was warmly seconded by the old farmer himself, who now appeared from a neighboring field. He had been observed by some of us to be making off, but was induced to return, after a short chase by Adjutant Tobey. And now a daughter appeared on the scene, fresh from school, and a true 'gray,' and no mistake. She loudly declared that they would *never* give it up. No, never! But the choice being now given to surrender it, or take up a family march back to camp, to the tune of 'we won't go home till morning,' they concluded to produce the gun. And lo, what a disappointment! Instead of a mighty forty-two pounder, or Stonewall Jackson, we beheld a small field howitzer, such as is used in the field by infantry, and carrying a two-inch rifled ball, with effect, per-

haps a distance of two miles. But such as it was, it was mounted on its carriage and trailed back to camp by Company B, who thus earned the honor of capturing the *only* rebel cannon taken by the Tenth regiment, Rhode Island volunteers!" It is now in the possession of Rodman Post, G. A. R., in Providence.

June 27th. Seminary Hill, Fairfax County, Virginia. "As per orders, we broke up our old camp shortly after midnight, yesterday morning. It was a grand sight, as the beautiful grove, with its stately oaks and tented avenues, was suddenly illuminated with huge fires, as if by magic. The long rows of glistening bayonets shone up and down the camp. The sparks filled the air and shot upward to the sky. And the scene, with the men hurrying to and fro, shouting and laughing; the falling tents, and the rumble of wagons moving off with stores and baggage, was one not soon to be forgotten. As for the High School boys, they were everywhere present, superintending everything, asking questions, and in every way helping on the excitement. By ten o'clock the regiment was in Washington, and, passing over Long Bridge, was soon on Virginia soil.

"The day was oppressively hot, but we tramped on to Alexandria, and thence to this place. Our section kept together to the end of the march, but I was so completely used up on reaching camp, that after getting a refreshing drink of water at Fort Ward, near by, I dropped *on* my rubber blanket and dropped *off* to sleep in less than two minutes. One of the boys wrote home that the length of this march had been variously estimated, according to the length of limb and strength of muscle employed, ranging from eighteen miles (about the actual distance) to thirty, and even forty; while Corporal Stump declared that he must have marched, at least, a hundred and fifty miles! Somebody innocently asked the Corporal on the way, what regiment it was, and he promptly responded 'the one hundred and tenth Rhode Island!' After the long tramp and short rest, we had to pitch our tents, the same night, on what appeared to be a vast ash-heap; to distinguish it from Camp Frieze it has been designated Camp Scorch. There is no shade whatever. The plain, as well as the surrounding hill-tops, have all been cleared of foliage and crowned with the inevitable fort. The country has been even

stripped of its fences and hedges to remove every cover for the enemy. Everything has a grim, ravaged look, as far as you can see. Our regiment now forms part of a division of the reserve army corps, south of the Potomac. Corporal Nathan Baker went out on a little foraging expedition yesterday afternoon, and calling me out, on his return, displayed a single, solitary gaunt-looking chicken. It was safely landed in the High School tent, and in due time Corporal William Vaughan undertook to construct a chicken stew for the whole mess. He said he could do it, and he had never failed us on good coffee; but it proved to be 'foul play' in this case. He proceeded to fill one of our large iron mess buckets with water, prepared and placed the chicken therein; for seasoning, he used up about all our stock of pepper and salt; and after so many minutes by the watch, and a *pretended* tasting, pronounced dinner ready. So we all fell in, and each had his share, as he thought, *unduly* seasoned; for each immediately passed his cup along to the next victim, with a wry face. There was plenty of stew for all, and some left for the college boys. Our cook says, 'next time draw a little *less* water, and *more* chicken!'"

Fort Pennsylvania, July 1st. "It seems the Tenth Rhode Island was not destined to long remain at Camp Seorch, in Virginia, or to further continue its march to the front. On Monday, June 30th, orders came assigning it to garrison duty in the seven forts and three batteries, protecting the capitol on the northwest; and relieving the Fifty-ninth New York Artillery, ordered to the Peninsula to join McClellan. Accordingly, on Monday, the 30th, our faces were turned back towards Alexandria, from whence we embarked for Washington, arriving a little after sunset. At half-past ten, P. M., the regiment took up its night march for Fort Pennsylvania, six miles away, near our old camp, arriving at about two o'clock, A. M. As the tents could not be unloaded from the vessel till daylight, the regiment was obliged to bivouac near the fort, without cover. Fortunately, I was in a detail of men left at Washington with the baggage and stores at the vessel. Sleep, however, was difficult among the boxes, and barrels, and smells, in the hold of the schooner. After everything was put ashore, next day, two of us started for camp in charge of a provision wagon, which we

took full possession of, and were fools enough to stuff ourselves with the Bologna sausages, greasy cookies and pies, with which it was burdened—and which burdened us, also, after getting to camp, with severe headaches and loathing for sutlers' pies and sweetmeats. But we are all right again, now. You must remember we were *very* hungry. The regiment has been distributed as follows: Companies B and K, Captains Dyer and Low, Fort Pennsylvania, regimental headquarters; Company D, Captain Smith, Fort DeRussey; Company A, Captain Taber, Fort Franklin; Companies E and I, Captains Cady and Hale, Fort Alexander; Company H, Captain Duckworth, Batteries Vermont and Martin Scott; Company C, Captain Vose, Fort Cameron; Company F, Captain Harris, Fort Ripley; Company G, Captain A. Crawford Greene, Fort Gaines."

Washington, July 3, 1862. Headquarters Army of Virginia. "Don't be startled because I've turned up in another new locality. Yesterday, while sitting in my tent, I was summoned to officers' quarters, and informed that Charles Wildman, of Company D, and myself, were to be detached on special service,

at army headquarters in Washington. It seems that General Pope, from the West, has been appointed Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, which is to include the forces of Fremont, Banks, Sturgis, and McDowell taken from McClellan. Clerks and orderlies are needed at the new headquarters, and are being detailed from the regiments around here. So, after bidding the boys good-bye, we left camp yesterday afternoon for Washington, in an ambulance wagon, with orders to report to Colonel George D. Ruggles, Chief of Staff at the War Department. We arrived there in a drenching rain, about four o'clock, but it being past business hours we were obliged to go twice, to hunt up Colonel Ruggles at his residence. We finally received an order on General Wadsworth, who referred us to the Superintendent of the Soldiers' Retreat, fully two miles away, and no umbrellas furnished, either. Remembering our hard experience at the Retreat, we concluded to retreat to the War Department, where the janitor, an Irishman, very obligingly offered us a night's lodging, which we were glad to accept, you'd better believe! After a good square meal

(just for a change) at a restaurant near by, we had the pleasure on returning, of seeing, for the first time, President Lincoln himself, in company with Senator Sumner. While sitting in the corridor, in the evening, we saw also Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, with his long, white beard. Meanwhile our friend, the night-porter, had obtained permission for us to pass the night in Adjutant-General Thomas's office, which we agreed was splendid luck. So that I can report that I slept soundly last night, in the office of Uncle Sam's adjutant-general, which is more than every boy of seventeen can say. We are now at Headquarters No. 232, G street, in good health and spirits. We think we shall like our duties first-rate. It is a good place to see the leading military men. General Sturgis, commanding the District troops, and General N. P. Banks, called today. General Pope was also at the office in citizen's dress. We are to sleep at headquarters to receive night dispatches, and take our meals close by. Tomorrow is the Fourth of July. How I would enjoy spending it at home! But here we are till the last of August. As there will be no public celebration

here, we will have a chance to look about Washington, and are promised passes from General Pope which will give us 'the freedom of the city.' Quite a privilege for high privates, we think."

July 6th. "Copied to-day, from the original, a long letter from General Pope to McClellan, at Harrison's Landing, which concludes by saying that he will be ready to co-operate, in every possible way, with any future movements of the Army of the Potomac. Also a dispatch to General Banks, stating 'that the critical condition of affairs near Richmond, renders it highly probable that the rebels will advance on Washington in force.'"

July 15th. "General Pope is making arrangements to take the field. I copied, yesterday, from the original, for the government printing office, an important address to the army, of which I enclose an official copy. Colonel Ruggles, Chief of Staff, read it at the office this morning, and it was pronounced just about right."

NOTE.—In view of the notoriety which this proclamation has attained, on account of General Pope's subsequent disasters, together with its admirable qualities for High School declamation, it is printed in full on the following page.

GENERAL POPE'S PROCLAMATION.

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 14, 1862.

"TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA:

"By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed the command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition, and your wants; in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose. These labors are nearly completed, and I am about to join you in the field.

"Let us understand each other. I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies; from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary and to beat him when he was found; whose policy has been attack and not defence. In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our western armies in defensive attitude. I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily. I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving. That opportunity I shall endeavor to give you. Meantime I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you. I hear constantly of taking 'strong positions and holding them,' of 'lines of retreat,' and of 'bases of supplies.' Let us discard such ideas. The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy. Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before us, and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance; disaster and shame lurk in the rear. Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.

JNO. POPE, *Major-General Commanding.*"

July 19th, Saturday. "We expect to leave Washington for the front, next Tuesday or Wednesday. The longer we remain, the smaller our chance of going with headquarters, if we return with the regiment, as our time expires in about five weeks. Have been out on horseback to Fort Pennsylvania to see the boys. Their time seems to be pretty well used up between learning heavy artillery drill, garrisoning old forts and building new ones. They were all glad to see me. They had received a box from the Ellsworth Phalanx, Captain D. W. Lyman, filled with good things, which was greatly appreciated." "Wildman and I have been called out, by General Pope, on the charge of appropriating his fancy cigars! We finally got in a successful rejoinder by proving that we didn't smoke. Pope is very violent and profane, at times. This was one of the times! Now, General Sturgis was the cigar-forager. We have seen him walk in and take a handful at a time; but we thought that was *his* business."

July 23, Wednesday, 9 P. M. "'All quiet on the Potomac!' I have had my bunk in the back room, on top of an old shoe-case. I rolled off, last night,

and jumped up, thinking we were attacked! But we found it was only a little change of *base*, and that we were still in Washington. Colonel Ruggles says that arrangements to leave, cannot be completed before Friday, 25th instant. General Burnside called the other day. Also saw Hon. William H. Seward, Secretary of State. General Pope is becoming vexed and impatient at the continued delays. His letters and dispatches are harder than ever to make out. One to President Lincoln, the other day, said: 'I am becoming anxious and uneasy to join my command in the field.' His reputation for braggadocio is well illustrated by the following Western story: A sick and wounded soldier was carried to the residence of General Fisk, in St. Louis, after the battle and rebel evacuation of Corinth, where General Pope reported he had taken ten thousand prisoners. On a Sunday afternoon General Fisk was reading to the wounded soldier, from First Samuel, thirtieth chapter, an account of the first contraband. He was the servant of an Amalekite, who came into David's camp, and proposed, if assured of freedom, to show the King of Israel a route which would enable him

to surprise his foe. The promise was given, and the King fell upon the enemy, whom he utterly destroyed. While the host was reading the list of the spoils—the prisoners, slaves, women, flocks and herds, captured by King David, the sick man looked up, and in his weak voice, piped out: ‘Stop, General; just look down to the bottom of that list, and see if it isn’t signed, John Pope, Major-General Commanding!’ But so far as I can judge, he is the right man in the right place. There will be lively times when he takes the field. Four prisoners of the rebel cavalry were at headquarters, yesterday, for examination. They were a rough-looking set—none dressed alike. The stuff they wore, looked just like that old bagging up in the attic. Were they scared? Not any, I can tell you; neither would they give any information, but wanted to know how soon they could be exchanged, as they would like to get right back into the rebel army. One of them, an adjutant of the First Virginia Cavalry, said to us, ‘it will take the North a *right long* while to whip the South.’ It *isn’t* so easy a job as it looked to be. It don’t look much like getting to Richmond at present.”

July 30th. Headquarters Army of Virginia, in the Field, Warrenton, Va. "We arrived here yesterday afternoon. I was hardly fit to come, on account of a severe attack of malaria, with typhoid tendency at one time. But I was in good hands. The headquarters surgeon looked after my case, and I was very kindly cared for by a lady, who said I reminded her of an absent brother—a fortunate thing for me, wasn't it? But when I found that headquarters were really off, I insisted on going, also. So, here I am, in Warrenton, right side up, I guess, only a little the worse for wear. It took us about two hours to get here, *via* Alexandria, Manassas and Catlett's Station. The road was very rough, and the cars very rickety. Headquarters are established at the Young Ladies' Seminary, a large brick building, pleasantly located. Our office is in the main school-room, and we now occupy the school desks. I hardly expected to attend school 'down in old Virginnny!' As everything here is contraband of war, we went through the desks this morning, in search of information for General Pope, and I am sorry to have to report, from the correspondence captured, that the young ladies who attend school here are very rebellious. The let-

ters were all written like the inclosed, on coarse brown wrapping-paper. I'm inclined to think they suspected whose hands they would fall into, for one, after enlarging on her music lessons and a recent serenade, says she hopes the Yankees won't get her letters! while another, to 'My Dear Eloise,' is still more pathetic. She says: 'That was a *very* sad accident, was it not, which happened to our beloved General Ashby? It does seem as though all our distinguished men were being taken! Oh! if we could only have *piece* once more! how delightful it would be!' A letter captured by my comrade Wildman, was signed, Hattie P. Beauregard, Corinth, Miss." The Rebel prints contained notes like the following, which show the spirit of Southern women: "Messrs. Editors;—I see that General Beauregard has called for bells to be manufactured into cannon. Cannot the ladies assist by sending all their bell-metal preserving-kettles? I send mine, as a beginning.—A Southern Woman." One other: "Gentlemen,—I send you the lead weight which was attached to the striking part of our clock, with the hope that every woman in the whole confederacy will do likewise." "Great

bodies of our troops are constantly passing through here for Culpepper. The roads are all blocked with them. The people here are unfriendly, and openly express their disloyal sentiments. They would like to hang Pope."

But the poor state of my health now demanded serious attention. Not having entirely recovered from a fever, on leaving Washington, hard travelling, hard work at my desk, and unsuitable food for one in my condition, soon brought about a change for the worse. So that, when headquarters were further moved forward, August 2d, on recommendation of the surgeon, I was ordered back to Washington by Colonel Ruggles, for proper care. It was a bitter disappointment, I remember, to be left behind, and witness the gay departure of officers and comrades, as they rode rapidly away towards Sperryville; but subsequent events proved it to be a kind Providence which interposed in my behalf. From that day General Pope's headquarters were chiefly in the saddle. Three weeks later, August 23d, they were back at Catlett's Station, only thirty-five miles from Washington, where a midnight dash was made upon them

by the rebel cavalry; and the week following, or on the 2d of September, after fifteen days of fighting and retreating, the broken remnants of the once proud armies of Virginia were back within the defences of Washington.

August 2d, the day that the writer left General Pope's headquarters at Warrenton, my comrade Wildman wrote me, in the evening, from Sperryville: "We are encamped in a splendid place in the woods; have wall tents, and only three in a tent. We shall fare well, as we are to have a colored cook from the cavalry. By the order just issued, we expect to come in contact with old Stonewall Jackson pretty soon." Again, on the 9th, writing from Culpepper, he says: "We arrived here yesterday. We went about a mile from the town, and opened headquarters at a large house on a farm. Of course you remember General Pope's address: 'We, in the West, have always seen the *backs* of our enemies! Let us look before, and not behind us! No modes of retreat,' etc. But I notice that *we* retreated last night, on the double-quick, without stopping to look behind us! Old Stonewall was within three and a half miles of head-

quarters yesterday, and I tell you we just pulled up stakes and travelled for Culpepper a humming. We went way beyond the town, and had just got things into shape, and tents up, when troop after troop of cavalry came down the road pell-mell, till in a few minutes it was completely blocked with them. Come to find out, Jackson had crossed the Rapidan in force, and driven in our pickets, and we, having cavalry only, and he plenty of artillery, we were obliged to retire in a hurry. On the way back, we met the brigades going out. They appeared full of fight, and some were singing and laughing. There are between twenty and thirty thousand of our troops."

August 16th, from headquarters near Cedar Mountain, he wrote:—"On Saturday afternoon, the 9th, the ball opened here. It was a terrific encounter. General Banks bravely held his ground against a vastly superior force of the rebels. Our loss was over fifteen hundred, killed, wounded and missing. General Pope and staff arrived on the field about seven, P. M. They would not let the clerks go, but I went out in the evening with the surgeons. I shall never forget that night. There were hundreds and

hundreds of wounded. The battle was over, but an artillery fire was kept up till midnight. I went out again on Tuesday last, 12th instant, and saw the old devils, just as the last of them skedaddled for the Rapidan. I came near getting my old head knocked off, too. I tell you that was quite a little fight. Colonel Ruggles had a horse shot under him. Colonel Morgan, who signed your last pass, got a bullet through his hat, and, in fact, Pope and the whole staff came near being captured. We move again tomorrow, to the Rapidan. We now have a colored cook, and have ordered cooking utensils forwarded from Washington." But on that very day, the 16th of August, a party of rebel cavalry was captured near by, informing General Pope, through an autograph letter of General Lee's, that the latter was moving northward, by forced marches, with the entire rebel army of Richmond, to attack him. In consequence of this information, General Pope hastily broke up his camps on the Rapidan and retired to a position behind the north branch of the Rappahannock, in the hope that by holding the fords, sufficient time would be gained for the Army of the Poto-

mac to reinforce him. Unhappily this result utterly failed. On Friday evening, August 22d, General Pope's train and headquarters were back at Catlett's Station, within thirty-five miles of Washington, where a night attack was made by a body of Stonewall Jackson's cavalry, under General Stuart. It was a complete surprise, and met with only slight resistance. My comrade Wildman, of the Tenth regiment, who was there, said that they were betrayed by a contraband who had been supplied with food the day before. Thus guided, the rebels moved silently forward to the very tents of Pope's officers, and poured in a deadly volley. Some were killed on both sides. In the darkness and confusion which followed, many escaped; but the raiders captured over two hundred prisoners, a still greater number of the General's horses, his personal baggage, including his uniform, and everything belonging to his staff officers. One of the staff was captured, and also one of the clerks. As for my friend Wildman, he was only too glad to get off alive. But he had a rough time, and a hard tramp through the mud, rain and darkness, to reach a place of safety. The raid-

ers retired to Warrenton, Pope's headquarters only three weeks before, and were received with ovations by the people. The bells were rung, a procession formed, and a contraband, arrayed in General Pope's uniform, was paraded on horseback through the streets.

At the time of the departure of the Tenth Rhode Island for home, a few days after, August 25th, it was believed that the armies of Generals Pope and McClellan had safely effected a junction near Manassas; that the emergency had passed, and that the united armies of Virginia would soon be in a position to resume the offensive. The regiment's term of service had not only expired, but not less than seventy-five of the men, including Colonel Bliss, had left to join the new Seventh regiment. Others were to receive commissions, or would re-enlist in the new colored battalion being recruited at Providence. My comrade Wildman rejoined the regiment on its homeward journey, at Washington, and as he told the story of his adventures and escape, in the night attack on Pope's headquarters, he was the centre of interest. He thought the clerks' order "for cooking

"utensils, at Cedar Mountain," might safely be countermanded, and was willing to let General Pope's "lines of retreat" "take care of themselves!"

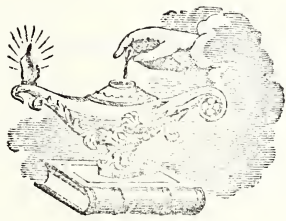
The Tenth regiment arrived home on the steamer Bay State, from Elizabethport, N. J., on the morning of the 28th of August. It was received with a national salute, and escorted to Exchange Place, where it was dismissed to the various armories. Company B was entertained in the Fourth Ward drill-room in the Calender building, with generous hospitality. The students especially appreciated the words of welcome from President Sears, of Brown University. The High School boys were afterward given a rousing reception by the Ellsworth Phalanx, Captain Lyman, in High School hall, where, if the writer remembers, there were some rude attempts at oratory. On Sunday evening, August 31st, the regiment attended divine service at the Beneficent Congregational church, where interesting addresses were delivered by our chaplain, the pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Clapp; Dr. Hitchcock, and others. On Monday, September 1st, 1862, the

regiment was mustered out of service, and its military record closed.

Of the students of Company B, Captain Elisha Dyer afterwards wrote: "They proved themselves worthy of the sacred cause for which they enlisted. For no delinquency or misdemeanor did any name of theirs ever find a place on the morning report. Always prompt, obedient and efficient, they won for themselves an honorable record."

And in his final report to the Governor, Colonel Shaw says: "The character and conduct of the men were all that could be desired. The guard house was almost a useless institution. We were permitted to perform but an humble part in the great struggle for all that we hold most dear; but I hope that that part was well done, and that it will meet your approval, and the approval of the citizens of our honored State."

[Read before the Society, February 14, 1882.]



In Memoriam

ROLL OF STUDENTS OF THE PROVIDENCE HIGH SCHOOL
WHO
LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE SERVICE OF THEIR COUNTRY DURING
THE REBELLION.

NOTE. The year given is, in all cases, that of *entering* the school.

MUNROE H. GLADDING,	-	-	-	Class of 1843.
FRANCIS B. FERRIS,	-	-	-	" 1845.
WILLIAM WARE HALL,	-	-	-	" 1845.
JOHN P. SHAW,	-	-	-	" 1847.
GEORGE W. FIELD,	-	-	-	" 1849.
JAMES H. EARLE,	-	-	-	" 1850.
HOWARD GREENE,	-	-	-	" 1852.
GEORGE WHEATON COLE,	-	-	-	" 1853.
SAMUEL FOSTER, 2D,	-	-	-	" 1853.
JESSE COMSTOCK,	-	-	-	" 1855.
J. NELSON BOGMAN,	-	-	-	" 1858.
PETER HUNT,	-	-	-	" 1858.
WILLIAM F. ATWOOD,	-	-	-	" 1859.
BENJAMIN E. KELLY,	-	-	-	" 1859.
CHARLES M. LATHAM,	-	-	-	" 1859.
FREDERICK METCALF,	-	-	-	" 1861.
EUGENE F. GRANGER.	-	-	-	" 1863.

ROLL OF TEACHERS AND STUDENTS

OF THE PROVIDENCE HIGH SCHOOL WHO SERVED IN THE ARMY
OR NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE REBELLION.

NOTE. The year given is, in all cases, that of *entering* the school.

TEACHERS.

EDWARD H. HALL, (of Class of 1843, and Assistant
Teacher, 1854).

Chaplain 44th Massachusetts Volunteers.

WILLIAM A. MOWRY, (Teacher English Dep't, 1858-1864).

Captain Company K, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October
1, 1862-July 13, 1863.

SAMUEL THURBER, (of Class of 1849, and Teacher Junior
and Classical Departments, 1859-1865).

Private Company I, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October
1, 1862; Second Lieutenant Company K, November 3; First
Lieutenant March 26,-July 13, 1863.

JOHN J. LADD, (Teacher Classical Dep't, 1859-1864).

Paymaster, with rank of Major, Ohio Volunteers.

ALPHONSE RENAUD, (Teacher of French, 1860-1864).

Sergeant Troop G, 3d Rhode Island Cavalry, March 14, 1864-
November 29, 1865.

ALONZO WILLIAMS, (Assistant Teacher, 1869-1870).

Private Company A, Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery,
September 6, 1861; Corporal, June 1, 1862; Sergeant, January
1, 1863; Quartermaster-Sergeant and First Sergeant Battery
A, 3d Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, 1864; Second Lieuten-
ant, July 6, 1865. On detached service in 1863, as gunner in
United States Navy. Mustered out August 4, 1865.

STUDENTS.

ENTERED IN CLASS OF 1843.

EDWARD ABORN,

Private Company D, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 30,—August 2, 1861. Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—September 1, 1862. Second Lieutenant Company D, 14th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, (colored,) September 23, 1863. Resigned January 22, 1865.

JAMES H. ARMINGTON,

Second Lieutenant Company D, and Quartermaster, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—September 1, 1862.

MARTIN P. BUFFUM,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2, 1861. Discharged May 31, for disability. First Lieutenant, September 17, and Captain Company B, 4th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 30, 1861. Major, October 4, 1862. Lieutenant-Colonel, December 24, 1862. Taken prisoner July 30, 1864, in attack on fortifications before Petersburg; released December 8, 1864; mustered out December 17, 1864. Brevet Colonel March 13, 1865. Lieutenant-Colonel 9th Veteran Regiment 1st Army Corps, June 1, 1865. Second and First Lieutenant and Captain 15th United States Infantry, 1866. Since resigned.

WILLIAM S. CHACE,

Second Lieutenant Company E, 4th Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers, October 30, 1861. Captain, November 20, 1861. Severely wounded, March 14, 1862, at the battle of Newbern, N. C. Resigned July 18, 1862. First Lieutenant Hospital Guards, Rhode Island Volunteers, November 12, 1862—August 26, 1865.

CHARLES H. DUNHAM,

Orderly Sergeant, Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. Appointed Captain Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers. Resigned.

CYRUS G. DYER,

Quartermaster 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2, 1861.
 Captain 2d Rhode Island Volunteers, June 5, 1861. Major
 12th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 17, 1862. Wounded
 December 13, 1862, at Fredericksburg, and mustered out
 July 29th, 1863, Captain 26th United States Colored Troops.

MUNROE H. GLADDING,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—
 August 2, 1861. Quartermaster, 5th Rhode Island Volun-
 teers, January, 1862. On leave of absence, and died at
 Beaufort, S. C., October 4, 1862.

EDWARD H. HALL, (also Assistant Teacher in High School
1854).

Chaplain 44th Massachusetts Volunteers.

HENRY K. POTTER,

Corporal Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—
 August 2, 1861. Sergeant Company A, 11th Rhode Island
 Volunteers, October 1, 1862—July 13, 1863.

JAMES SHAW, JR.,

Lieutenant-Colonel 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
 1862. Colonel, August 6 to September 1, 1862. Lieutenant-
 Colonel 12th Rhode Island Volunteers, December 31, 1862,
 to July 29, 1863. Colonel 7th United States Colored Troops,
 October 27, 1863. Commanding 1st Brigade, 3d Division
 10th Army Corps; 1st Brigade, 2d Division 25th Army Corps.
 Mustered out November 16, 1866. Brevet Brigadier-General,
 March 13, 1865.

SAMUEL B. TOBEY,

Lieutenant and Quartermaster 3d New York Heavy Artillery.

CLASS OF 1844.**NATHAN S. K. DAVIS,**

Sergeant Company K, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
 —September 1, 1862.

JOSEPH P. MANTON,

Volunteer attached to Carbineers with 1st Rhode Island Volunteers at Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Colonel and Aid-de-Camp on Staff of Governor William Sprague.

CHARLES H. MUMFORD,

First Lieutenant Company I, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—September 1, 1862. First Lieutenant Company C, 14th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, (colored,) 1863. Resigned for disability, July 20, 1864.

CLASS OF 1845.

DANIEL T. A. BOWLER.

WILLIAM E. CUTTING,

Corporal Company D, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861.

WINTHROP DEWOLF,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, June 14,—August 2, 1861. Private Company D, and Quartermaster 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May, 1862. Captain Company D, August 1,—September 1, 1862.

FRANCIS B. FERRIS,

Captain Company I, 12th Illinois Volunteers, April 25, 1861. Mortally wounded April 6, 1862, at the battle of Shiloh, and died April 18, 1862, at Paducah, Ky.

WILLIAM WARE HALL,

First Lieutenant Company B, 5th Regiment Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, 1861. Resigned in summer of 1862. Teacher to the Freedmen in 1863 and 1864. Died of disease contracted in the service, July 1, 1864.

RICHARD G. SHAW,

Captain Company D, 3d Rhode Island Volunteers, August 27, 1861. Resigned January 13, 1864. Major, 14th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, (colored,) January 31, 1864,—October 2, 1865. Second Lieutenant and First Lieutenant 1st United States Artillery. Now Brevet Captain United States Army.

JOHN TURNER,

Adjutant 12th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 13, 1862. Resigned December 25, 1862.

CLASS OF 1846.

JAMES ANNIS,

Private Company H, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 1, 1862.

HENRY A. DEWITT,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2, 1861. Promoted to Engineer, rank of Second Lieutenant, May 31, 1861. Mustered out August 2, 1861.

ARTHUR F. DEXTER,

Captain Company A, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. On Staff Brigadier General Tyler, April, 1862. Resigned.

JOHN H. HAMMOND,

Sergeant Battery A, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, June 6, 1861. Wounded June 30, 1862, at battle before Richmond, Va. Discharged October, 1862, on Surgeon's certificate. Second Lieutenant Hospital Guards, Rhode Island Volunteers, December 13, 1862,—August 26, 1865.

CHARLES H. MERRIMAN,

Adjutant 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. Appointed Major 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, 1862. Resigned.

FRANK WHEATON,

First Lieutenant 4th United States Cavalry, March 3, 1855. Captain U. S. Cavalry, March 1, 1861. Lieutenant-Colonel 2d

Rhode Island Volunteers, June, 1861; Colonel, July 22, 1861. Brigadier-General Volunteers, November 29, 1862. Major 2d Cavalry, United States Army, November 5, 1863. Brevet Colonel United States Army, October 19, 1864. Brevet Major-General Volunteers, October 19, 1864. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel United States Army, May 5, 1864, for bravery at the Battle of the Wilderness. Brevet Colonel, June, 1864. Brevet Brigadier-General, April, 1865. Brevet Major-General United States Army, July, 1865. After the close of war, Lieutenant-Colonel 39th United States Infantry, November, 1865. Still in the service, Colonel 2d United States Infantry.

CLASS OF 1847.

SYLVESTER MARBLE,

Corporal Company A, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—
August 2, 1861.

WILLIAM MARCHANT,

Private Company K, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—
August 2, 1861.

LEWIS H. METCALF,

Private Ellsworth Zouave Regiment, New York Volunteers,
April, 1861. Lost a leg and taken prisoner at Bull Run,
July 21, 1861, and carried to Richmond. Exchanged and
mustered out October, 1862, on surgeon's certificate.

JOHN P. SHAW,

Sergeant-Major 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, April 18, 1861.
Second Lieutenant Company F, 2d Rhode Island Volun-
teers, June 6, 1861; First Lieutenant, July 22, 1861; Cap-
tain July 24, 1862. Killed at Battle of the Wilderness, May
12, 1864.

ALEXANDER V. G. TAYLOR,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—
August 2, 1861.

CLASS OF 1848.

WILLIAM E. BOWEN,

First Sergeant Battery E, September 30, 1861. Mustered out March 14, 1862, for disability.

THOMAS H. CARRIQUE,

Private Company M, 3d Regiment Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, January, 1862. Second Lieutenant Company H, February, 1863. First Lieutenant, February, 1864. Commissioned by War Department, First Lieutenant in Signal Corps, United States Army, August 8, 1864. Mustered out at close of war.

FRANCIS W. GODDARD,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2, 1861. Captain Carbineers, June 27, 1861. Mustered out August 2, 1861.

LEVI R. GREENE,

Third Assistant Engineer United States Navy, September, 1857. Second Assistant Engineer, on Frigate Niagara, 1860, which conveyed Japanese Commission to Japan. Returned to United States in April, 1861. Without landing, ordered, April 17, to blockade off Charleston, S. C., and captured the first prize of the war. Served in Gulf Squadron, June, 1862. On special duty at Baltimore, 1863, and at Providence, R. I., to superintend construction government machinery. First Assistant Engineer (Master) United States Navy, October 15, 1863. Served in James River Squadron until the surrender of Richmond. Served in Brazil Squadron 1865—1866. On special service at Boston, 1867—1868. Resigned July 1, 1869.

JAMES NICHOLS,

Sergeant Company F, 5th Rhode Island Volunteers, August 14, 1862—June 26, 1863.

SAMUEL A PEARCE, JR.,

First Lieutenant 10th Rhode Island Battery, May 26,—August 30, 1862. Additional Paymaster United States Army; Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, 1864.

HORATIO ROGERS, JR.,

First Lieutenant 3d Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, August 27, 1861. Captain, October 9, 1861. Major, August 18, 1862. Colonel 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, December 27, 1862. Colonel 2d Rhode Island Volunteers, January 29, 1863. Resigned and mustered out January 14, 1864. Brevet Brigadier-General United States Volunteers, March 13, 1865.

CHARLES H. TOMPKINS,

Captain 1st Battery, April, 1861. Major 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, August 1, 1861. Colonel, September 13, 1861, Chief of Artillery under Brigadier-General Stone, November, 1861, and General Sedgwick, in Virginia campaigns of 1862, 1863 and 1864. Brevet Brigadier-General, August 1, 1864. Chief of Artillery 6th Army Corps. Mustered out April 21, 1865.

CLASS OF 1849.

THEODORE ANDREWS,

Private Company D, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861.

NICHOLAS B. BOLLES,

First Lieutenant Company H, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—September 1, 1862.

GEORGE E. CHURCH,

Captain Company C, 7th Rhode Island Volunteers, July 26, 1862. Lieutenant-Colonel, January 27, 1863. Colonel 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, February 28,—July 6, 1863. Appointed Colonel 2nd Rhode Island Volunteers, December 31, 1864, but not mustered.

GEORGE W. FIELD,

Corporal Battery A, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, 1861. First Lieutenant Battery F, 1862. Resigned October 26, 1862. Second Lieutenant Company B, 4th Rhode Island Volunteers. Killed July 30, 1864, in attack on fortifications before Petersburg, Va.

WILLIAM A. HARRIS,

Private Company D, 10th Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—September 1, 1862.

JEFFREY HAZARD,

Second Lieutenant Battery A, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, and Regimental Adjutant October 5, 1861. Captain Battery H, October 1, 1862. Resigned August 17, 1863.

JAMES S. HUDSON,

Private Company D, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. First Lieutenant Company F, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862—July 13, 1863.

HAZARD A. REYNOLDS,

Private Company K, 2d Rhode Island Volunteers, June 5, 1861. Wounded at the Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. Sergeant Company K, July 22, 1861. Mustered out June 17, 1864.

FRANK A. RHODES,

First Lieutenant 10th Rhode Island Battery, May 26,—September 1, 1862.

JACOB SILLOWAY, JR.,

First Lieutenant 6th New York Volunteers, May 25, 1861—June 26, 1863.

SAMUEL THURBER, (also teacher in High School, 1859-'65).

Private Company I, Second Lieutenant and First Lieutenant Company K, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862—July 13, 1863.

JOHN A. TOMPKINS,

Major 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, October 1, 1862. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, August 1, 1864. Lieutenant-Colonel November 1, 1864. Acting Assistant Inspector of Artillery Middle Military Division. Mustered out March 29, 1865.

CLASS OF 1850.**JOHN C. BABCOCK,**

Captain and Chief of Scouts with Grant's army.

CHARLES H. BARTLETT,

Sergeant Company H, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862—July 13, 1863.

J. HALSEY DEWOLF,

Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—September 1, 1862.

JAMES H. EARLE,

Assistant Paymaster United States Navy. Prisoner of war and died at Andersonville.

ROBERT H. I. GODDARD,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. Lieutenant and volunteer Aid-de-Camp on General Burnside's staff, September 20, 1862. Captain March 11, 1863. Brevet Major, August 4, 1864. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel April 2, 1865, and Assistant Inspector-General 9th Army Corps. Mustered out at close of the war.

GEORGE O. GORTON,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2, 1861. First Sergeant Carbineers, June 27,—August 2, 1861. Second Lieutenant Company M, 3d Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, February 5, 1862. First Lieutenant Company B, October 28, and Adjutant, November 1, 1862. Appointed Captain November 2, 1863, but declined muster. Mustered out October 5, 1864.

ARNOLD GREEN,

Private Company C, First Rhode Island Volunteers, May 29,—August 2, 1861.

EARL C. HARRIS,

Second Lieutenant Company H, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861.

JOEL METCALF, JR.,

Sergeant Company F, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—September 1, 1862. First Lieutenant and Captain Company H, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862—

July 13, 1863. Captain Company D, 14th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery (colored), September 22, 1863—October 2, 1865.

JOSEPH H. METCALF,

Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant and Adjutant 14th Maine Volunteers. Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General United States Volunteers, September 4, 1863. Mustered out at close of war.

MUNSON H. NAJAC,

Sergeant Company A, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. First Sergeant Company K, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—September 1, 1862. Second Lieutenant Company I, 12th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 13, 1862. First Lieutenant Company I, February 19,—July 29, 1863.

CLASS OF 1851.

FRANK G. ALLEN,

Corporal 1st Rhode Island Battery, May 2,—August 6, 1861. Appointed Quartermaster New York Cavalry, 1862, but resigned for disability. Volunteer Aid on Staff General Corner, 1864.

FREDERIC S. BATCHELLER,

Private Company D, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861.

ALBERT G. BATES,

First Lieutenant Company G, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. Sergeant Company D, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862. Second Lieutenant Company C, November 6, 1862. Mustered out July 13, 1863.

LEANDER C. BELCHER,

Second Lieutenant Company A, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—September 2, 1862.

WILLIAM B. BENNETT,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 1, 1861.

LUCIUS S. BOLLES,

Assistant Surgeon 2d Rhode Island Volunteers, March 9,—
September 10, 1863.

SAMUEL T. BROWNE,

Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862. Volunteer Assistant Paymaster United
States Navy, September 30, 1862. Served in North and South
Atlantic blockading squadron till close of war. Assistant
Paymaster (Master), March 9, 1865. Served in Asiatic
squadron 1865—1869. Naval Storekeeper at Rio de Janeiro,
1870, and at Annapolis, Md., from 1873 to 1877. Died on
United States Ship Powhattan, Newport, R. I., June 15, 1881.

JOHN H. CADY,

Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

FRANCIS V. KELLY,

Private Troop C, 2d Rhode Island Cavalry, December 12,
1862. Transferred to 1st Louisiana Cavalry, August 24,
1863. Transferred to 3d Rhode Island Cavalry, Troop I,
January 14, 1864. Mustered out at close of war.

GEORGE E. RANDOLPH,

Sergeant-Major Battery A, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery,
June 6, 1861. Wounded July 21, 1861, at Battle of Bull Run,
Virginia. Second Lieutenant August 14, 1861. First Lieuten-
ant Battery C, September 13, 1861. Captain Battery E,
September 30, 1861. Chief of Artillery 3d Army Corps,
1863—at Gettysburg. Resigned December 29, 1863. Brevet
Major, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel, United States Vol-
unteers.

RICHARD K. RANDOLPH,

Lieutenant Company I, 12th Illinois Volunteers, 16th Army
Corps, and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, 1861. Taken
prisoner at the Battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862. Put in irons
for attempting to escape. Exchanged November, 1862, and
honorably discharged.

WILLIAM E. TABER, JR.,

Private Company A, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—
August 2, 1861. Captain Company A, 10th Rhode Island
Volunteers, May 26,—September 1, 1862.

RICHARD WATERMAN,

Private 1st Battery Rhode Island Light Artillery, May 2,—
August 2, 1861. First Lieutenant Battery C, August 8, 1861.
Captain Battery C, July 25, 1862—September 2, 1864.

CLASS OF 1852.

WILLIAM C. ALMY,

Private Company A, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—
August 2, 1861.

AMOS M. BOWEN,

Private Company A, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, Enlisted
April 15, 1861. Captured at Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
A prisoner at Richmond, Virginia, and Salisbury, North
Carolina. Exchanged May 22, 1862. First Lieutenant Com-
pany C, 2d Rhode Island Volunteers, January 22, 1863.
Aid-de-Camp on staff of General Eustis. Mustered out
June 17, 1864.

HOWARD GREENE,

Lieutenant 24th Wisconsin Volunteers, at Antietam, 1862.
Captain on General Lytle's Staff, 1863. Killed at Mission-
ary Ridge in a charge on the enemy, November 25, 1863.

EDWARD N. GOULD,

Corporal Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May
26,—September 1, 1862.

THOMAS J. GRIFFIN,

Private Company A, and Hospital Steward, 1st Rhode Island
Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. Hospital Steward, 4th
Rhode Island Volunteers, October 30, 1861—October 15, 1864.

J. ALBERT MONROE,

First Lieutenant Battery A, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery,
June 6, 1861. Captain Battery D, September 7, 1861. Chief

of Artillery General Doubleday's Division. Major and Lieutenant-Colonel 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, October 21, 1862—October 5, 1861. Afterwards assigned to special duty of establishing an Artillery Camp of Instruction near Washington, D. C.

MCWALTER B. NOYES,

Chaplain 5th Rhode Island Volunteers, November 7, 1861—
August 15, 1862.

FRANK H. THURBER,

Private Company K, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—
September 1, 1862.

AMASA C. TOURTELLOT,

First Sergeant 10th Battery Rhode Island Volunteers, May
26,—August 30, 1862.

WILLIAM L. WHEATON,

Hospital Steward 2d Rhode Island Volunteers, June 6, 1861.
Second Lieutenant Company F, September 28, 1861. First
Lieutenant Company F, July 24, 1862.

CLASS OF 1853.

WILLIAM H. AYER,

Private Company I, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—
September 1, 1862. First Lieutenant Company A, 11th
Rhode Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862. Captain Com-
pany A, December 31, 1862—July 13, 1863.

CHARLES H. BEEDLE,

Corporal Company K, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

HORACE S. BRADFORD,

Acting Assistant Paymaster, United States Navy, February
24, 1862—December 1, 1863.

THOMAS T. CASWELL,

Assistant Paymaster (Master), United States Navy, Septem-
ber 9, 1861. Paymaster (Lieutenant-Commander), Septem-
ber 17, 1863. Still in the service.

GEORGE WHEATON COLE,

Master's Mate, United States Navy, 1861. Killed April 24, 1862, on Sloop of war "Iroquois," at the capture of Fort Jackson, Mississippi river.

SAMUEL T. CUSHING,

Captain and Commissary Subsistence of Volunteers, United States Army, February 9, 1863.

JAMES A. DEWOLF,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. Captain and Commissary Subsistence of Volunteers United States Army, November 16, 1861.

WILLIAM W. DOUGLAS,

Second Lieutenant Company B, 5th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, November 30, 1861. First Lieutenant Company D, June 7, 1862. Captain Company D, February 14, 1863—December 20, 1864.

CORNELIUS DRAPER,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1862.

SAMUEL FOSTER, 2D,

Corporal Company D, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2, 1861. Missing and undoubtedly killed at Battle of Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861.

WILLIAM W. HOPPIN, JR.,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861.

PARDON S. JASTRAM,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. Second Lieutenant 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, October 16, 1861. First Lieutenant, December 6, 1862. Assistant Adjutant-General Artillery Brigade, 3d Army Corps. Resigned March 29, 1864.

GEORGE E. MASON,

Assistant Surgeon 1st Massachusetts Heavy Artillery, April 7,—August 25, 1865.

BENJAMIN F. PABODIE,

Corporal Company H, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

THOMAS T. POTTER,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

WILLIAM M. SULLOWAY,

Private Company C, 2d Rhode Island Volunteers, July 5, 1861.
Transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps, December 15, 1863.

HENRY K. SOUTHWICK,

Second Lieutenant Company F, 2d Rhode Island Volunteers,
August 29, 1862. First Lieutenant Company F, August 24,
1863. Captain Company M, 14th Rhode Island Heavy Ar-
tillery (colored), March 24, 1861—October 2, 1865.

HENRY J. SPOONER,

Second Lieutenant 4th Rhode Island Volunteers, August 27,
1862. First Lieutenant and Adjutant, October 1, 1862; also
Acting Adjutant 7th Rhode Island Volunteers. Mustered
out in 1865.

ROBERT H. THURSTON,

Third Assistant Engineer United States Navy (Midshipman),
July 29, 1861. Second Assistant Engineer (Ensign), De-
cember 18, 1862. First Assistant Engineer (Master), Janu-
ary 30, 1865. Now in the service.

BENJAMIN N. WILBUR,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1863. Also served in 61st Mass. Vols.

CLASS OF 1854.

THOMAS J. ABBOTT,

Private Company A, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—
August 2, 1861.

JOSHUA M. ADDEMAN,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862. Captain Company H, 14th Rhode
Island Heavy Artillery (colored), November 23, 1863—Octo-
ber 2, 1865.

CHARLES D. CADY,

Volunteer with 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, at Battle of Bull Run, Virginia, July 21, 1861.

CHARLES H. CHAPMAN,

Adjutant 5th Rhode Island Volunteers, December 16, 1861—May 10, 1862; also served in 39th Massachusetts Volunteers. Captain 41st Regiment United States Colored Troops.

EDWIN LOWE,

Private Company D, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2, 1861. Honorably discharged June 4, 1861. Sergeant Company C, 12th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 13, 1862—July 29, 1863.

WILLIAM A. RICHARDSON,

Private Company D, 2d Rhode Island Volunteers, June 6, 1861—June 17, 1864.

CHARLES D. THURBER.

Private Company K, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 1, 1862.

CLASS OF 1855.

WILLIAM B. AVERY,

Private Company A, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. Master's Mate Coast Division, Burnside Expedition, December 25, 1861. Second Lieutenant New York Marine Artillery, February 15, 1862. First Lieutenant, July 1, 1862. Captain, August 1, 1862. Chief of Artillery on General Ledlie's staff, January 17, 1863. Acting Ensign United States Navy, June 15, 1863. Served as Acting Master and mustered out August 10, 1865.

JOHN T. BLAKE,

Sergeant Battery B, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, August 13, 1861. Wounded at Gettysburg, Pa., July 2, 1863. Second Lieutenant Battery A, October 28, 1863. Mustered out August 12, 1864.

EDWIN BOSS,

Assistant Paymaster United States Navy.

T. FRED. BROWN,

Corporal Battery A, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, June 6, 1861. Second Lieutenant Battery C, August 13, 1862. First Lieutenant Battery B, December 29, 1862. Wounded at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. Captain, April 7, 1864. Brevet Major, December 3, 1864. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, April 9, 1865. Inspector-General Artillery Brigade, 2d Army Corps. Mustered out June 12, 1865.

FREDERICK L. BROWN,

Second Lieutenant Company II, 3d Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, January 8, 1862. Resigned July 6, 1862.

EDWARD W. BROWN,

Sergeant Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 1, 1862.

WILLIAM C. CHASE,

First Sergeant, Second Lieutenant and First Lieutenant Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 2, 1862.

JESSE COMSTOCK,

Private Company D, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2, —August 2, 1861. Wounded and missing at Battle of Bull Run, Va., July 21, 1861. Afterwards died, aged 18 years, 5 months and 20 days.

FRANKLIN COOLEY,

Corporal Company G, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 2, 1862.

CHARLES G. KING,

Hospital Steward, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 1, 1862.

HENRY S. LATHAM, JR.,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 1, 1862.

WILLIAM H. MARTIN,

Sergeant Company C, 4th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 30, 1861. Wounded September 17, 1862, at Antietam. Discharged December 31, 1862, for disability.

ISAAC P. NOYES,

Private Battery H, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, October 14, 1862—June 28, 1863.

HENRY E. PAYNE,

Assistant Surgeon United States Army,

WILLIAM J. POTTER,

United States Navy, May, 1863—July, 1864.

ORVILLE M. REMINGTON,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. Sergeant and Second Lieutenant Company I, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862—July 13, 1863.

CHARLES W. RHODES,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861.

CHRISTOPHER RHODES,

Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—September 1, 1862.

ALBERT O. ROBBINS,

Private Troop B, 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, December 20, 1861. Assistant Surgeon, 2d Rhode Island Volunteers, November, 1863. Resigned January, 1864.

EDWARD H. SEARS,

First Lieutenant Company D, 2d Rhode Island Volunteers, June 6, 1861. Captain Company D, July 22, 1861. Resigned October 18, 1861. First Lieutenant Battery G, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, October 19, 1861. Resigned November 14, 1862. Acting Assistant Paymaster United States Navy, August 27, 1863.

JOHN TETLOW, JR.,

Corporal Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862. Captain Company I, Rhode Island
Detached Militia, on special United States service at Bon-
net Point, Narragansett Bay, June, 1863. Mustered out, July,
1863.

CHARLES H. TILLINGHAST,

Acting Ensign United States Navy.

JOSEPH C. WHITING, JR.,

Corporal Company E, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862. Adjutant 14th Rhode Island Heavy
Artillery (colored), September 14, 1863—October 2, 1865.

CLASS OF 1856.

ALLEN BAKER, JR.,

First Lieutenant Troop B, 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, Decem-
ber 14, 1861. Captain Troop E, July 15, 1862. Wounded
March 17, 1863. Transferred to Troop D, new organization,
December 21, 1864.

HENRY R. BARKER,

Sergeant Company I, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

C. HENRY BARNEY,

Private Company A, 5th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, De-
cember 16, 1861. Promoted to Corporal and Sergeant. Dis-
charged January 14, 1864, to receive commission in 14th
Rhode Island Heavy Artillery (colored). Second Lieutenant
and First Lieutenant Company F, 14th R. I. H. A., Decem-
ber 2, 1863—October 2, 1865.

GEORGE B. BARROWS,

Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—
September 1, 1862.

CHARLES H. CLARK,

Corporal Battery A, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, June
6, 1861. Second Lieutenant Battery C, September 13, 1861.
Resigned August 25, 1862.

CHARLES C. CRAGIN,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862. Private Company D, 2d Rhode Island
Volunteers, October 8, 1863—December 8, 1863. Captain
Company F, 14th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery (colored),
December 5, 1863—October 2, 1865.

WILLIAM E. CLARKE,

Company C, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers. Second Lieuten-
ant Company A, October 1, 1862. First Lieutenant and Aid-
de-Camp on staff of Brigadier-General Slough, Alexandria,
Va., March 6,—June 20, 1863. Mustered out July 13, 1863.

SAMUEL R. DORRANCE,

Sergeant Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
1862. Honorably discharged July 15, 1862.

CHARLES D. OWEN,

First Lieutenant Battery A, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery,
December 2, 1861. Captain Battery G, December 21, 1861.
Resigned December 24, 1862.

ROBERT H. PAINE,

Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

SUMNER U. SHEARMAN,

Second Lieutenant 4th Rhode Island Volunteers, August 27,
1862. First Lieutenant, November 25, 1862. Captain, March
7, 1863. Captured before Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864. A
prisoner at Columbia, S. C. Exchanged December 7, 1864.
Mustered out December 17, 1864.

CLASS OF 1857.**JOHN H. APPLETON,**

Color Corporal Company I, Rhode Island Detached Militia,
on special United States service at Bonnet Point, Narragan-
sett Bay, June, 1863. Mustered out July, 1863.

DAVID S. BOSTWICK,

Acting Assistant Paymaster United States Navy, November 17, 1863—October 1, 1865.

FREDERICK G. CHAFFIN,

Private Company H, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 1, 1862.

EDWARD E. CHASE,

Sergeant-Major 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, December 14, 1861. First Lieutenant Troop E, August 4, 1862. Captain Troop H, February 14, 1863. Taken prisoner June 18, 1863. Exchanged, and mustered out March 1, 1865.

FRANK A. CHURCH,

Private Company K, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 1, 1862.

WALTER H. COLEMAN,

Aid-de-Camp on Staff of Governor Sprague in early part of war, 1861 and 1862. Through the Peninsula Campaign, attached to the Headquarters of General Commanding Army of Potomac, where Governor Sprague, by authority of the War Department had a staff officer present.

HARRY C. CUSHING,

Corporal Battery A, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, June 6, 1861. Second Lieutenant Battery F, 4th United States Artillery, November 1, 1861. First Lieutenant Battery H, 4th United States Artillery. Brevet and First Lieutenant United States Army. Brevet Captain United States Army. Brevet Major United States Army. Still in the service.

JOHN K. DORRANCE,

Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26 —September 1, 1862. Second Lieutenant Company E, 2d Rhode Island Volunteers, September 15, 1864. First Lieutenant Company E, December 5, 1864. Wounded before Petersburg, Va., April 2, 1865. Brevet First Lieutenant April 2, 1865. Brevet Captain and mustered out June 20, 1865.

CHARLES P. GAY,

Sergeant Company H, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862. Second Lieutenant Company A, 14th
Rhode Island Heavy Artillery (colored), October 10, 1863.
Resigned April 17, 1864.

ALBERT E. HAM,

Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—
September 1, 1862.

EDWARD G. KING,

Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
1862. Honorably discharged June, 1862.

LUCIEN E. KENT,

Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862. Also in United States Navy.

CARLO MAURAN,

Private Company K, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

GEORGE B. PECK, JR.,

Second Lieutenant Company G, 2d Rhode Island Volunteers,
December 13, 1864. Wounded at the Battle of Sailors'
Creek, near Petersburg, Va., April 6, 1865. Resigned and
mustered out June 30, 1865.

CHARLES S. TREAT,

First Lieutenant and Adjutant Troop E, 1st Rhode Island
Cavalry, December 16, 1861. Resigned May 30, 1862.

GEORGE W. VAN SLYCK,

Captain 128th New York Volunteers, July, 1862. Major, July,
1864. Wounded at Port Hudson, and honorably discharged
May, 1865.

WILLIAM A. WILSON,

Private Company A, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—
August 2, 1861. Sergeant Company K, 10th Rhode Island
Volunteers, May 26,—September 1, 1862. Private Company
E, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862—July 13,
1863.

IRA R. WILBUR,

Corporal Company E, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

CLASS OF 1858.

JOHN R. BARTLETT, JR.,

Midshipman United States Navy, November 25, 1859. On duty 1861, under Admiral Farragut at New Orleans. Ensign September 8, 1863, on Staff Admiral Dahlgren. Lieutenant February 22, 1864, under Admiral Porter. Commanded sailors in assault on Fort Fisher, and was presented with a vote of thanks by the General Assembly of Rhode Island for his part in that victory. Lieutenant-Commander July 25, 1866. Commander April 25, 1877. Now in command of United States Coast Survey Steamer Blake.

GEORGE T. BAKER.

Corporal Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

J. NELSON BOGMAN,

Corporal Company M, Third Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, March 17, 1862. Mortally wounded October 22, 1862, in action at Pocotaligo, S. C., and died October 25, from his wounds at Port Royal, S. C.

ZEPHANIAH BROWN, 2D,

Corporal Company K, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862. First Lieutenant Company D, 14th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery (colored), October 24, 1863. Acting Adjutant 1st Battalion. Resigned June 1, 1865.

SAMUEL S. DAVIS,

Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

PETER HUNT,

Sergeant-Major Battery C, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, August, 1861. Second Lieutenant Battery A, October, 1862. First Lieutenant Battery A, November, 1862. Mortally

wounded at Battle of Cold Harbor, Va., May 30, 1864. Died in Washington, D. C., June 14, 1864.

CHARLES G. INGRAHAM,

Sergeant Company F, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

HENRY H. METCALF,

Private Company C, 3d Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, January 1, 1862; Sergeant, May 1; First Sergeant, September 7, 1862; Second Lieutenant, November 28, 1862; First Lieutenant, April 24, 1863. Mustered out March 17, 1865.

PEYTON H. RANDOLPH,

Private Company F, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 2, 1861. Volunteer Officer United States Navy, November 11, 1863—October 21, 1865.

HENRY C. SALISBURY,

United States Navy.

CHARLES L. STAFFORD,

Sergeant Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862. Second Lieutenant Company B, 14th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery (colored), May 15, 1863. First Lieutenant Company I, and Battalion Adjutant, May 11,—October 2, 1865.

FRANK A. WATERMAN,

Sergeant Battery D, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, September 4, 1861. Second Lieutenant Battery G, July 14, 1864. First Lieutenant Battery F, May 16, 1865, and mustered out July 14, 1865.

CLASS OF 1859.

WILLIAM F. ATWOOD,

Private Company A, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, 1862. Died in Washington, D. C., June 28, 1862.

NATHAN H. BAKER,

Corporal Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, September 1, 1862.

JOSEPH D. BROOKS,

Private Company E, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862, July 13, 1863.

JAMES W. BLACKWOOD,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 1, 1862.

WILLIAM V. CARR,

First Lieutenant Company G, 2d Regiment Rhode Island Volunteers, February 10, 1865. Captain Company G, July 11, 1865, and mustered out July 13, 1865.

WILLIAM P. CRAGIN,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 1, 1862.

JESSE P. EDDY,

Corporal Company K, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 1, 1862.

FRANK FROST,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—September 1, 1862. Private Company D, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862—July 13, 1863. Second Lieutenant Company M, 14th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery (colored), December 24, 1863—June 14, 1865.

CHARLES B. GREENE,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26, —September 1, 1862. Private Company I, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862—July 13, 1863.

BENJAMIN E. KELLY,

Private Company C, 1st Rhode Island Volunteers, May 2,—August 1, 1861. First Sergeant and Sergeant-Major Battery G, 1st Rhode Island Light Artillery, December 2, 1861. Second Lieutenant Battery G, November 18, 1862, for gallantry at the Battle of Antietam. Killed at the second Battle of Fredericksburg Va., May 3, 1863.

JOHN B. KELLY,

Corporal Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 2, 1862. First Sergeant Company I, 11th Rhode
Island Volunteers, October 1, 1863—July 13, 1863.

JOHN E. LARNED, JR.,

Private Company H, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—
September 1, 1862.

CHARLES M. LATHAM,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—
September 1, 1862. In Signal Corps. Died in the service.

GEORGE F. MANN.

Private Company K, 6th Independent New York Horse Ar-
tillery, October 5, 1861—1864.

GEORGE F. ORMSBEE,

United States Navy.

WILLIAM K. POTTER,

Private Company I, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October
1, 1862—July 13, 1863.

DANA B. ROBINSON,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

GEORGE H. SPARHAWK,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862. Corporal Company I, 11th Rhode
Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862—July 13, 1863.

WILLIAM A. SPICER,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
1862. Detached on special service at Headquarters Army
of Virginia, July 2, 1862. Mustered out September 1, 1862.

CLASS OF 1860.**CHARLES H. ANTHONY,**

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—
September 1, 1862.

HORACE K. BLANCHARD,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
September 1, 1862.

ARTHUR W. DENNIS,

Adjutant-General's office, Rhode Island, 1862—1863. Deputy
Provost Marshal, Oregon, June, 1863. Mustered out in 1865.

JAMES F. FIELD,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—
September 1, 1862.

EDWIN B. FISKE,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May, 26,
—September 1, 1862.

WILLIAM A. H. GRANT,

Corporal Company E, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

DAVID HUNT, JR.,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26.
Honorably discharged June, 1862.

J. WILSON MCCRILLIS,

Private Company K, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
1862. Honorably discharged June, 1862.

SAMUEL T. MITCHELL,

Private Company K, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—
—September 1, 1862. Company C, 11th Rhode Island Vol-
unteers, October 1, 1862—July 13, 1863.

FENNER H. PECKHAM, JR.,

Private Company E, 3d Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, No-
vember 6, 1861. Detached as Acting Assistant Hospital
Steward, December 1, 1861—December 31, 1862. Second
Lieutenant Companies B, H, and I, 12th Rhode Island Vol-
unteers, December 31, 1862—March 7, 1863. Resigned July
29, 1863.

JOHN A. REYNOLDS,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—
September 1, 1862. Corporal Company I, 11th Rhode Island
Volunteers, October 1, 1862—July 13, 1863. Second Lieutenant
Company F, 14th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery (col-
ored), December 23, 1863—October 2, 1865.

HOWARD O. STURGES,

Corporal Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May
26,—September 1, 1862.

FRANK F. TINGLEY,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26.
Honorably discharged June, 1862.

WILLIAM P. VAUGHAN,

Corporal Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

CLASS OF 1861.

DANIEL BUSH,

Corporal Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
September 1, 1862. Second Lieutenant Company B, 11th
Rhode Island Volunteers, October 1, 1862. First Lieuten-
ant Company H, April 14, 1863. Mustered out July 13, 1863.

JESSE M. BUSH,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—
September 1, 1862.

FREDERICK W. GRANGER

Private 10th Rhode Island Battery, May 26,—August 30, 1862.

CHARLES T. GREENE,

Private Company B, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862. Private and Sergeant 3d Rhode Island
Cavalry, March 14,—June 7, 1864. Second Lieutenant Com-
pany A, 14th Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, July 12, 1864—
October 2, 1865.

CHARLES L. HODGES,

25th United States Infantry.

WILLIAM D. MASON,

Served in Signal Corps, United States Army, April 4, 1864—
August 26, 1865.

FREDERICK METCALF,

Enlisted as a private in Company B, 10th Rhode Island Vol-
unteers, May 26, 1862. Not mustered, being only 15 years
of age. Second Lieutenant 3d Rhode Island Heavy Artil-
lery, October, 1863. Post-Adjutant, Fort Pulaski, Georgia.
First Lieutenant May 27, 1864. Died at Beaufort, S. C.,
August 28, 1864, in the seventeenth year of his age.

BROCKHOLST MATHEWSON, 2D,

Corporal Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

EUGENE F. PHILLIPS,

Corporal Company A, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,
—September 1, 1862.

JOHN R. READ,

Corporal Company I, 11th Rhode Island Volunteers, October
1, 1862—July 13, 1863.

CHARLES M. SMITH,

Private Company D, 10th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—
September 1, 1862. Second Lieutenant Company L, 14th
Rhode Island Heavy Artillery, January 30, 1864. Mustered
out October 2, 1865.

CLASS OF 1862.

HARRY A. RICHARDSON,

Company K, 9th Rhode Island Volunteers, May 26,—Septem-
ber 2, 1862.

CLASS OF 1863.

JAMES C. BUTTERWORTH, JR.,

Enlisted as Private in Providence Marine Corps Artillery, for
special United States service at Bonnet Point, Narragansett
Bay, June 1863. Mustered out July, 1863.

EUGENE F. GRANGER,

New Hampshire Volunteers. Missing and reported to have died in prison at Salisbury, N. C.

RICHARD E. THOMPSON,

Enlisted as Private in Providence Marine Corps Artillery, for special United States service at Bonnet Point, Narragansett Bay, June, 1863. Mustered out July, 1863. Now an officer in United States Infantry.



NOTE.

The utmost care has been taken to make the list published on the preceding pages, accurate and complete. It presents a most honorable record, and it will be a matter of regret if any names have been omitted. About one-fifth of all the boys who entered the Providence High School, from its commencement in 1843 to 1861 inclusive, served in the army or navy of the United States during the civil war; and not less than twenty-five per cent. of the classes from 1850 to 1860 inclusive, are known to have been in the service.

Number of teachers in the service, 6; number of students, 225. Number who died in the service, 17.

SUMMARY.

CLASS.	NUMBER OF BOYS IN THE SCHOOL.	NUMBER IN THE SERVICE.	PERCENTAGE IN THE SERVICE.
1843,	114	11	10
1844,	65	3	5
1845,	54	7	13
1846,	60	6	10
1847,	63	5	8
1848,	53	8	15
1849,	57	12	21
1850,	54	11	20
1851,	59	13	22
1852,	52	10	19
1853,	55	20	36
1854,	39	7	18
1855,	77	23	30
1856,	48	1	23
1857,	55	18	33
1858,	68	12	18
1859,	61	19	31
1860,	65	14	22
1861,	61	11	18
Total,	1,160	221	<i>Ave'ge, 19</i>

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

NO. 14—SECOND SERIES.

PROVIDENCE:
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1882.

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SERVICE OF THE CAVALRY

IN THE

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

BY

EDWARD P. TOBIE,

LATE SECOND LIEUTENANT FIRST MAINE CAVALRY.



PROVIDENCE:

N. BANGS WILLIAMS & COMPANY.

1882.

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1882.

SERVICE OF THE CAVALRY
IN THE
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

[Read before the Society, February 12, 1879]

AT the opening of the war of the rebellion it was not thought cavalry would be of any use whatever. There was a prejudice in the minds of army officers against cavalry, even of the regulars, while as for volunteer cavalry, the very thought of that was enough to frighten an army officer out of his boots. "Volunteer cavalry," said they, "humph! a mounted mob!" Nor did the War Department have any faith in it. Consequently offers of mounted troops were steadily refused during the first summer. The cavalry in the service at the outbreak of the rebellion was five regiments, aggregating 4,400 men, of whom not more than one-fourth were available at the seat of war, and the addition to the regular army authorized by

proclamation of the President, May 4, 1861, consisted of nine regiments of infantry, twelve batteries, and one regiment of cavalry. By September of 1861, however, the "sixty-day" idea had become thoroughly exploded, and the government began to believe that the southerners meant business—meant to fight to the bitter end. So more troops were called for, and in this call was a provision for cavalry. When cavalry regiments had been organized in various states and were about ready to take the field, there was "a change in the war department, Mr. Cameron going out and Mr. Stanton coming in" (to quote from a speech by Hon. James G. Blaine, made at the reunion of my regiment, last summer, at Augusta, Me.), "and a general order went out to disband all the volunteer cavalry regiments in the country at that time." I was then in camp with my regiment, the First Maine, in Augusta, and for three or four weeks we did not know what was to become of us—whether we were to be mustered out or go to the front. Mr. Blaine, then Speaker of the Maine House of Representatives, Vice President Hamlin, and United States Senators Morrill and Fessenden, did

their best to keep the regiment in the service, but, as Mr. Blaine says, "all their efforts would have been ineffectual had it not turned out that a regular army officer, who had been here on some sort of duty, came to the war department, and with a good round, square cavalry oath, told Stanton that he could not afford to disband this regiment." When they did decide to keep us, they didn't know what to do with us. Various and sundry projects were started to get us out of the state, but the government evidently didn't want to take care of us, and the result was, we staid amid the cold and snows of Maine all that winter, living in tents. We weren't exactly happy there, but we got some drill and discipline out of it, as well as somewhat enured to hardships. The First Rhode Island Cavalry, or, as it was then termed, the "First New England Cavalry," also remained in their own state during the winter, as did, probably, regiments in other states. I mention these facts simply to show that the government didn't think much of cavalry at that time.

There was some reason for want of faith in volunteer cavalry, aside from the belief that the theatre of

war was not suitable for the movements of mounted troops, the cost of maintenance, etc. The men of the south were born horsemen, almost. Old and young were nearly or quite as much at home on horseback as on foot, and the horses, also, were used to the saddle. Therefore they could put cavalry regiments into the field with great facility and in comparatively good fighting condition, as witness the famous Black Horse Cavalry. In the northern and eastern states it was different. Equestrianism was almost one of the lost arts. Few, especially in cities, were accustomed to riding, and the great majority of men who would enlist in the cavalry must learn to ride and to use arms on horseback, as well as learn drill, discipline, camp duties, and the duties of service generally. "A sailor on horseback," is a synonym for all that is awkward, but the veriest Jack tar on horseback was no more awkward than was a large proportion of the men who entered the cavalry service in the north and east.

I am reminded by this comparison, of a little incident that occurred in my own regiment. With green men and green horses, there were lively times

in the first lessons of mounted drill. The horses reared and kicked, and crowded this way and that, with annoying want of regard for the rider, whose frantic efforts to aid the animal often only made matters worse. Some horses would push forward or be squeezed out in front of the line, while it was a very common thing to see horses hanging back, or squeezed out to the rear of the line. When men and horses had got sort of used to the new condition of things, the regiment was called out one afternoon to be reviewed by His Excellency Governor Washburne, (Israel, Jr.) We got to the parade ground and into line all right and without serious accident. It happened that one of our companies was composed mostly of sailors, while the captain was an old sea captain. As the column was marching in review, this captain noticed that the horse of one of his men had been crowded out to the rear of the company, and in his anxiety to have his command appear as well as any of them in the eyes of His Excellency, he sort of forgot his military, and sang out: "Come up there, Joe! what in hell are you falling astern for?" Joe was all sailor, and replied in-

stantly: "I can't get the damned thing in stays, captain!" "Well, give her more headway, then!" replied the captain in the old quarter-deck tone.

In the course of events we got away from Maine, and trod the sacred soil of Virginia in April, 1862. Five companies of the regiment were sent to Harper's Ferry, under General Banks (N. P.), (and by the way, the famous retreat down the Shenandoah Valley, which gave General Banks his military reputation, would not have shed such a lustre upon his name but for the services of the cavalry), and the remainder joined the force then along the Rappahannock and was attached to General Abercrombie's brigade of infantry. A week or two later, General Hartsuff took command of the brigade. 'Twasn't long before one company was detailed for provost guard, and another company was detailed as body guard at some division headquarters. Then we went to Falmouth and were attached to some other brigade or division, and were sent here and there, until within six weeks after we got into Virginia the query was common among the boys, "whose kite are we going to be tail to, next?" And that was about

the way things were all that summer. The cavalry was attached to infantry brigades and divisions, companies were at various headquarters, large details were made for orderlies, etc., at other headquarters, and it was almost impossible to find a large body of cavalry serving together—hardly a regiment. I know my own regiment did not serve all together that summer, and I have no reason to suppose it was very much different with other regiments. There was one cavalry brigade, as I remember it, commanded by General Bayard, but the forces composing it were together but a small portion of the time. My own regiment served with this brigade at different periods for a few days at a time (the last time being at the battle of Fredricksburg, where General Bayard was killed), and one joker remarked, "Our principal duty seems to be, to be attached to and detached from Bayard's Brigade." Another brigade was formed in July, commanded by General J. P. Hatch, and there seems to have been several attempts to get at least some of the cavalry together, which for some reason were not successful to any great extent.

We were employed in various ways. Of course, scouting was a large part of the duty. Often we would find the enemy, and after a skirmish, in obedience to orders turn him over to the infantry to take care of, and it is not to be wondered at that the latter started the cry: "There's going to be a fight, boys, the cavalry's coming back." There was reason for so saying. The orderly duty was abundant, arduous, and the least appreciated. There was also a good deal of picket-duty; and a good deal of skirmishing on the flanks, and as advance and rear guard; and first and last there was a good deal of fighting by the cavalry (though none by large bodies, and no thoroughly cavalry fight took place that summer), and many a cavalryman gave his life on the field or received wounds that crippled him for life. Then there were several expeditions sent out which were successful and which were considered big things. For instance, there was a reconnoissance under General Stoneman, Chief of Cavalry, March 14, 1862, towards Warrenton, to see where the enemy was that had left the Quaker guns at Manassas and thus kept our army in quiet; an expedition under Kilpatrick, in July; another in July which

went to Beaver Dam Station, marching eighty miles in thirty hours; another under General Pleasanton, in October, with seven hundred men—and so on. During the second Bull Run battle my regiment was at General Pope's headquarters, and on the last day of the battle was stationed in rear of the line of battle to stop the straggling of the infantry ("dough boys," we called them), and keep them in their places. Nor was this the only time during the war that we were put on this kind of duty.

So passed the summer and fall of 1862, and all along through those campaigns, with second Bull Run, Antietam and Fredericksburg, the cavalryman grew more and more disgusted and was inclined to be ashamed that he belonged to a branch of the service that had cost the government so much to put into the field and maintain, and that was of so little real benefit; and he hung his head at the remark so often heard, "Who ever saw a dead cavalryman?" He could see in his services as a whole, no good gained, though he had performed every duty assigned him, and performed it well; had obeyed all orders faithfully (and who could do more?). His

duties had been arduous and continuous. He had worked much harder than the infantryman or artilleryman, had suffered equally, had marched three or four times as much, had slept less and been on duty more, had really fought as much, yet there seemed to be nothing to show for it as compared to the glorious deeds of his brothers-in-arms who were on foot. But he had been gaining all the time in experience of the best sort, had become an old campaigner, and was now perfectly at home on his horse. This, of course, he could not then fully understand.

Now there came a change—a grand change for the cavalry. General Burnside was put in command of the Army of the Potomac. Then came into being the grand old cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac. Cavalrymen will remember that to General Burnside belongs the credit of commencing the organization of the cavalry corps. The scattered commands were gathered together and the cavalry was organized into brigades and divisions, the whole forming a corps, of which General Stoneman was put in command. The cavalryman's prospects brightened. He began to feel there was a chance

for him yet. And there was. The organization of the cavalry commenced by General Burnside was well carried out by General Hooker ("Fighting Joe"), who, it was said, rubbed his hands with glee at the thought of seeing a "dead cavalryman," and who is generally, though wrongfully given the whole credit of organizing the cavalry. The winter was passed in organizing and in drilling, what time could be spared from other duties, which were onerous, and before spring the different commands were somewhat acquainted with each other. It should not be forgotten, that among the duties of that winter, picket bore a prominent part. All along the line of the Rappahannock, below Falmouth, the division to which I belonged (Third Division Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac, commanded by General David McM. Gregg) stood picket incessantly, while the other divisions did picket duty above Falmouth and elsewhere—keeping watch while the army slept.

The incidents of the cavalry service that winter are many; but I must not stop to tell stories, or I will never get through. The main thing was, the

cavalry was organized that winter. The first grand result was a cavalry fight at Kelly's Ford, on the 17th of March, between General Averill's division and General Stuart's force. The comrades of the First Rhode Island Cavalry can tell more about this fight than I can, as they bore a noble part in it; but I know that this fight went on record as the first real cavalry fight of the war in the Army of the Potomac; and I also know that it resulted in a complete victory for our boys, and that the enemy acknowledged their defeat. Then, in April and May, came Stoneman's famous raid to the rear of the enemy—the first thoroughly organized expedition into the enemy's country. After various false starts on account of bad weather, the cavalry corps got away, and swinging around to the rear of Lee's force, cut his communication with Richmond, and then scattering in various directions, rode through the country, destroying railroads, canals, canal-boats, stations, and government property in abundance, one force riding inside the outer line of the fortifications of Richmond, and carrying consternation everywhere, returning in safety after being nine days outside our

lines. If this raid did not accomplish all that was hoped from it, owing to the unfortunate turn of affairs at Chancellorsville, it did much, and what was better it gave the government and the people confidence in the cavalry, and the cavalryman confidence in himself such as at that time he could have got in no other way, and tested his power of endurance severely. During the first four days and three nights, after we got fairly away, the men got no sleep save what they got on their horses as they rode along, and then, after one night's good solid sleep, they had three more days of service and nights of marching without sleep. More than that, it taught the enemy another lesson, and added to the respect he had begun to entertain for the Yankee cavalry.

Then followed the cavalry fight at Brandy Station (sometimes known as Beverly Ford), on the ninth of June, in which General Buford's brigade of regulars, and General Gregg's division, all under command of General Pleasanton, surprised General Stuart's whole force early in the morning, and rode all around and in among them, charging them repeatedly, scattering them in every direction, and

were only prevented from thoroughly whipping them, according to their own statements, by the fact that General Stuart had three or four times as many men. How well I remember that fight. We started out in the early morning, reaching Kelly's Ford, on the Rappahannock, by daylight, and as we forded the stream heard the sounds of cannon up the river, to the right, where Buford's brigade was already at work. We galloped through the woods over a road so dusty that we could hardly recognize each other as we rode along, and after a ride of three or four miles, reached the field just as the other two regiments of our brigade (Harris Light and Tenth New York), commanded by General Judson Kilpatrick, having charged upon the enemy, were coming back in confusion, with the enemy in pursuit. As my regiment came out of the woods it was hastily formed by squadrons and ordered to charge, the remainder following as soon as they could get out of the woods and form. Thus, before we were aware of it, almost, we were engaged in our first cavalry charge. And now opened before us, and of which we were a part, a scene of the grandest description.

We were nearly at the right of a large open field of undulating ground, with woods on our right. At our left, as far as eye could reach, were seen bodies of our cavalry advancing with quick movements toward the enemy's cavalry, who were also in full sight and apparently as active. Officers grouped with their staffs, and squads of orderlies, could be seen in different localities, some quietly watching the tide of battle, others moving in various directions. Bodies of troops were also in reserve, waiting till the course of events developed where they could be used to the best advantage. Orderlies and staff officers were riding at full speed in every direction, helter-skelter, apparently, as if the success of the engagement depended upon each one. In our front and moving rapidly toward us were the enemy's troops that had just driven the other regiments of our brigade from the field, and whose movements assumed a hesitating appearance as we advanced. A little to the right of our front was a rebel battery, which turned its attention to us as we emerged from the woods. The whole plain was one vast field of intense, earnest action. It was a scene to be wit-

nessed but once in a life-time, and one worth all the risks of battle to witness. But we could not stop to enjoy this grand, moving panorama of war. On we went, amid a perfect tangle of sights and sounds, filled with such rare, whole-souled excitement as seldom falls to the lot of man to experience, and thoughts of danger were for the time farthest from our minds. Even the horses seemed to enter into the spirit of the occasion and to strain every nerve to do their full duty in the day's strange deeds, obeying the least motion of rein or spur with unusual promptness, as if feeling the superiority of their riders in this terrible commotion. A railroad cut breaks our formation somewhat, and for a moment checks our advance, but that is soon crossed, and we reform with but slight loss of time and are again on the charge. A shell from the battery on our right comes screaming with harsh voice along our line, apparently directly over our heads, and seeming so near as to make it impossible, almost, for the left of the company to escape its effects—and bursts quarter of a mile away. My left-hand comrade, Bill, shrugs his shoulders as it passes, saying: "Ssh—that made

me dodge!" a feeling I thoroughly reciprocate, though I try to laugh at him. On we went; my battalion, in response to an order, wheeling half-right, going for and driving the enemy away from the battery, and passing by the lonely and now quiet guns that a moment before were so loudly talking, while the remainder of the regiment keeps its original direction. And see! the rebel force in our front is in full retreat, and the charge has turned to a chase. Now goes up a cheer and a yell which must have startled the very stones as we rode over them. One defiant trooper, scorning to retreat before the "cowardly Yankees," remains firm in his position as we reach him, turning neither to the right nor to the left, breaking through the ranks of two companies in their headlong speed, and nearly escaping recognition and capture in the excitement. On we went, faster and faster, if that were possible, over fences and ditches, driving the enemy a mile or more. O! it was grand; and though I was wounded and taken prisoner before the fight was over, 'twas worth it. I sometimes fancy that if I were allowed to choose, I would say: "Let me bid good-bye to this world

amid the supreme excitement of a grand, exultant, successful cavalry charge like this."

For the third time the confederate government and press were forced to acknowledge that the Yankee cavalry was good for something. While a prisoner I was so fortunate as to get hold of rebel papers, and found to my great delight that they were very much exercised over this engagement, calling attention to the fact that this was the third time—Kelly's Ford, Stoneman's Raid and Brandy Station—that Yankee schoolmasters and shoemakers had proved superior to their own cavaliers, and suggesting the removal of their cavalry leader, General J. E. B. Stuart.

This engagement prevented a raid northward by Stuart, and developed the fact that Lee's army was in motion and heading for Maryland. Then commenced the campaign which ended at Gettysburg. The two armies started northward, the cavalry of each keeping sharp watch of the movements of the opposing army. Our own cavalry was most active, meeting the enemy's cavalry almost daily, and in severe engagements, whipping them at Aldie, Middle-

burg and Upperville, on the 17th, 19th and 21st of June respectively, preventing General Stuart from crossing into Maryland at Edward's Ferry, as he wished, and also preventing him from learning the movements and intentions of our army.

Then came glorious Gettysburg, the first real decisive victory of the Army of the Potomac, the turning point of the war, the actual breaking of that rebellious back bone which had been "about to be broken" so many times before. According to General Meade's official report, General Buford's cavalry (then a division) commenced this action, just beyond the town, and held the rebel infantry gallantly until General Reynolds came up. During the whole three days the cavalry was busy on both flanks, fighting gloriously, and preventing no less than five separate attempts to turn the flanks of our army, two of these attempts being with large forces of infantry, and one at least of which, if successful, would have proved disastrous to our cause, as thereby the enemy would have secured a commanding position on Round Top, besides capturing a large wagon train. As an evidence of the services of the cavalry during this

battle, it may be said that General Custer's brigade alone lost 78 killed, 232 wounded and 232 missing ; while General Meade in his official report of the battle pays due tribute to the services of the cavalry and the successful accomplishment of their duties. More than this, General Lee, in his official report of the battle, says :

“The march towards Gettysburg was conducted more slowly than it would have been had the movements of the Federal army been known. * * * Stuart was left to guard the passes of the mountains and observe the movements of the enemy, whom he was instructed to harass as much as possible should he attempt to cross the Potomac. * * * No report had been received that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac, and the absence of the cavalry rendered it impossible to obtain accurate information. * * * General Stuart continued to follow the movements of the Federal army south of the Potomac after our own had entered Maryland, and in his efforts to impede its progress, advanced as far eastward as Fairfax Court House. Finding himself unable to delay the enemy materially, he crossed the river. * * * The ranks of the cavalry were much reduced by its long and arduous marches, repeated conflicts, and insufficient supplies of food and forage.”

General Lee further states in this report that the Federal army prevented any communication to him

from General Stuart, and that no information had been received that the Federal army had crossed the Potomac until the twenty-ninth. W. H. Taylor, Adjutant-General of the Army of Northern Virginia, in his "Four Years with General Lee," says of the Pennsylvania campaign:

"With the exception of the cavalry the army was well in hand. The absence of that indispensable arm of the service was most seriously felt by General Lee. He had directed General Stuart to use his discretion as to where and when to cross the river—that is, he was to cross east of the mountains, or retire through the mountain passes into the Valley and cross in the immediate rear of the infantry, as the movements of the enemy and his own judgment should determine—but he was expected to maintain communication with the main column, and especially directed to keep the commanding general informed of the movements of the Federal army. * * * No tidings whatever had been received from or of our cavalry under Stuart since crossing the river; and General Lee was consequently without accurate information of the movements or position of the main Federal army. An army without cavalry in a strange and hostile country is as a man deprived of his eyesight and beset by enemies; he may be never so brave and strong, but he cannot intelligently administer a single effective blow."

The same book also gives the order of the rebel corps in crossing the Potomac, and says: "Leaving

to General Stuart the task of holding the gap of the Blue Ridge Mountains with his corps of cavalry." Within a few months there has been some controversy in the papers as to why General Stuart was absent from General Lee's army at this time, but I have seen nothing as to where he was, and am compelled to accept the statements above as to his movements, and from all the circumstances to believe that he was kept from joining the rebel army by our own cavalry. It is on record that General Kilpatrick met Stuart on the twenty-ninth of June, and that on the thirtieth he fought him for four hours at Hanover, and in the language of General Lee, prevented him having any communication with the main army until too late to be of any service. Taking these facts into consideration, and taking into consideration the fact that never before in the history of the Army of the Potomac were the movements of the enemy so well watched, or so well known at headquarters, as during the campaign which ended with this battle,*

*Since this paper was written I have read several of the papers published in the Philadelphia *Times*, under the general title, "Annals of the War," and make the following extracts bearing upon the Battle of Gettysburg:

owing to the services of the cavalry, is it too much to claim that the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac made the victory at Gettysburg possible?

General Kilpatrick, in an article entitled "Lee's Campaign in October, 1863," says: * * * "Hanover, Pa., where, with my division (Third Cavalry Division, Cavalry Corps, Army of the Potomac) I stopped Stuart in his march on Gettysburg, repulsed him, and for three days kept him on the run in a great circle, and preventing him from reaching Lee's lines till late in the night of the second day at Gettysburg, when I again met and repulsed him, causing Lee to exclaim; "Where, oh, where, is Stuart? Oh, if Stuart were only here!" Any one of my gallant troopers could have told him, for they never lost sight of Stuart's graybacks from his repulse at Hanover to Gettysburg, three days later. * * * In the campaign of Gettysburg alone, it (the Third Cavalry Division) fought eleven battles in sixteen days, and captured four thousand five hundred prisoners, nine guns and eleven battle flags. * * * General Pleasanton, whom I loved then and honor and love to-day as a true friend, a soldier to whom this government owes more than any one man save Meade, for the victory at Gettysburg."

Major-General David McM. Gregg, commanding the Second Division Cavalry Corps, in a paper entitled "The Union Cavalry at Gettysburg," after detailing the services and various engagements of the cavalry from the fight at Brandy Station to the arrival at Gettysburg, says: "The Army of the Potomac, moving in pursuit of Lee, was required to protect itself on one side from any possible attack of the enemy, and to extend its protection on the other side to Washington. These successful engagements of our cavalry left our infantry free to march, without the loss of an hour, to the field of Gettysburg, where the Army of the Potomac was destined to deliver the blow which, more than any other, was to determine the issue of the rebellion." And in speaking of the battle of Gettysburg, General Gregg says: "On the third, during that terrific fire of artillery which preceded the gallant but unsuccessful assault of Pickett's Division on our line, it was discovered that Stuart's cavalry was

After Gettysburg, and during the remainder of the campaigns of that summer, the advance to the Rapidan, the return to Centreville, and the sec-

moving to our right, with the evident intention of passing to the rear, to make a simultaneous attack there. What the consequence of the success of this movement would have been, the merest tyro in the art of war will understand. When opposite our right, Stuart was met by General Gregg, with two of his brigades (Colonels McIntosh and Irvin Gregg) and Custer's brigade of the Third Division, and, on a fair field, there was another trial between two cavalry forces, in which most of the fighting was done in the saddle, and with the troopers' favorite weapon—the sabre. Without entering into the details of the fight, it need only be added, that Stuart advanced not a pace beyond where he was met; but after a severe struggle, which was only terminated by the darkness of night, he withdrew, and on the morrow, with the defeated army of Lee, was in retreat to the Potomac."

Major-General Alfred Pleasanton, Commander of the Cavalry Corps, closes a review of the campaign of Gettysburg, as follows: "To close, as I began, that justice has not been done to the cavalry in the campaign of Gettysburg, the above review in my opinion, clearly shows it. I can say that they had greater opportunities for distinction than their companions in arms, and they so fully availed themselves of these advantages that, without their services, the record of the campaign would be like the play of 'Hamlet' with the part of 'Hamlet' left out. Further, the renown for all that is great and glorious in cavalry warfare they established for themselves in that campaign, made them the peers of the famous troopers of the Great Frederick, and the splendid horsemen who swept over the plains of Europe led by the white plume of the dashing Murat."

Colonel William Brook-Rawle, in a paper entitled "The Right Flank at Gettysburg," says: "But little has been written of the operations of the cavalry during the battle of Gettysburg. So fierce was the main engagement, of which the infantry bore the brunt, that the 'affairs' of the cavalry have almost

ond advance to the Rapidan, the cavalry was always busy, pounding away at the enemy at every opportunity and finding many opportunities, meeting their cavalry often in good square fight and whipping them as a general thing, and not being driven by the enemy's infantry. In an order issued by General Meade, October seventeenth, he bears testimony to the activity, zeal and gallantry of the whole cavalry corps, and to the efficient and arduous services rendered by the corps in all the recent operations.

Then came the advance into the wilderness and the campaign at Mine Run. During this movement the cavalry had its share of the work. The division

passed unnoticed, yet on the right flank there occurred one of the most beautiful cavalry fights of the war, and one most important in its results. It may be confidently asserted that, had it not been for General D. McM. Gregg and the three brigades under his command on the Bonaughtown road, on July 3, 1863, that day would have resulted differently, and, instead of a glorious victory, the name of 'Gettysburg' would suggest a state of affairs which it is not agreeable to contemplate."

Major-General Henry Heth, of the Army of Northern Virginia, in a paper entitled "Why Lee Lost at Gettysburg," says: "The failure to crush the Federal army in Pennsylvania in 1863, in the opinion of almost all the officers of the Army of Northern Virginia, can be expressed in five words—the absence of our cavalry."

E. P. T.

to which I belonged (then the Second, under our old commander, General Gregg) had the advance on the left, and had some severe fighting to do, as well as doing lots of scouting, picketing, etc., while another division had the advance on the right.

During the next winter the cavalry scouted and picketed much as the winter before, while several expeditions were sent out in different directions, cutting the enemy's communications and destroying much property. One of these expeditions, with which was my regiment, visited Luray Valley and destroyed a large manufactory in which were 80,000 confederate government saddles, finished and in all stages of manufacture, as well as flouring mills and other property. Amusing incidents occurred on this expedition every hour—in fact we laughed all the time—but I musn't stop to tell stories. During this winter, also, the expedition, known as "Kilpatrick's Raid to Richmond" took place, and if it was not the success that was anticipated 'twas not owing to want of gallantry or power of endurance on the part of the men.

In the spring of 1864 General Sheridan was placed

in command of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, and we became members of "Sheridan's Cavalry," than which no prouder title can be borne. Who General Sheridan was, nobody at that time knew. Indeed, when the news of his appointment to this command was sent over the wires, some of the newspapers (who all through the war knew more about the army and the movements than did those who were at the front) announced in big head lines, that General Sherman was to command the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac. The cavalry, the people, and the enemy knew more about General Sheridan soon after that. Then commenced the grand campaign which resulted in settling the army down before Petersburg. The cavalry staid with the army in the wilderness a few days until things got somewhat settled, doing some good fighting in the meantime, and then, on the ninth of May, swung off around the left of Lee's army and started for Richmond on Sheridan's first raid. We were gone outside of our lines seventeen days, living on the country, cutting railroads, destroying property, and making things lively generally. Dur-

ing this trip we had several engagements, and some of them severe ones, including a hot fight inside the outer line of the fortifications of Richmond and within sound of the bells of the city, on which occasion, it was said, Jeff. Davis and his cabinet were out on a hill—"Academy Hill," I think it was,—to see the Yankee cavalry fall into a trap set by General Stuart, and be captured. But General Stuart received his death wound in a fight with us the day before, and the Yankee cavalry refused to be captured, coming out of the trap with flying colors. Then we began to know who General Sheridan was.

When we rejoined the Army of the Potomac we received the joyful intelligence that General Grant proposed to "fight it out on this line if takes all summer," and that he had been doing big things in our absence. The army was then on the North Anna. Hardly had we got within our lines and had time to read our mail (the collection of more than three weeks), than we were on the move again. General Grant had got ready for another flank movement, and the cavalry being there must take the advance. So off two divisions started, with the

Sixth Corps, toward the left, crossing the Pamunkey near Hanover Town Ferry, and the next day, twenty-eighth of May, we found the enemy near what was known as Hawes Shop, and fought and won what General Grant pronounced the most severely contested cavalry engagement of the war. Still we kept working to the left, skirmishing continually, scouting always, picketing all the time, until June sixth, at which time the army was in the vicinity of some of the battle-fields of the Peninsular campaign of two years before. Then we started off on another expedition, going this time to the right.

This was an expedition against the Virginia Central Railroad, with instructions to General Hunter, who was coming down from the Valley, and whom it was hoped to meet near Charlottesville. We got as far as Trevillian Station on the Virginia Central, half a dozen miles from Gordonsville, and there met the enemy in strong force. A severe engagement ensued which lasted all day, and in which we were finally victorious, scattering and driving the enemy so we could find no signs of him in any direction the next day. A day was spent in destroying the

railroad for miles, and then General Sheridan, hearing nothing from General Hunter, and the fight having been so severe as to draw heavily upon his ammunition, thought best to return to the Army of the Potomac, which was done. The march back was more tedious than the march there, the June sun and the enemy making it hot for us indeed, but we reached the James River, where we were under the protection of the gunboats, on the twenty-first day after leaving our lines, and the next day crossed the river and were again with the glorious old Army of the Potomac, which was then settling down before Petersburg. But we got no rest, even now. General Wilson's cavalry, of the Army of the James, had been off on a raid upon the enemy's communications, on the left, and it was feared was in close quarters, so we were sent out to help him back. He got back, though, without any of our help. Finally, on the fourth of July, we went into camp near Light House Point and got a few days rest, having, since we crossed the Rapidan on the fourth of May,—just two months before—slept two nights in the same place but twice (both instances

being on picket), and been outside of our lines more than half the time. We thought that was what might be called active campaigning, but we rather enjoyed it than otherwise. I don't mean to say that we enjoyed the fighting, of which we had full share,—there were very few who did enjoy that—but we did enjoy the variety, the riding over the country every day in a new locality, and in fact the whole service except the fighting, and even the excitement of that, and the glorious exaltation of victory, were enjoyable. It may be asked what was the good of these two expeditions. They were a part of General Grant's grand plan, which every one now admits was successful, and were as successfully carried out as any part of the plan. General Grant says of them, incidentally, that they had the effect of drawing off the whole of the enemy's cavalry and making it comparatively easy to guard our trains. Another thing: General Grant's idea was to wear the enemy out by attrition, and the enemy's cavalry got all the "attrition" they wanted.

Soon after getting into camp in front of Petersburg, General Sheridan left us for the Shenandoah

Valley, taking with him two divisions of the Cavalry Corps and leaving the division to which I belonged with the Army of the Potomac. The Sixth Corps went, also, and was put under his command, as I remember it, after arriving in the Valley. The glorious deeds of the forces under General Sheridan in the Valley are on record, and are proudly remembered by all so fortunate as to have served under him there, be he cavalryman, infantryman or artilleryman, so there is no need of my dwelling upon that service, only to say that everybody knows that in that campaign the cavalry bore well its part.

The division that remained with the Army of the Potomac (Second, still under command of General Gregg) during the remainder of the summer moved from right to left and from left to right of the line in front of Petersburg without any regard for rest or comfort. Twice it was sent across the James to the extreme right to make a demonstration and attract the attention of the enemy while important movements were going on elsewhere. The first was at the time of the explosion of the Mine; the result of the second was the capture of the Weldon Rail-

road, on the left, by the Second Corps, thus cutting valuable communications of the enemy with a portion of the country from which he largely drew supplies. Indeed, rebel papers stated or else the rebel pickets told us (for we often had communication with the pickets) that the day after the railroad was captured the rebel soldiers were put on half rations and their horses on half forage. And after we had called the enemy up to the right and given the Second Corps an opportunity to capture the road, we had to hurry back, go down to the left and help them hold it, which was no small job as the enemy made a desperate attempt to re-capture it, and a severe engagement was fought at Reams Station, which only darkness, and the arrival of the Ninth Corps during the night, prevented being a defeat on our part. Various other movements were made that summer, and a grand forward movement was attempted in October, in all which the cavalry was conspicuous. Then there was picket duty in abundance when there was nothing else to do. I would like to relate a few incidents of that summer's campaign, but I must not stop to tell stories. We weren't idle that summer

or fall—not at all. Matters remained about the same with us until we got into winter quarters, when we had a steady job to picket on the left and rear, mingled with scouting plenty, and now and then a bit of a raid on the enemy's railroads.

In February a movement was made which resulted in extending our lines a couple miles to the left, to Hatcher's Run. As usual, the cavalry had the advance, and when the fight began naturally had the left. We fought by the side of the Fifth Corps all day long, and held our own. I remember one circumstance in connection with this movement which shows the genius of General Grant. His famous railroad from City Point to the left of the army for the transportation of supplies, is well known. Well, the day after the fight we were sent to the left and rear to go on picket, and soon after leaving the battle ground we came across a gang of soldiers busily at work extending that railroad to keep pace with the extension of the lines, and it is probable the road was not more than a day behind the army.

Then came the last, grand campaign. The division was then in command of General Crook (now

famous as an Indian fighter), our loved General with whom we had served more than two years, General Gregg, having resigned during the winter. A change had also been made in the division, a new brigade having been formed, called the Third, to which my regiment was assigned, which brigade was in command of Colonel Charles H. Smith, colonel of my regiment and for most of the two previous glorious summer campaigns commanding it. As we left camp on the morning of March 29, 1865, we were cheered at seeing General Sheridan (who had just arrived from the Shenandoah) and his staff, as well as his famous scouts, followed by the cavalry he had with him in the Valley. Then we were sure of victory. We didn't care how many troops were in front, rear, or on either flank, or where we were, if only "Little Phil." were with us. We started off with cheerful hearts, marching that day to Dinwiddie Court House, and being at the extreme left of the lines. The next day it rained and we killed time trying to keep comfortable.

The thirty-first was an active day indeed. A portion of my brigade was sent out in the morning on

picket while we remained quietly in camp. About eleven o'clock lively firing was heard in the direction of the pickets. Soon an orderly rode up to Colonel Cilley, (J. P.) commanding my regiment, with the order: "Go to the aid of the pickets, at once." We mounted, rode a mile or more, and drew up in line in a large open field, behind a rising ground. On the right was the road and resting on it, woods—pine with no undergrowth or brush. On the left, a short distance away, were woods. In front we could see only the hill. The firing had stopped—all was quiet. We learned, by one of those mysterious ways by which orders and plans sometimes become known to all the command almost before the general had settled what they were to be, that we were there to hold the crossing of a creek—"Great Cat Tail Creek" we were then told it was, but since then it has been called by various names. One battalion under command of Captain Myrick (J. D.) was sent out scouting beyond the pickets. The order was passed through the remainder of the regiment to be "prepared to fight on foot" at any time. The men were already counted off by fours, and now the reins of

horses Nos. one, two and three were given to No. four man to hold with orders to "Look out for my grain," "Take care of my haversack," and a thousand-and-one instructions. His part in the coming action was to take care of the four horses and their loads. The sabres were strapped to the saddles and all superfluities taken from the person and fastened to the saddle or put in the saddle-bags. The grain bags and all baggage were strapped firmer on the saddles—they might go through some heavy shaking before the riders again got to them. The cartridge-boxes were filled to their utmost capacity—the spare ammunition in the saddle-bags were put in the pockets—the carbines were examined,—the "Spencers" loaded carefully with their seven deadly messengers, and the "Henrys" wound up to unwind and set flying sixteen humming birds to sing in the ears of the enemy. The canteens that were full were thrown over the shoulders—there was no knowing how much we might want a drink of water before we again saw our horses. The "traps" were taken care of by each one as if sure of coming back, while at the same time everything of value was left

with the led horses as if there was a chance of not returning. Then the boys took it easy till called for—sitting down, lying down, sleeping even, writing (perhaps the last line home), smoking, laughing, joking, anything but what looked like expecting every moment to fight, but all knowing their places and ready to "fall in" at the first note of warning.

At the headquarters of the regiment a group of officers was collected, talking over the prospects of a fight. A captain borrowed a needle and thread, with which he sewed up some money in the watch-pocket of his pants, concealing the same as well as possible, saying—"No knowing what may happen—I may go to Richmond this trip." Another officer took the hint and sewed his up in his vest. The adjutant inquired the time. "Twenty minutes of one." "In about four hours," said he, "the rebs. will come down on us with one of their thundering sunset charges." A young lieutenant who had not yet christened his shoulder-straps in the smoke of battle, and who was evidently a little anxious as to his behavior in his first fight as an officer, said, with a nervous smile: "I'm afraid they won't wait till then."

Hark! there is firing in front—the scouts have run into the enemy. “’Tention!” shouts the Colonel, and the men spring into position as by one motion and wait further orders. ’Tis only a scattering fire, soon quieted, and the men settle back into their lazy, listless positions of before. Not long do they remain so this time, however, for suddenly the firing commences again, and nearer and more rapidly than before. Evidently Captain Myrick’s battalion is being driven back, though their carbines are rattling heartily, and the boys know the battalion too well to think they are retreating any faster than they can be pushed. Colonel Smith, commanding brigade, and his staff, ride to the top of the hill in front. Colonel Cilley calls the men to attention again, and now they remain so. An orderly from the front rides up to Colonel Smith, speaks a moment, and a staff officer starts from him toward the headquarters of the regiment. The boys know by the intuition of experience what that means and are ready. Colonel Cilley and his staff mount, the men anticipate his first order, and almost before he opens his mouth are ‘Fours—Right” and marching to the road at a quick

step. We are but a few rods from the top of the hill, yet we can see that Colonel Smith is anxious—we don't move fast enough. As if a staff officer might not give the order just right, Colonel Smith himself rides to Colonel Cilley and tells him: "Move faster; they are driving Captain Myrick's battalion; you must stop them; deploy your men across the field to the left of the road and move to the crest of the hill as fast as possible." The men hardly needed instructions. One motion of Colonel Cilley's arm and each one seemed to know just where he was wanted, and in as quick time as the regiment ever made on foot they are in line across the field and moving for the crest. As we got to the top what a sight greeted our eyes! The woods on the right extended along the road to the creek—some two hundred yards; on the left of the road, directly opposite the regiment, was the open field to the creek, which was skirted on both sides by a scrubby thicket, and beyond the creek were woods; on the left of the field and of the regiment were woods nearly to the creek. The regiment which had been on picket (Second New York Mounted Rifles)

held the woods on the right of the road, while my regiment extended across the field to the woods on the left. The ground was a gentle descent. As we reach the top of the hill the road close to us was filled with wounded men and officers on their way to the rear, mixed in with the led horses of Captain Myrick's battalion, while a little farther on the men of the battalion were fighting manfully but being slowly pressed back, and less than a hundred yards away. In the road, just coming out of the thicket, was a body of cavalry, charging towards the regiment, swinging their sabres and yelling like demons, and in the field was a strong line of infantry advancing and keeping up a lively fire. One moment later and the position had been lost. The instant the boys could see over the hill, hardly waiting for the command to charge, which rang out in clear tones from Colonel Cilley, they opened fire and with a cheer started for the enemy. It was no place for a standing fight—'twas too late for that. A quick, impulsive charge was all that could save us then, and that might not, and the men understood it. I had eyes only for that column of cavalry in

the road. On they came, brave fellows, and for a moment it seemed as if a hand-to-hand fight—mounted rebels against dismounted boys in blue—was inevitable. But the repeaters in the hands of our boys were too much for them. On they came, but came no nearer. Men and horses went down and the head of the column remained in nearly the same place. It was like a stream of water thrown from an engine against a heavy wind—a more powerful stroke on the brakes sends the stream a bit further now and then, but the wind drives it back and keeps it just there. 'Twas only for a moment—they found 'twas no use and retreated, the infantry in the field going with them. Our boys followed them, passing in their headlong charge, killed and wounded rebel officers and men, quickly gained the thicket and took position there, and in the road soon had up a breast-work of fence-rails which but a moment before had divided the field from the road in the usual zig-zag line. The flurry was over—we had only to hold the position after having taken it.

We remained on the line, changing position somewhat, strengthening weak places, making arrange-

ments as thought best for holding the position as long as possible, the men firing occasionally and the rebels also firing, occasionally having a man killed or wounded and we hoped occasionally returning the same compliment to the rebels, till between four and five o'clock. At this time some changes were made in the disposition of the line, and I met the young lieutenant again, who smilingly remarked: "I told you I was afraid they wouldn't wait so long before they made a charge on us." We talked about the events of the day for a moment, when we heard a tramping in the woods across the creek, and the cry, "there they come!" And coming they were, through the woods and fording the creek up to their waists, scarcely fifty yards distant, just commencing their "thundering sunset charge." The lieutenant I never saw afterwards. He was killed during the attempt to repulse this charge, leaving no stain on his courage, and brightening his shoulder straps in this blood-christening.

Our boys, who had got tired of fighting in the slow manner and were sitting down, lying down, watching every movement of the enemy, ready for

duty at the first call, but still in anything but the position of a soldier, sprang to their places and in an instant were pouring a heavy fire into the advancing foe. The boys fought bravely—the enemy advanced as bravely, keeping up a heavy fire and taking our fire without being checked in the least. They had a piece or two of artillery in position, and were throwing shot and shell into the woods, rattling down among us twigs and large limbs as well as their iron hail, while above all the noise and confusion, the rattling of the carbines, the roar of the artillery, the screaming and bursting of shells, the commands of officers and shouts of men, rose the shrieking, whining, rebel charge yell. We were slowly pressed back, fighting for every inch of ground. We were not being driven—it was no retreat—we were fairly pushed, crowded back. It was a step backward, firing as we went, then turn around and walk a step or two, then turn again and fire (and our repeaters did murderous service we afterwards learned). Men were getting out of ammunition and were going to the rear, but were stopped by the officers and ordered to get cartridges from the wounded men.

The enemy was crowding us back—slowly but surely—our ammunition was almost gone, and our thinned ranks were giving way faster and faster. Back—beyond the field in which we had left the led horses, for they were taken further to the rear at the first of the fight—and still back, till we were retreating as fast as possible, hoping to reach a place of safety soon but not knowing how far we might be obliged to travel before reaching it—straining every nerve to prevent being taken prisoners, and still fighting as vigorously as we could—when suddenly as we came to a turn in the road we saw a strong line of our own men behind a breast-work of rails but a short distance from us. This gave us new vigor, and in a few moments we were behind the works and could stop to breathe. The enemy's mounted men followed to the bend in the road, when, seeing the force, they quickly retreated. We had held the position till a strong line had been formed in our rear—had done all and more than had been expected of us—and our duty was done.

This description, of course, relates only to what I saw myself, but the rest of the division, and some

of the other divisions of cavalry also had hot work. The situation was this. General Lee had that morning successively driven two divisions of the Fifth Corps back, and was endeavoring to get in rear of our cavalry, which was thus left without support, hoping to whip the cavalry thoroughly, check the advance of our army, and gain a position at Five Forks. The force that we drove back at the opening of the fight was sent there to attract attention and keep a force there while a large force of the enemy was sent to the right of our cavalry to flank it if possible. There the intentions of the enemy were defeated by the stubborn resistance of our cavalry. General Sheridan says of this engagement: "All the enemy's cavalry and two divisions of infantry were unable to drive five brigades of cavalry, dismounted, from an open plain in front of Dinwiddie Court House." Then the enemy made an attack along the whole line, which succeeded in driving us back, but not until other movements of our forces were completed, the line was formed in our rear, and the victory at Five Forks was possible.

As an evidence of the severity of this fight I may

be allowed to say that my regiment went into the engagement with nineteen officers and not more than three hundred and twenty-five men, and had one officer killed and four wounded (one of whom died of his wounds) and fourteen men killed, sixty-eight wounded, and twelve missing (all the missing being wounded and left on the field)—an aggregate of ninety-nine—nearly one in three. We thought that was fighting.

Is it necessary to mention the services of the cavalry at Five Forks, where they fought all day alone, charging the enemy's breastworks, squarely, and keeping the enemy's attention while the infantry was getting into position ready for the last grand movement which resulted in complete victory?

Petersburg was captured, Richmond evacuated, and the rebel army was in full retreat. General Sheridan was put in command of a force of infantry as well as the cavalry, and away we went after the flying enemy. That was fun, and for the first time during the war, fighting became a real pleasure. There was plenty of it, too, but the prestige of victory hung over all. Up in the morning early, hardly waiting for breakfast, the cavalry took the advance,

with General Lee's wagon trains, which were moving on a road parallel with the one we were on, in sight now and then as the lay of the land allowed. On arriving at the first cross road leading to the road on which the enemy was retreating, the division in the advance took the cross road and charged upon the enemy, while the remainder of the column moved on. At the next cross road the next division started for the retreating enemy, and so on. The division that first left the column was driven back, but followed along the line of march in time to get in on another cross road, and this time success greeted the whole line, the enemy was driven, the train reached and a large part of it destroyed, and prisoners almost beyond number captured, including seven general officers. And the infantry was right up with us all the time, the Sixth Corps doing its full share in this last grand achievement, which is known as the battle of Sailor's Creek. I have never heard any complaint from the infantry of hard marching during this campaign, but one thing is certain, the infantry never before was so well marched or so well handled as during this campaign, under

the leadership of that glorious little cavalryman, Phil. Sheridan. They kept up with the cavalry, and were ready and in condition to fight at any moment, taking gallant part in the exciting and glorious work. This was on the sixth of April. The seventh was much like the sixth, pursuing the retreating enemy and striking him at every opportunity.

On the eighth the triumphant march was continued. Just before dark the division to which I belonged sent out a strong detail as a foraging party, for Phil. Sheridan cared little for base of supplies, though he made no boasts concerning the matter, and soon after that we halted at a cross roads near a railroad, to allow another command to go by. While here we heard the whistle of an approaching locomotive, and were much astonished thereat. A moment later a train came thundering along, stopping close by us, and from the engine a cavalryman, the impromptu engineer, sang out: "Custer has charged into Appomattox Station and captured three trains, and here's one of them; pitch in, boys!" We did pitch in, helping ourselves to rations and forage in abundance, as well as to such clothing as we wanted, and

an hour or two later laughed at the foraging party as they returned from their expedition, telling them we could forage if we weren't detailed for the purpose.

That night we went into camp near Appomattox, had a good square meal, turned in, and most of the men were enjoying their first nap, when orders came for the brigade to move out immediately. Being sergeant-major, I had to notify the company commanders, and if ever a man got thoroughly cursed 'twas me that night. We were soon on the march, and learned that we were going out to hold a road. We marched through burning wagon trains and over the *debris* of the retreating army, and about midnight ran into the enemy. A short skirmish and a line was formed, dismounted, across the road, on the top of the hill looking over into Appomattox Court House, a breastwork of rails hastily thrown up, and the pickets posted, and then the rest of us went to sleep. Sleep was sweet that night, with no thought of the great events of the morrow. With the first break of dawn the enemy commenced the attack, and fought bravely to drive us away and

get the road. We did not know at the time, as it afterwards proved, that that road was the road to Lynchburg and the only way Lee could escape, and that upon us rested the hopes of the whole Army of the Potomac and of the country, but we fought as stubbornly as though we knew this, for all felt that the end was near. The enemy brought five, aye, ten times our numbers against us, but they seemed dispirited by their retreat and did not fight with their old-time vim. By a flank movement with a large force of infantry, and by hard work, they finally, at nine or ten o'clock, pushed us away from the road, and had nearly driven us from the field, when up came the colored troops of the Twenty-fifth Corps, who took our places, charged across the field, and the war was over. An hour later we marched back over the field, up to the top of the hill where the line was formed at midnight, and from there saw the two armies resting on their arms, and the flag of truce.

I have always claimed that the colored troops made the last charge and fired the last shot in the Army of the Potomac, and I have also always claimed

that the cavalry fought the last fight of the Army of the Potomac. General Sheridan says of this morning's work: "The enemy discontinued his attack as soon as he caught sight of the infantry, and then up went the white flag." The comrades will understand that I have spoken of my own regiment, brigade, or division, because I know more about them, and only as representatives of the whole cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac.

In closing this imperfect sketch of the cavalry service, I will only say that if there is anything I am proud of, it is that I was a cavalryman in the grand old Army of the Potomac during the war of the rebellion.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
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PRISON LIFE

OF

LIEUT. JAMES M. FALES,

BY

GEORGE N. BLISS,

LATE CAPTAIN FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY.



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PRISON LIFE
OF
LIEUT. JAMES M. FALES.

[Read before the Society, October 12, 1881.]

AT Middleburg, Virginia, about dark on the evening of June 17, 1863, I was in command of Company F, First Rhode Island Cavalry. About three hours before, the regiment, numbering about three hundred men, had charged into Middleburg, driving the enemy out, and at this time a heavy force, two regiments, as stated by General Stuart in his official report, was advancing to attack us; our pickets had been forced back upon the reserve and a sharp combat was inevitable unless we retreated. Companies G and F were dismounted and formed in line behind a stone wall which bounded one side of the road.

By this time it was so dark that the enemy, being at some little distance, could not see us, and so they charged up the road in column of fours, and the first notice they had of our location was the discharge of about sixty carbines, when every man of our force had four rebels abreast of himself with the nearest enemy within six feet of the muzzle of his gun. The slaughter was fearful; horses and men went down in wild confusion, while our men, drawing their six-shooters, opened a deadly fire. The enemy retreated in great disorder, and we could hear their officers rallying them for another charge. A second time they charged, were met by the same destructive fire, again fell back, and then we heard their officers saying: "Now, boys, form once more; we'll give 'em h—l this time; we will sweep every Yankee from the face of the earth!" and again they charged, but only to meet the same deadly repulse. Then Major P. M. Farrington sent me to report to Colonel Duffié for orders, saying that the next time the enemy advanced, they would deploy in the fields and attack his right flank and rear, instead of making another stupid charge along the road. Of my

own knowledge I know nothing more of the fight at this point, but what Major Farrington expected did occur, and a part of his force was captured, but he did not even have a single man wounded, and the ambuscade was a most successful one, inflicting on the enemy a loss of about forty men killed, beside the wounded, and some forty or fifty of their horses were killed.

When I entered the woods, where I expected to find the regiment, I found only one or two stragglers, from whom I learned the direction in which the regiment had gone, and followed, travelling two miles before I could overtake our men and report to Colonel Duffié. The Colonel said: "Stay with the regiment, it is of no use to go back, you will be captured." We went into camp, in the woods, a little more than two miles from the stone wall where we had been fighting dismounted, and remained there until daybreak, under arms and without unsaddling our horses. Just before sunrise a few of the enemy came near us and fired; I think, from the reports of their guns, there might have been six or seven of them; we did not see them and their bullets did no

damage. The order was at once given to mount, and we moved out in column of fours upon a road near by, where we discovered that there was one body of the enemy's cavalry in our front and another in our rear, upon this very road, and a charge from the enemy in our rear forced the regiment to break over a wall and into a wheat field on the left of the road. I waited in the road until the regiment had gone into the wheat field, and then, as my horse was jumping over the wall, my saddle slipped off over his tail and left me on the ground, while the horse followed his comrades at a gallop. I jumped up and started on the run after the regiment, but six of the enemy pursued, and their horses soon overtook me and I was summoned to surrender in the usual form. ("Surrender, you d---d Yankee son of a b---h!") Under the circumstances I was obliged to accept the invitation, and a red-whiskered, red-haired gentleman from South Carolina, kindly took charge of my sabre and started with me for the rear, saying: "I believe your regiment is forming to charge; if there is any prospect of your being re-captured I shall put a bullet through you." I made no answer, but

thought it was pretty rough business. In a few minutes I heard the cheers of the First Rhode Island as they charged; we were then in the woods and I could see nothing, but I knew from the sounds that the charge was a successful one.

After going about an eighth of a mile from the wheat field where I was captured, I saw a force of about five thousand rebel cavalry and thought that my regiment, on that morning not more than two hundred strong, would be annihilated, and to this day it seems wonderful to me that so many as one hundred succeeded in cutting their way into the Union lines. Here I met Captain Edward E. Chase and Lieutenant Charles G. A. Peterson, of my regiment, and felt a little relieved to find company in my misery. We were marched into Middleburg, and on the way passed the stone wall where we were fighting the night before. As near as I could judge, in marching rapidly by, between forty and fifty horses were lying there dead, showing the fatal aim of our men. In Middleburg we saw about forty rebel cavalymen lying dead on the piazza of the hotel with wreaths of flowers on their breasts. These

men, as we supposed, were killed by us in the fight of the previous evening. As we went along, other officers and enlisted men of my regiment joined the sad column. At night we were placed in a graveyard and the guard paced beats outside the wall; it was a dark, rainy night, and I thought we could make a dash and escape with little chance of being hit by the random bullets of the sentinels; but I could not persuade one of the prisoners to go with me and reluctantly gave up the idea. We were given hard bread and bacon for rations, and had as much and as good food as our guards; another proof that a true soldier never abuses prisoners. We were marched fifteen or twenty miles a day, and on the twenty-second day of June reached Staunton, where we were put into box-cars. The cars had been used for cattle, were filthy, and there were sixty of us put in each car, about as many as could find standing room; but for all that it was better than marching on foot, a style of travelling specially disliked by a cavalryman. We arrived at Richmond on the morning of June 23, were marched through the streets to Libby Prison, where we were formed in

line and our names and regiments were written down by the clerk; then we were marched into the prison, one at a time, each man being searched as he went in and everything of value taken away. I had about twenty dollars in greenbacks, which I put in my mouth and took into the prison as safely as I would a quid of tobacco. At that time there were about four hundred prisoners in the building, all commissioned officers.

The rations here were hardly sufficient to sustain life, but we found we could write North and have our friends send us provisions in boxes, and Captain Chase, Lieutenant Peterson and myself, of the First Rhode Island, and Lieutenant Higginson, of the First Massachusetts Cavalry, made an arrangement by which each of us had a box from home every Monday morning, and then we lived just as well as we could wish on ham, dried beef, white bread, butter, crackers, condensed milk, coffee, sugar and other articles of food, making a mess of four and sharing with each other. Our boxes were always opened by the rebels, who took what they pleased, but there were many boxes, so the tax on each individual was

light and we did not complain. The father of Lieutenant Higginson was a banker in Boston, Mass., and made arrangements with some bankers in Richmond so that his son could get all the confederate money he wanted, and with this we bought all the fruit, vegetables and tobacco we desired. As we sat at our meals, in these days of abundant food, I noticed that Captain Chase threw away as unfit to eat, the fat part of his slices of ham, and I sometimes said to him: "Chase, you may yet see the time when you would like some of that fat ham," but we could not then know how sadly these idle words would one day come back to us.

Our enlisted men who were prisoners did not fare as well, as I had an opportunity to observe for myself. During the summer of 1863, some enlisted men, who had been confined at Belle Isle, were put in a room under me so that I could see them through a small hole in the floor; they were given some bean soup, and some of the men were so weak that they vomited the beans into the wooden spittoons, and I saw other prisoners pick the beans out of the spit-boxes and eat them, conclusive evidence to my mind

of excessive hunger. The regular routine of prison life has been often given by other writers and I will omit most of it, only observing that our conduct inside of the prison was better calculated in some respects to please ourselves than our guards. There were many good singers among our number, and every night they would sing, "We'll hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree," "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more," "The Star Spangled Banner," and other patriotic war-songs, to the great disgust of Major Turner, the commandant of the prison, but he was never able to stop it, though he threatened all kinds of vengeance. One night when the old song, "John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave," had just been given with special enthusiasm, Major Turner made his appearance and said "he had several barrels of powder in the cellar, and if we did not stop that singing he would blow us all to h—l." The Major had scarcely time to get down stairs before the prisoners were roaring out the same old song. The fourth of July, 1863, was a very gloomy day for us. The officers of the prison sent in several Richmond papers con-

taining an account of the first day's battle at Gettysburg. The head-lines ran, "Great Victory at Gettysburg, Pa. ; Forty Thousand Prisoners Captured and the Yankee Army Routed," and it was claimed that the rebel army would soon be in Washington.

The sentinels, pacing their beats outside of the building, had orders to shoot any of the prisoners they could see looking out of the windows, and while I was there three of our officers were killed and one wounded by bullets fired by the guards acting under these orders. But only one man of the four thus hit was aimed at by the soldier, and this officer was a captain who was sitting ten feet from a window in the third story, reading a book, a position in which he could not be seen by the sentinels pacing their beats, but as the new guard marched up to relieve the old guard, they were halted in the street outside the line of sentinels, and one of the soldiers looking up, saw the captain, and raising his gun, stealthily committed this outrageous murder. The commandant of the prison, Major Turner, admitted that the soldier ought not to have shot the captain under the circumstances, but the murderer received

no punishment. The other officers were hit by bullets missing their intended mark and passing through the floor above the window aimed at, thus killing two officers and sending a ball through the arm of another. There was one other shooting affair which, in its final result, was more satisfactory. One day, an officer employed in the kitchen became so interested in looking at something across the James River that, forgetting the strict orders, he stood with his nose pressed against one of the iron bars that served as a substitute for window glass. One of the sentinels took deliberate aim at him and fired; the bullet struck the iron bar in front of the officer's nose, and, separating into two parts, slightly wounded the prisoner in both cheeks. The injured officer marked this sentinel, and that night, soon after dark, he put his arm out between the bars of a third-story window and threw a brick with aim so true that it struck his enemy squarely on the head, stretching him senseless on the ground. The falling musket clanging on the pavement alarmed the other sentinels, and there was at once a loud call for the "Corporal of the Guard," and the wounded soldier

was carried off by his comrades ; but we could never learn how badly he was hurt.

In writing letters, after putting in ink such matters as we were willing the rebel authorities should inspect, we were accustomed to write with lemon juice, which apparently left no trace on the paper, but our friends in the North could warm the letter by the stove and then the words would appear in yellow. This correspondence was ended by a foolish man who wrote a letter thus, and then put in ink the direction : "When you have read this letter once, put it in the oven and bake it and read it again." The rebels baked it and discovered the secret.

Every Friday night we had a negro minstrel entertainment. The troupe was composed of prisoners who came out in character, having their faces blacked with burned cork, and with banjos, violins and other instruments, gave as good entertainments of this kind as I ever witnessed anywhere. The prison officials took an interest in this amusement, furnished materials for costumes, stage curtains and other purposes, and regularly attended on play nights. A newspaper was issued every day in manuscript, and there being only one copy it was read

every morning in each of the three prison rooms. This paper contained all the prison news of the previous day, jokes, witty remarks and general information, and was a very entertaining publication. Among the prisoners there were German and French officers, and large classes were formed for the study of these languages. Many occupied themselves in making out of the beef bones chessmen, small chairs, bedsteads and other articles. About twice a week General Neal Dow, of Maine, delivered a temperance lecture, and had the satisfaction of knowing that he spoke to an audience that could not "go out to see a man." Occasionally we had political and theological public addresses and discussions, and all subjects received earnest and vigorous treatment.

One morning in July or August, 1863, when Dick Turner came up with his guard to call the roll, one officer remained lying on the floor while the others fell into line. Turner ordered him to fall into line; he replied: "I am sick and cannot." Turner then said to one of his guard: "Prick him with your bayonet, I reckon he will get up then." The soldier ran his bayonet into the officer's thigh; the unfortunate man uttered a cry of pain, attempted to rise and fell

back on the floor. There were about three hundred prisoners standing in line, and a yell of rage burst from them as they rushed like madmen on Turner and his guard, who ran for the stairs; but some of them were not quick enough, and were pushed head over heels down the stairs. There was no roll-call that morning.

In August, 1863, there were about fourteen hundred commissioned officers in the prison, and an Italian officer made with a common steel pen a list of all the prisoners and ornamented the borders of the chart with views of Libby Prison, Belle Isle and Castle Thunder. He succeeded in getting this chart safely to the North, where it was lithographed, so that I and many others of the officers who were then prisoners, have a copy of this exquisite specimen of penmanship.

In September, 1863, Colonel A. D. Straight, Fifty-first Indiana Infantry, organized a party of about twenty officers and made preparations for an escape. As there were some traitors who betrayed to the rebel officials all our secret plans and conversations, Colonel Straight saw the necessity for a careful organization, and his party of twenty had

secret signs, grips and passwords. The prison was divided into three parts by two partition walls running from the cellar to the roof, and in the middle room, on the first floor, there was an open fire-place with a pile of ashes on the hearth, though at this time no fire was made in it. They took the ashes out, removed the brick hearth, and then, taking a few stones from the wall that served as a foundation to the brick partition, descended by a rope ladder into the cellar under the hospital, at the south end of the prison, or that part of the building farthest down the river. They then dug down below the foundation wall at that end of the prison, and began to excavate a tunnel. The work was done at night, after the other prisoners were asleep, and towards morning the stones were replaced on the partition wall, the bricks put in their proper places in the fire-place, and the ashes returned to the hearth, so that nothing unusual appeared to attract attention from the rebel officials or the prisoners not in the secret. The working tools were knives, spoons and one old-fashioned, wrought-iron barn-door hinge, which was the best tool they had; I don't know where they

procured it, but suppose it was picked up in the cellar. The excavated dirt was put into one of the prison spittoons, a common wooden box, and thus carried out of the tunnel into the cellar, where it was spread out and concealed under a pile of straw that had been emptied there from the cot beds of the hospital. The work had to be done by one man at a time, lying on his side, and painfully digging through the hard clay in perfect darkness. In the day-time the entrance of the tunnel was covered with straw, so that the rebel officials, who occasionally entered the cellar, did not discover it. This work lasted about six months, and although there were fourteen hundred prisoners, only the working party of twenty knew anything about the tunnel until twenty-four hours before it was used for escape. On the night of the sixth of February, 1864, it was supposed the tunnel was ready for use, and then the other prisoners were informed that there was a plan for the escape of all the prisoners, but were not told how it was to be accomplished. The officers were organized into parties of twenty, with a captain for each company; the companies were num-

bered 1, 2, 3, etc., and the men in each company were also numbered from 1 to 20, with the design that each company and each man in a company should pass through the tunnel in regular order. Captain B. F. Fisher, of the Signal Corps, who was in my mess, and who was one of the faithful twenty, told me of the tunnel on this sixth day of February, and until then I had not dreamed that any such work was in progress. About six o'clock in the evening, or as soon as it was fairly dark, Colonel Straight went down to open the exit of the tunnel, expecting to come out sixty-five feet from the prison wall, with a tight board fence between himself and the line of sentinels, but on making a hole upwards into the air, and putting his head through it to examine the situation, he found himself five feet on the wrong side of the fence, and within about three feet of the sentinels' beat. Luckily, the back of the nearest sentinel was towards the Colonel, and that head went back with great celerity. One of the wooden spittoons was filled with dirt and secured so as to stop this hole, and the work of digging the tunnel beyond the fence was at once resumed. They

worked all that night and most of the next day, fearing all the time that somebody would notice the loose and disturbed earth made by the Colonel in breaking through, but all day long the stupid sentinels paced back and forth, within three feet of the dangerous spot, without noticing anything or suspecting the work going on at their very feet. On the night of February 7, 1864, Colonel Straight again opened the tunnel and found himself in the middle of a horse stall in a shed beyond the fence. He then came back into the prison, and the escape commenced. While doing the work, Colonel Straight had been in his shirt sleeves, but now he put on all his clothing, finishing his equipment with a heavy overcoat, and started to crawl out through his hole in the ground. The tunnel was not large enough for him with the extra clothing on, and about fifteen feet from the entrance he found himself wedged so fast that he could not move either way. Another officer crawled into the tunnel and caught hold of the Colonel's feet, then another took hold of his feet, and thus a chain was formed ending with about fifteen standing up in the cellar and holding on to

each other, and by a careful and strong pull from the whole party the Colonel was liberated, and, coming back into the cellar, he pulled off his outer clothing, and making it up into a bundle, pushed it before him and thus easily passed through the tunnel, followed by the remainder of the party. The captain of each party of twenty stood by the opening in the fire-place until the last man of his command had passed down the rope ladder; he then called the captain of the next higher number,—that is, the captain of squad No. 1 called for the captain of squad No. 2, and so on in regular order, and after the new captain had been shown the way out, the captain of the preceding squad followed his men leaving his successor to pass his men out and turn over his instructions to the next captain. All this talking was done in a whisper and in darkness, as no lights were ever allowed in this room where the fire-place was. The work of escape went on smoothly and rapidly until one hundred and eight had gone down the fire-place, when an alarm was given that Dick Turner was coming, and the captain on duty went down himself, thus making the last man of the escaping party, for

in the darkness none of those left behind could find out the secret route to liberty; so this false alarm practically closed the tunnel after one hundred and nine had passed through it, although the whole fourteen hundred might have gone out but for this unfortunate breaking up of the organized plan. In going through the tunnel it was kept constantly full, the head of each man coming next to the feet of the one ahead of him. As I came out of the hole I found two lieutenants of an Illinois regiment waiting for me, and we went through an archway to the street next to the canal which ran along the bank of the river. In passing out into the street we went within thirty feet of a sentinel, but he suspected nothing because the men of the guard were accustomed, when off duty, to pass through this archway to break open and rob the boxes sent to prisoners, which were stored in a building near by. One of the escaping officers heard the sentinel say: "I reckon the Yankee boxes are suffering to-night." After reaching the street we went down the river to the next corner, and then turning, went up to Main street and mingled with the citizens, there being at

that hour, about seven o'clock in the evening, many ladies and gentlemen passing on the sidewalks. As we were all dressed in citizens' clothing, received from home in boxes, there was nothing in our costume to excite suspicion. We soon left the main street and started out in the direction of Williamsburg, but our route passed a prison where some of our enlisted men were kept, and I was suddenly surprised by a sentinel bringing his gun to a charge bayonet and ordering me to halt. At first I thought I was re-captured, but one of the Illinois officers behind me called out: "Take the middle of the street," which I at once did without objection from the soldier, whose instructions evidently were, to allow no one to pass the prison on the sidewalk. Just after we reached the outskirts of the city we heard the jingling of sabres, indicating that a small force of cavalry was coming towards us, and jumping over the fence, we ran down to a ravine about one hundred rods from the road, where we suddenly came face to face upon a man who was out to the spring with a lantern getting a pail of water. This peaceful citizen was evidently frightened by our running

towards him in such haste, and in tremulous tones said: "What is the matter; what are you running for?" We replied that we were going to our regiments out at the forts, and passed on without stopping to explain further. The cavalry having passed by towards the city, we returned to the road, and just as I jumped over the fence, four more cavalymen came riding round the corner, and my comrades started back on the run. The enemy were too near for me to think of running, so I stood still, and on coming up, one of the soldiers asked me: "Where are you going?" I replied: "Out to my regiment." Then he said: "What are those other fellows running for?" I gave some reply, exactly what, I do not now recollect, but the idea was, that they were absent from their regiments without permission, and were afraid of being caught by the provost guard. This satisfied the cavalymen and they passed on without further conversation, greatly to my relief, for if they had asked me what regiment I belonged to, where the regiment was stationed, and other details, I should have been in a very dangerous situation. After this last squad of cavalry had gone on

towards the city, my two comrades came back to me, and after going a short distance further along the road we found it necessary to leave it and go across the fields in order to carry out our purpose of reaching Williamsburg. It was a clear night, and we were able to mark out the route by looking at the north star. After going about half a mile we passed a line of rifle-pits between two forts or earthworks, which were about a quarter of a mile apart; near enough, at least, for us to hear the soldiers talking in both forts as we passed. After passing the forts, we came upon a wide belt of felled trees, and had hard work crawling through the tangled branches and over the heavy trunks. After this, we had easy travelling for about two miles, when we came to the Chickahominy, and started to go down the stream in search of a bridge or ford, but after going a short distance I saw a spark of fire, and, on stopping and looking attentively, discovered a rebel picket lying beside a few glowing coals, only twenty feet away. The sentinel had apparently been asleep and was just commencing to rise when we started on the run back to the spot where we first struck the river. The

sentinel did not challenge us or shoot, but threw some fresh fuel on his fire and made it burn brightly, as if trying to discover by the light what had disturbed him. Fearing re-capture, we stripped off our clothing, secured it about our heads and necks, and waded into the river, which was so deep that we had to swim for a rod or two in the middle. The stream was about thirty yards wide and was covered with very thin ice in the shallow places where we waded, so that we had to break the ice as we went along. Our teeth were chattering with cold when we reached the opposite shore, though when we plunged in we were wet with perspiration from our unusual exercise. We dressed rapidly and were about to move on, when I found I had left my haversack with all my rations on the opposite bank. I did not think it prudent to abandon my supplies, and stripping again, I went back across the river and recovered my rations, but paid dearly for them, finding myself thoroughly chilled through on my return. My comrades had waited for me, and taking a north-east course, we pressed on through woods, briars and swamps, frequently falling over logs and into

holes, while the briars and brush tore our clothing into strips, and occasionally drew a little blood. About one o'clock in the morning we heard drums beating, and crawling into a thick bush we listened carefully until we were satisfied that we were near a body of the enemy, and that they were changing their camp-guard. We made a little detour to avoid this force, and then travelled as before until daylight warned us to seek a secure hiding-place. Then, after wading a short distance into a swamp, with the idea of thus throwing the hounds off the scent if any should be put on our track, we found a dry place at the roots of a large pine, where, lying on the south side of the tree, we rested until darkness came again. The night was clear and we kept on our course, with no obstacle except from our old friends the briars and brush, and at daylight found a secure retreat in a thicket of briars on the south side of a hill. I now began to fully realize my mistake in going back across the Chickahominy for my rations; I had thus given myself thrice the exposure of my comrades to the ice-cold water, and had been sick from the very moment of the final landing on

the north side of the stream. This sickness had constantly increased. I had been unable to eat any of the dearly-bought rations, and for the last twenty-four hours had been suffering from frequent attacks of vomiting. All this day I was hot and feverish, and while my companions were peacefully sleeping, I was wide awake and racked with frequent pain. At dark we again went on, but after going a short distance I found I was faint and weak and could not keep up with my comrades; they offered to stay with me until I was better, but I would not listen to it; then one came each side of me, and taking their arms I kept on slowly until about ten o'clock, when I found I could go no farther, and seeing a house with some negro huts around it, I told my comrades to leave me, and I would go to one of the negro huts for the night. They were reluctant to leave me, but I insisted that they should not lose their chance of escape, and they finally went on, and I went to the nearest hut and knocked on the door. An old negro woman came to the door; I told her I was a Yankee, had just got out of Libby Prison and was sick; she told me to come in; I did so, and

asked her if she had any medicine in the house; she said she had not, and I asked if she had any tea; she replied that she had nothing but sage. She made for me about two quarts of hot sage tea, which I drank. She also baked a pone of corn bread in the ashes on the hearth and fried some bacon, but I could not eat a mouthful of food. She then brought me a comforter, and rolling myself up in it I laid down before the blazing fire, and after a while had profuse perspiration and went to sleep, resting until morning, when I felt like a new man. Just before daylight the negro woman came down the ladder from the loft where she had slept, woke me up and said I had better be going, as her master might be out before long and he might shoot me. She directed me how to go to Williamsburg by a path through the woods, and I travelled along until I came to a mill-dam, and met the miller coming across the dam with a horse and cart. I asked him some questions about the way to the next court house, and by his directions I turned back and went along the road until I was out of his sight, when I took to the woods, not deeming it safe to go any

further by daylight. I remained hid in the woods all day without anything to eat, and with no appetite to eat if I had been supplied with food. In the afternoon the clouds gathered, and at night it was very dark, so I could not see my way through the woods as I had no stars to guide me, but I started in the direction I knew Williamsburg to be and soon struck a road which had evident marks of the passage of troops, there being frequent tracks, with here and there an old bayonet scabbard. I knew I could not find my way through the woods, and determined to try the road, thinking if there were any rebel pickets they would be on horseback, and that I could see them before they saw me. I had not gone far before I was startled by the command, "Halt!" and discovered a dismounted rebel cavalrman standing behind a tree not five feet away, with his carbine covering me. The following conversation ensued:

Reb.—"Who comes there?"

Yank.—"A friend."

Reb.—"Advance, friend, and give the countersign!"

Yank.—“I have no countersign.”

Reb.—“Who are you?”

Yank.—“I am a citizen and belong up to the Court House.”

Reb.—“It’s no use, I know you.”

Yank.—“Who am I?”

Reb.—“You are one of the Yankees that escaped from Libby Prison.”

Yank.—“How do you know I am a Yankee?”

Reb.—“I know you by the way you talk.”

I saw the hunt was up, and the sentinel called the lieutenant of the guard, who was in a hut near by, and a soldier was detailed to take me down to camp, and he took me a short distance into the woods where there was a small fire burning. My guard gave me a blanket and something to eat; I ate the food, rolled up in the blanket and laid down before the fire. The soldier sat down on a stone near the fire and was evidently very tired, for every few moments he would drop into a doze and then rouse up again, like a man sleeping in church. We were alone there, and I saw an axe lying near me. I thought I could get hold of the axe, strike down my

guard, take his gun and ammunition and start out through the woods. I was just reaching for the axe when I heard the lieutenant and two soldiers coming, and so my plan was knocked in the head instead of the guard. I then gave up the idea of trying to escape and went to sleep. In the morning, the two soldiers who came with the lieutenant, saddled their horses and started with me on the return to Libby, some fifty miles away. As I went along I could see about half a mile away the line of Union mounted cavalry pickets, and felt as never before the sentiment of a song we used to sing in prison, "Thou art so near and yet so far." About seven o'clock in the forenoon one of my guard went to a farm-house for the purpose of getting breakfast for himself and comrade. Soon afterwards I saw this soldier come running on foot and bareheaded into the woods where we were waiting for him. He called his comrade one side and they conversed in whispers a minute, then the mounted soldier drew his pistol, cocked it, and coming up to me, said: "You must run or I shall shoot you." I ran nearly half a mile, and then said: "I can't run any farther, and you can shoot as

quick as you are a mind to." My guard "reckoned we were far enough," and then told me that the Yankee cavalry were at that house and had captured the horse of the soldier who went there. I afterwards learned that my two comrades had got safely into our lines the day before, and having given information about me, the commanding officer had ordered out a scouting party to find me, if possible, and to assist any others who might be in similar circumstances. It was probably fortunate for me that our troops did not discover us in the woods, as in that event I should undoubtedly have been shot by my guard in order to prevent my escape and ensure their safe retreat. I was marched on foot about twenty miles that day, and about five o'clock in the afternoon arrived at a railroad station, where I was put into a car, and before seven o'clock was back in Libby Prison. On my return, all the prison officials seemed to be very angry. Major Turner said to Dick Turner: "Take him down to the cell." Dick said to me: "Take off that overcoat before you go." I said: "What for?" He replied: "Because I tell you to; that's enough;" and I took it off, and he

hung it up in the office. The coat cost me forty dollars, and I never saw it again. Dick Turner undoubtedly stole it for his own use. I was then taken down to the cell, where I found five other officers who had also escaped through the tunnel and been re-captured. Of the one hundred and nine that passed out through the tunnel, sixty-five made good their escape into the lines held by the Union forces, and forty-four were re-captured and returned to Libby. Colonel Straight knew that the rebels would be specially anxious to capture him, as he had excited their anger by commanding an expedition composed of colored troops, and he therefore determined to remain for a time in Richmond, concealed by friends, and instructed his brother officers to announce his safe escape as soon as they reached the Union lines; as a result, it was soon announced in Northern papers and re-printed in Richmond papers that Colonel Straight had safely arrived at Fortress Monroe, while in fact, he was still concealed in the rebel capitol. The rebels then naturally abandoned further efforts for the capture of the gallant Colonel, and, assisted by skillful guides, he safely passed through the hostile lines and joined our army.

There were two other cells near us with officers in them, but we could not tell who they were or why they were there, as we were not allowed to speak to them, and the guard, pacing back and forth before the cells, would not even permit us to look out through the hole cut in the door. The cell was about twelve feet long by eight wide; we had no fire; every night the water froze in our pail, and one small loaf of corn-bread was all that was given each day for six men. It was not half food enough, and we were suffering constantly with hunger and cold. We were thus kept in the cell for three or four weeks to punish us for our escape, and then returned to our old quarters up stairs, which seemed like going to heaven, after our fearful life in the cell.

In April, 1864, four or five hundred of our enlisted men were halted in front of Libby Prison while preparations were being made to march them into a building, and some of us threw pieces of corn-bread out to them, and these men were so feeble that several of them, in stooping to pick up the bread, fell headlong, through excessive weakness,

and were not able to rise without assistance from their comrades.

About the middle of April, 1864, all the prisoners in Libby, numbering then about fifteen hundred commissioned officers, were marched through the city, across a bridge over the James river, loaded into a train of cattle-cars and started for Danville, Va. When we were packing up to leave the prison, orders were issued that each man would be allowed to take nothing but his blankets and a haversack of provisions. There were large supplies of food and crockery of all kinds that had been received in boxes sent us by our friends in the North, and many articles that had been manufactured by the prisoners. We thought these orders had been given so that the rebels might have for their own use the property thus taken away from us, and we determined to disappoint them. The crockery and fancy articles were broken, the provisions were thrown down the vaults and everything we could not take with us was in some manner totally destroyed. My mess of four only had at that time fifteen hams, condensed milk, preserves, canned fruits, jars of pickles, sugar,

coffee, tea and other provisions, all of which went to ruin. The next morning the Richmond papers told the story of this wholesale destruction as another convincing proof of the mean and worthless character of the Yankee vandals. The prisoners had case-knives and files which had been sent them in their boxes from the North, and with the files they soon changed the knives into saws and began to saw holes in the bottom of the cars at each end. The guards, three for each door, making six inside of each car, sat in the open doors, midway of the car, and were prevented by the noise of the moving train and the number of thickly-crowded prisoners from discovering this work. About eight o'clock at night the locomotive stopped to take water, and soon the guards commenced firing from the top of the train at prisoners who were dropping through the holes they had made in the bottoms of the cars, and rushing into the woods each side of the track. I was in the middle of my car and knew nothing about this plan of escape until I heard the guard swearing and firing at the fugitives. No attempt was made to pursue these men, but the train was started as soon as possible,

and it did not stop again until Danville was reached. After we were landed from the train we heard the rebels swearing that the Yankees had cut the cars all to pieces. I never knew how many prisoners escaped that night, or how successful they were in getting into the Union lines.

We remained at Danville about ten days, and were then again put into cattle-cars and taken to Macon, Georgia, where we were kept in a stockade with a fence about eight feet high, enclosing about three acres. The guards had a plank walk laid on the posts outside the fence, and, as they paced their beats, could overlook the whole prison grounds. Ten feet from the fence there were stakes driven into the ground some twenty feet apart, to mark the dead-line, and if a prisoner crossed this line the sentinels would shoot him without mercy or a warning challenge. During the two months I was there, five prisoners were shot dead by the sentinels, and of these, three at least were where they had a right to be, under the prison rules, when they were killed. In the lower part of the stockade a brook ran through, and the part of the stream nearest the

fence was used for washing and other cleansing purposes, while higher up, water was taken for drinking and cooking. One poor fellow, so weak from disease that he could not walk, was crawling at night on his hands and knees towards the lower part of the stream, when he was shot and instantly killed, ten feet inside the dead-line, by a guard who said he thought the prisoner was intending to get into the brook and thus pass out of the stockade. The water was about eighteen inches deep in the brook and was driven full of stakes where it passed the fence, and no Yankee would ever have dreamed of trying to escape in such a stupid manner.

For shelter, we had an old dwelling-house and some ten or twelve sheds built of rough boards, with the cracks battened. The sheds were each about fifty feet long and sixteen feet wide. There were no floors, but we saved a part of the pine wood given us to cook our rations, and with our jack-knives soon made comfortable bunks for sleeping quarters. Every day we were given a fair quantity of corn-bread, and twice a week we had bacon and black beans, or cow peas. The bacon and beans we

had to cook for ourselves. The bacon was brought in a cart, and as it passed through the camp there was a steady stream of maggots dropping from the cart tail; but we were glad to get even such meat as this.

The rebels were digging a well inside the stockade, and some of the prisoners volunteered to help them, and the work went bravely on, until one night the workmen carelessly left their tools in the bottom of the well, and could not find them next morning. This produced a coolness between the high contracting parties, and the Union forces ceased to cooperate with the confederates. The confiscated tools were used by the prisoners in digging a tunnel, which started in one of the huts and was covered by a bunk during the day-time. The work was done nights, and the excavated earth scattered about the camp in small quantities, so as not to be noticed. This was done so secretly that I, although living in the next shed, knew nothing about it until the work was completed. The tunnel was about eighty feet long, and high enough for a man to crawl through on his hands and knees, and the prisoners were only

waiting for a dark night to open the end beyond the stockade and escape, when a stray cow happened to break through into the tunnel just outside the fence, and thus brought all their plans to naught. A thorough search of the camp by the rebels, resulted in the discovery of another tunnel, some fifty feet long, needing but little more work to make it effective. A squad of negroes was set to work filling up these tunnels, which was done by digging so that the top fell into them; but no punishment was given to any of the prisoners for this effort to escape.

In June, 1864, after having been in this stockade two months, six hundred of the fifteen hundred commissioned officers present, were selected for the purpose of being put under the fire of the Union guns, at Charleston; a measure which the confederates hoped would stop the steady rain of shot and shell on that doomed city. We were loaded into cattle-cars and started about ten o'clock in the forenoon, with a heavy guard of six soldiers inside and fifteen on the top of each car. A dark and cloudy night found us still on our journey, and about three o'clock in the morning, as I was standing right behind the

guard sitting in the open door of our car, a lieutenant of the Sixth United States Cavalry, whose name I do not now remember, whispered to me: "Jim, if you will jump out there, I will follow you." I jumped at once; I could not tell whether my head or feet struck first, but the train was on an embankment fifteen or twenty feet high, and I rolled over and over into the ditch at the bottom. The guard fired at me, both those in the car and on top, fifteen or twenty bullets, but they could take no aim in the darkness and wasted their ammunition. When at last I came to a full stop, I found I was not injured at all, but was well covered with dirt, and climbing up the embankment, I sat down on the rail to pick the dirt out of my eyes, nose and ears, and wait for my comrade. Suddenly I discovered within ten feet of me a rebel soldier, fully armed; I thought he was a picket, and I was re-captured. I said: "Who are you?" He replied: "I am one of the guard. I know who you are. You are one of the prisoners that jumped off the train. I want nothing to do with you because I am hurt." I asked him how he got hurt, and he replied: "Some of you uns pushed me

off the train." Then he went on, thus taking quite a load off my mind. In a few minutes the lieutenant joined me; his experience had been the same as mine, except that having waited a minute or two after my departure before taking his jump, the guards did not fire at him, not having had time to re-load their pieces. At the time we made this jump, the train was going about fifteen miles an hour; I had not thought of jumping until the lieutenant suggested it to me; if I had stopped to think, I should never have done it; and even now, as I recall the adventure, it seems remarkable that we should have escaped without serious injuries. We knew we were in South Carolina, not far from the coast held by the Union troops, and our first plan was to follow the railroad to the bridge across the Pocotaligo river, and then go down the river to the coast. We started in that direction, but upon thinking the matter over, we came to the conclusion that this bridge would be guarded, and we re-captured, and leaving the railroad, we travelled due east, marking out our course by the north star, until daybreak, when we went to sleep under a large oak tree. I woke up

about eight o'clock in the forenoon, and, on looking at the lieutenant, saw that his face was fairly black with mosquitoes, but he was too tired to notice them. I roused my comrade and we again pressed forward, but had not gone far before I heard the baying of hounds, and knew we were pursued. We tried to throw the dogs off the scent by wading some distance in a brook, and crossing and re-crossing it, but this plan did not delay the dogs at all; they were evidently used to it; on coming to the point where we took to the water the dogs would separate, some running along each side of the brook, and thus find our trail again where we left the stream. We travelled about three hours, with the dogs gaining on us all the time, and then decided that we could not escape, and climbing into a live-oak, waited for the dogs to come up. In a few minutes the dogs reached us, and with them were two rebel cavalrymen, fully armed. Each soldier had a blood-hound secured by a cord fastened to the pommel of his saddle, and about a dozen fox-hounds with their noses to the ground were following our tracks. One of the soldiers looked up and said:

"What are you doing up thar?" We replied: "We got up here to get out of the way of the dogs," and he said: "Well, come down, we know who you are," and we came down, and after travelling about a mile, we came to the camp of a confederate brigade. We were taken to the tent of the general in command, who, after a few questions, ordered us to be taken to the railroad station, and at four o'clock that afternoon we rejoined our comrades in the Charleston jail-yard.

We were quartered here in large wall-tents, about fifteen in a tent; but being nearly destitute of clothing, the prisoners cut up all these tents and made pantaloons of them, preferring to sleep in the open air rather than go naked. Our rations here were very good indeed, consisting of rice, beef, sweet potatoes, wheat bread and other articles, and we had enough of wholesome food. We remained in the jail-yard about two weeks and were then put into Roper Hospital, only a short distance away, where we remained about a month. During these six weeks, we were under fire, but, though the shells were falling all around, only once did one come very

near, and that burst in the air over the hospital, and a piece weighing one hundred pounds struck the roof and went through to the cellar, making a slight scratch on the arm of one of our party. The officer hit was sitting with his arm resting on a table through which the iron crashed, and he alone was touched, although there were six hundred prisoners in the building. Every night it was my custom to go upon the roof of the hospital to watch the huge shells that seemed to rise out of the sea, with blazing fuses marking their curved flight through the air, as they came whizzing from the Union guns, five or six miles away.

After we had been in Charleston about six weeks, yellow fever made its appearance, and eight or ten officers were taken to the hospital sick with this disease, several cases proving fatal. The enemy, fearing the disease would spread over the city, put us into box-cars and sent us to Columbia, where we were put into camp on high land, about two miles from the city. There was no fence or stockade here, nothing but a line of sentinels about ten feet apart; and there was no shelter whatever for the

prisoners. For rations, all we had was corn meal and sorghum molasses, and only about half enough of that. There were six hundred prisoners, and we had no cooking utensils; and yet corn meal was given, which we had to eat raw, as some did, or invent some way of cooking it. My mess consisted of three—Captain Edward E. Chase, Lieutenant C. G. A. Peterson and myself, all of the First Rhode Island Cavalry. We found a piece of roofing-tin covered with rust, scoured it as best we could, built a little fire-place of stones and put the tin on top. We mixed our corn meal with water and sorghum molasses and baked the mixture in a thick cake on the tin plate, which we sprinkled with salt to keep the cake from sticking, as we had no grease to use for that purpose. We were given a little wood to cook with, but we were hungry all the time and felt that we did not have more than half enough to eat.

One night a sentinel fired at a prisoner who was inside the dead-line and where he had a right to be, but the guard asserted that he thought the prisoner was intending to run the guard. The man aimed at escaped unharmed, but another prisoner, quietly sit-

ting on the ground, received the bullet in his breast and died in a few hours.

Two fox-hounds, kept by the rebels for tracking negroes or escaped prisoners, came into the prison one day and were killed and eaten. A few days afterwards, a large hog came in, which met with the same fate as the dogs, and I was lucky enough to get a piece of the hog, but did not get a chance to try the dog-meat. The guards missed these animals, but the slaughter was so secretly and quietly done that they did not suspect the prisoners.

About the first of November, there was a storm which left the ground covered with about six inches of snow. This caused fearful suffering, and we held a mass meeting and sent a committee, composed of generals and colonels, to see the major commanding the prison. This committee told the major that we must have wood for fires, or we should break through the guard at any cost of life, as we thought death by bullets better than freezing to death. The major said he had no men to cut wood for us, but that he would allow one or two squads of twenty to go out of the prison to cut wood for the others, if

the prisoners thus going out would give their parole not to escape. The major sent to Columbia and procured axes, which were distributed among two squads of twenty each, who were paroled and allowed to go out without any guards, to cut wood. This party felled a large quantity of wood and brought it near the guard-line, at a point opposite the house of the commandant of the prison, to whom they reported and asked permission to bring the fuel across the guard-line. The sentinels were ordered to allow the prisoners to cross the line to bring in the wood, and soon there were prisoners going backwards and forwards from the camp to the wood-pile, and others bringing wood out of the forest, ten rods away, to the pile near the guard-line.

The wind was northwest and very cold, which seemed to increase the natural stupidity of the sentinels, and I soon discovered that more Yankees were going into the woods than there were coming out. Chase and myself talked the matter over and concluded to try to escape. We went across the line to the wood-pile, ostensibly to bring in wood; I brought one stick into camp and then went into the

forest, as though going to bring in wood from the chopping party, where I waited until Captain Chase joined me. About half the prisoners, some three hundred, escaped in this way; but not one of the paroled officers failed to keep the pledge given that they would not escape.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of November ninth, as we started on a northwest course through the woods, being guided by keeping the wind, which was from that direction, blowing full in our faces. We had gone but a short distance, when we met another escaped prisoner, Lieutenant Heflefinger, who said he was alone and would like company, so we went on together. After sunset it was very dark, but we pushed on, intending to cross the Santee river at a certain ferry that night. About one o'clock in the morning, we found the ferry and saw the boat used for crossing, but we were so cold that we made a fire and stood about it until we got warm, before waking up the ferryman. There were three or four houses, and after we were warmed we spent some time in looking about the different buildings and deciding in which one the

negro ferryman lived. Finally, we made our guess, and it proved to be a good one. The negro came out and put us across; we told him who we were and that we had no money to pay him, but he seemed glad of the chance to serve us. He told us that a white man lived in one of the houses at the ferry, and we were glad we had not waked the wrong man.

After crossing the ferry we kept on until daylight, when we were, as we thought, twenty miles from our prison. As the sun rose, we hid in the woods, and sent Hefflesinger to hunt for a breakfast for the party. About eight o'clock the lieutenant returned with five or six negro women, three or four negro men and about ten children, all eager to see the Yankees. Our visitors brought us roast chicken, boiled eggs, corn-bread and milk, and we had a glorious breakfast that Sunday morning. After eating till we could hold no more, we went to sleep for the remainder of the day, while the negroes stood guard for us. About dark we ate another good meal, and had some food left to take with us. Then we took the road leading to Greenville and travelled all

night, making about fifteen miles. At sunrise we went into the woods, made a little fire, cooked some sweet potatoes our negro friends had given us, and then laid down and slept until sunset. Thus we kept on, travelling nights and sleeping days.

One night we had nothing to eat, and in a corn-field that had been harvested we found a pumpkin and two or three ears of corn; we cut the pumpkin into strips and roasted it over the coals; we also roasted the corn by putting the ears on the coals, and thus prepared something we called supper. Another night we heard a negro calling his cows, and went to him and asked for something to eat; he said he would do the best he could for us. He was a single man and lived with his master, so he could not get any provisions, but he took us into his cabin and left us by the fire while he went into his master's garden and dug some sweet potatoes for us. We cooked by his fire enough potatoes for supper, and then our colored friend went with us, carrying half a bushel of the sweet potatoes until about midnight, going as far as he could go and get back to his master before daylight. The next night we found

another negro man calling his cows, and told him we wanted something to eat. He took us into the woods near his cabin, and three negro women and several children came out to see us. One of these negro women asked us where our horns were, she said her massa said the Yankees had horns. Our visitors brought us milk, corn-bread and bacon, and we had all we could eat. But for the negroes, we must have starved to death; they always received us kindly and did all they could for us, giving us food, guides and all the assistance in their power.

The negroes told us about an Union white man living about ten miles beyond Greenville, and, after eating the food they gave us, we took the road, and about three o'clock in the morning, passed through Greenville, a little village of about three hundred population, built on each side of the main road; a town thus having only one street. As we went along, the dogs barked furiously, but we saw no human being; everybody was evidently asleep. After passing Greenville we did not stop at daylight, as usual, but leaving the road, went on through the woods to find the Union white man, as directed by

the negroes. About ten o'clock in the forenoon we found him, a fine-looking man, with full beard, about forty years of age, and he was the most ignorant man I ever met, black or white. He had never been to Greenville, ten miles away; he had never been five miles from the log cabin in which he was born; he was willing to help us, but he was too ignorant to be of any use, we could do better with the negroes. He gave us a little corn-bread to eat, all he had, and we stopped in his hut until night, when we went on through a pass in the mountains to the house of another Union white man, being guided in our movements by information received from the negroes before passing Greenville. We found this man about sunrise; he was nearly seventy years of age; he had sons in both the Union and rebel armies, and was very intelligent. He took us into his house and gave us an excellent breakfast, and then, telling us it would not be safe for us to remain with him, as he lived on the main road through the mountains, sent his boy, twelve years of age, to guide us to the house of another Union white man, about three miles away from the main road. We

were now in the mountains of North Carolina, and found our new host to be a shoemaker, with two sons at home, deserters from the rebel army. The rebels were frequently sending raiding parties into these mountains to arrest deserters, and a picket was kept out from this house all the time to give warning of the approach of the enemy. In the day-time one of the women stood guard, and at night one of the men. Rebel soldiers had come several times to arrest these deserters, but had been unable to find them.

We remained here three days, resting while the shoemaker mended our boots, and the women our clothing. In the day-time we went to a cave about half a mile from the house and at dark returned to the cabin. There was a rebel cattle-pen about three miles away, and the second night we were there we visited it and captured a steer while the old man in charge was asleep. We put a rope around the horns of the beast and led him quietly about a mile and a half to a ravine in the mountains, where we slaughtered him and carried the four quarters back to our hiding-place. After being here three days, we were

told that another party of escaped prisoners were at the house of a wealthy Union man, about four miles away, and one of the rebel deserters guided us there, where we found eleven other officers who had been with us at Columbia. Here we remained a week, the weather continuing rainy and unfavorable for travel. Our host killed a sheep for us every day, and we lived on mutton and corn-bread. At daybreak we went to a cave; at night we came back to the house, put one man out as picket on the road while the others laid down on the kitchen floor and slept in front of a fire burning on the hearth. The Union sentiment was strong in this locality, and two regiments of cavalry were organized in our army from men out of these mountains.

The distance across the mountains into East Tennessee was seventy-five miles, through dense thickets and forests with nothing but Indian trails for a path. We found a white man who had been across to Knoxville several times, and he agreed to guide us to that place, and on our safe arrival, we were to pay him five hundred dollars in greenbacks. Our host killed several sheep, and gave us mutton and

corn-bread enough to have carried us through, if our guide had not made delay by losing his way. We felt very grateful to our generous host and gave him everything we had of value, consisting, as I now recollect, of a silver watch and a jack-knife. We also took his name and post office address, intending to reward him when the war was over, but the paper on which I wrote down these facts was destroyed during my prison life, and I have forgotten the name.

About the first of December we started, and in an hour or two, commenced ascending the mountains, which we found covered with six inches of snow. Here, we could travel only in the day-time; at night we scraped away the snow from a patch of ground, made a fire from the dead wood, which was abundant, and slept on the windward side of the blaze. The mountains abounded in panthers, wild-cats, bears and deer, and every night we could hear the panthers screaming about our camp. We saw deer, frequently; and one day, as we turned a sharp corner, met six deer coming towards us and not a hundred feet away; but they left the path free for us, in haste. We frequently saw the tracks and

other signs of bears, but did not get sight of any, and it mattered little to us how abundant the game was, as we had no gun in the party.

After four days of this travelling, the guide said that, owing to the snow altering the appearance of his land-marks, he had lost his way, and got too far to the south. In trying to find our way, we got into a swamp, where the balsam trees, horse briars and high laurel made such a tangled mass that the clothing was nearly all torn off of us. We were struggling in this swamp nearly all day, and did not travel much over a mile. On the afternoon of this day, Captain Chase had a fainting spell from hunger and exhaustion, and, sitting down on a log, said to me: "Jim, I wish I had some of that fat ham, now." He then said: "It is of no use, I can't go any farther; I must stay here and die; go ahead and leave me." I told him I should stay with him as long as he lived, and went and got him some water, gave him a drink and bathed his head, and after a time he felt better; and then, by following the tracks in the snow, we found our comrades again.

Just at night we came to a brook running through

the swamp, and getting into it, waded down the stream. The water was icy cold, the rocks covered with ice, and we found frequent falls of ten or twelve feet, which made our travel very difficult. When it was too dark to go further, we were still in the swamp, and, leaving the water, we cleared away a little place on the bank for a camp. We were wet nearly all over with the ice-cold water; it rained all night, and we could not make any fire, although we tried to start one for two hours, but everything was too wet to burn. We had nothing left to eat, and had been at least twenty-four hours without food. It was a night of intense suffering; I thought I should freeze to death. The next morning the rain had stopped falling, and we took again the bed of the stream and travelled thus until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we came out of the swamp into a heavy oak wood with no underbrush. We then went up to the top of the mountain for the purpose of seeing where we were and marking out our course. We reached the top of the mountain about dark, and making a fire, lay down and slept all night. As I was sitting by the blaze, nodding in

sleep, my hat fell into the fire and I was left bare-headed.

The next morning greeted us with bright sunshine, without a breath of wind; but the appearance of our party was in strong contrast to the beauty of the weather. In the swamp our clothing had been nearly all torn off; the rocks in the stream had ruined our old boots; some had nothing but rags to protect their feet from the snow. The heels and upper leather of my boots remained, but the soles were gone, and at each step my bare feet struck the snow. Having been without food for more than two days, we again started on our way, and after going a quarter of a mile, saw, about four miles away, down in the valley, a column of smoke, rising straight up into the air. We halted and held a consultation. Twelve of us decided to go to the house indicated by the smoke, capture the owner, take what he had to eat, and then take him with us as a prisoner until near our lines, when we would turn him loose. The other two said, rather than take the risk of capture, they would push on and take the chances of starvation. They went on, and,

as we afterwards learned, in a couple of hours crossed into Tennessee, where they found Union white men, had food and clothing in abundance, and soon joined our army at Knoxville.

As we were lying asleep in the morning around the fire on top of the mountain, two Indians who were out hunting had discovered us, and, returning to the very house we were aiming for, had told the white man living there about Yankees being on the mountain, and he had gone about four miles away, to a rebel picket-station, and was returning with a white sergeant and about twenty Indian soldiers, when we met at the house and were surrounded by the enemy before we discovered them. They were only fifty feet away when we saw them, and the white sergeant called upon us to surrender, and asked who we were. Just then, a white boy, about fourteen years old, came out of the house with a musket in his hand, and, walking up within six feet of one of the lieutenants of our party, fired at his head, the bullet striking his hat and knocking it off. The boy was very angry at missing his aim, and commenced loading his gun again, swearing, mean-

while, that he would kill every d—d Yankee. The father and the guard looked on without making any effort to interfere, but the mother came to the door and said to her husband: "Don't you let the boy kill any of them Yankees, I don't want them laying around here stinking." The boy finished loading his gun, and then came forward with the evident intention of shooting me. I caught the gun by the barrel and held it off one side, sheltering my body behind a tree, and then his father interfered and took the gun away from the boy. The owner of the house wished us taken to the rebel picket post at once, but we told him we could go no further without something to eat, as we had been without food for nearly three days, so he told his wife to cook us something to eat. The woman went into the garden, cut some cabbage and put it on to boil, mixed up some corn-bread, put that in the oven, and fried some dried bear-meat which was about as easy to chew as raw-hide. The old man was in such a hurry to get us off that we had to eat the cabbage and corn-bread before they were half cooked. Then we were marched nearly four miles and put into an old

camp-meeting shed, where we remained about ten days, and several of the party were very sick from eating the raw bread and cabbage. While in this old building we had the same rations as our guard. The first night after our re-capture our guide made a dash for liberty; the guards fired at him and missed, but the Indians at once turned out and searched the woods until they found him. This seemed to take all the life out of the unfortunate man, and he would not try again, though we urged him to do so, knowing he would be shot if he did not escape.

We were marched about ninety miles to a railroad station at Ashville. The order of march was by file, first a prisoner then an Indian soldier, then another prisoner followed by a soldier, each being responsible for his man. We were kept at Ashville four or five days, during which time our guide was taken out and shot for the crime of having tried to assist us to escape. There were four members of the masonic fraternity among our number, who were furnished with a complete outfit of new clothing and all the food they needed, by their brethren in Ash-

ville, who frequently took them out of the prison to dine with them at their homes. Not being one of the fortunate ones I received no such aid and comfort. We were put on a train here and taken to Salisbury, N. C., where we remained one night, and then to Danville, Va., which we reached about Christmas.

We were re-captured December 7, 1864, after having been twenty-eight days en route to the Union lines, and all our hardship and suffering had been lost for want of only two hours more of endurance. At Danville I found General Duffié, our old colonel, and the first words he said, were, "Fale, I want to get out of this," and we had many talks and planned different ways of escape. There were about six hundred prisoners at Danville, all commissioned officers, whose treatment was more severe than I endured elsewhere during my captivity, and the rations issued for food were the worst. We were confined in a three-story building formerly used as a tobacco warehouse, and the sash had been taken from the windows on all the floors, so that the cold winds of winter blew freely through. The prisoners were

kept on the second and third floors, and when they laid down to sleep, the wind came through the floors so freely as to make it seem as though we were lying on ice. A piece of corn-bread, about the size of one-third of an ordinary brick, was issued to each man every morning, which was all the food allowed for twenty-four hours. During the two months I was there, no meat of any kind was issued, and only once a few beans, of which I received half a pint, and, after eating them, discovered in the bottom of the cup, eight pieces of rat offal, which so disgusted me that I have eaten no bean soup from that day to this. I had often seen men suffering for want of food, but here, for the first time, I saw a strong man cry with hunger. He was an infantry captain, six feet high and of powerful form; he had been a prisoner only about four weeks, and had not, like his fellow-sufferers, become hardened by calamity. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, he had eaten all the food given him for twenty-four hours and could expect nothing more until the next morning, and sitting down on the floor, he cried like a baby. No one taunted the sufferer, who weighed

about one hundred and eighty pounds, and needed more food than some of the lighter weights. My treatment at Danville injured my health more than all my other hardships as a prisoner, and from its effects I have not recovered, and do not expect to fully recover.

February 16, 1865, all the prisoners at Danville, over three hundred in number—two hundred having been forwarded a few days before—were taken in box-cars to Richmond and put in our old quarters at Libby. On the morning of February 22d, we were marched a short distance to a rebel steamer on which we started down the river under a flag of truce. It was cold on the river; and I obtained permission to lie down in a warm place on the coal in the fire-room, where I slept until waked up by the fireman on the arrival of the steamer at its destination. About noon we were landed near Butler's Dutch Gap Canal, and, marching a short distance, came in sight of our flag-of-truce steamer, with the grand old flag streaming in the breeze. As we reached the river bank, a brass band on the hurricane-deck of the steamer, struck up with "Home, Sweet Home,"

and the effect was wonderful ; some of the prisoners shouted like lunatics ; some cried, some laughed, some lay down and rolled over and over in the dirt. On board our boat, hot coffee, white bread and cold meat were served in abundance, and in all my life I never enjoyed so luxurious a meal. The released prisoners were eating, talking, laughing and running around the boat like wild animals just let out of a cage ; it seemed impossible for them to keep still. Among the enlisted men who were exchanged with me, I saw four or five who had become helpless idiots from their suffering. We reached Annapolis, Maryland, the morning of February 23d ; but six of our comrades had died on the passage. A friend of mine, who saw us as we marched off the boat on our arrival, told me afterwards that we "looked like an army of dead men, we were so thin and had such pale faces."

I was a prisoner only one year, eight months and four days ; but in the sixteen years that have passed away since my release, I have been a constant sufferer from diseases caused by the hardships of prison life ; yet never, in the darkest hours of pain and

despair, have I for an instant regretted that, in war time, I wore the uniform and discharged as best I could, the duties of a soldier in the defence of our common country.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
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THE LAST TOUR OF DUTY

AT THE

SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

BY

CHARLES H. WILLIAMS,

FORMERLY SECOND LIEUTENANT THIRD RHODE ISLAND ARTILLERY.



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THE LAST TOUR OF DUTY
AT THE
SIEGE OF CHARLESTON.

[Read before the Society, April 13, 1881.]

THE seventeenth of February, 1865, will always be remembered by those of the army and navy who, for so long, had been engaged in the siege and blockade of Charleston and its harbor. All had been accomplished by the army that seemed possible, and we had been waiting and watching for the navy to "go in," with much impatience.

It always seemed to us in the batteries that this could be successfully done; that a monitor or two might be lost, but it was preferable to lose them in action rather than to have them sunk by gales and

torpedoes while at anchor outside, events which had already happened.

We had sufficient reason for this conclusion, as we had on several occasions seen the monitors in close action, and knew how well they could stand the severe pounding they had been subjected to. It is not for me to make any criticisms, however, my only purpose being to give a simple story of our experience at the front on this occasion, describing somewhat minutely the details, positions and incidents relative thereto.

On the morning of the day mentioned, my turn came to go to the battery, having for a long time previous been alternating with Lieutenant J. E. Burroughs in this duty, each serving twenty-four hours at the front and the succeeding twenty-four hours in camp, which was located two or three miles down the island, our company being divided into reliefs, making for them an average of about one day at the battery and two days in camp, excepting special occasions, when we had extra firing for some reason.

Our duty was in Fort Putnam, located on the ex-

treme end of Morris Island, called Cummings Point, and the same iron battery, afterwards named Gregg, of which we read so much at the time of the first bombardment of Fort Sumter, in 1861, though we failed to recognize any resemblance between it and the cuts published in the pictorial papers of that time. We were constantly reminded of the fact that this work was built for the purpose of firing on the fort, by evidences of the great strength and careful construction of the original work, the bomb-proof and magazine being covered with huge timbers and a layer of railroad iron.

As we approach the northern part of the island we first come to Fort Strong, formerly called Fort Wagner, and the scene of one of the most severe actions of the war. This is a most complete fortification, of immense strength, a heavy battery, and extends entirely across the island, which is narrow at this point. The work is garrisoned by a company of our regiment, permanently, and is a very convenient and hospitable resting-place for us on our way further up the island, as well as for the many visitors constantly coming to view the situation.

Our duty, however, is half a mile beyond, so we pass Fort Strong by the sea-front, then, leaving the beach, turn through the sand-hills, by the large stockade, in which are confined a large number of confederate officers, guarded by the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts regiment (colored), and soon come to our mortar-batteries, just beyond which we pass Fort Chatfield, and are at the front.

Before entering Fort Putnam we must pass over a space of about four hundred yards, which is entirely unprotected from the batteries of the rebels on Sullivan's Island and the sharpshooters in Fort Sumter, who, stationed on its parapet, constantly annoy us, and for a long time it has been almost impossible to get across this space without drawing their fire and hearing the zip of a rifle-ball just before, just behind, or just overhead. A few weeks before the time of which I write, a fine battery of eleven-inch Dahlgren guns had been placed in this space. This work was manned by details from the gunboats, and was in charge of a navy officer. We never learned why it was placed there, but it gave us good protection from the annoyances before mentioned, also covering the rear of Fort Putnam to some

extent, which, until this time, had been exposed to the fire from Sullivan's Island. We thought all this a little late, after having been obliged to submit to this inconvenience for nearly two years, but we knew how to appreciate it, having witnessed many uncomfortable experiences in that distance of four hundred yards.

The distance from this place to Fort Sumter was a little less than fourteen hundred yards, and the riflemen on the fort had, from their long experience, our range down fine, and while I do not recall that any of our own men were ever hit, there are many known instances of bullets coming very close.

On entering the battery we first see two thirty-pounder Parrott rifles on siege carriages on our right, pointing directly on Fort Sumter, and also having a range on Sullivan's Island and Mount Pleasant. These pieces were Nos. 1 and 2. Next beyond, on a platform on top of the service magazine, we see a brass howitzer, which was placed in this elevated position to fire grape and canister in case of an attack on us at night, and numbered "3."

Next beyond this, in an angle and almost upon the same level as No. 3, we have a two hundred-pounder Parrott, which was used against Sullivan's Island, Fort Sumter, and sometimes Charleston. Next, we see another of the same calibre, pointing towards Fort Sumter, Charleston and James Island. These numbers (4 and 5) were especially well protected by heavy traverses, No. 5 being used considerably in shelling the city, and consequently the recipient of much attention from the sharpshooters on Sumter, and the guns of Fort Moultrie and adjoining works.

The next piece, a ten-inch columbiad, between a good traverse and our large magazine, was a captured one, and had been turned to fire upon James Island. Beyond this large magazine was a one hundred-pounder Parrott, pointing toward James Island. Below this, in front, was No. 7, a thirty-pounder Parrott, which was firing constantly night and day, at intervals of five to fifteen minutes, at the city.

Beyond, were Nos. 8, 9 and 10, which were brass pieces for defensive purposes; a small service magazine; then another one hundred-pounder for city firing,

and a steel gun, which the writer cannot recollect as ever having been used. These numbers from No. 7, constituted what we called the "water battery," being located beneath the fort proper, between it and high-water-mark. This portion was properly named, as it was frequently under water at a high tide.

It will be seen by this description that our guns pointed in all directions, and that we could fire on nearly all the rebel batteries with two or more guns, though most of the firing from this battery was directed on Fort Sumter, Charleston and James Island. It will be seen, also, that our position on the end of the island could be made somewhat warm when the rebels, with their batteries forming nearly a half circle around us, chose to open from all sides, which was frequently done. Upon occasions of this kind it was almost useless to watch the enemy's fire, except from a few especially wicked guns and the mortar shells, though of course we took as good care of ourselves as possible when the man on lookout called. If he called "Bull of the woods," we did not require any further explanation to inform us that a columbiad shell or solid shot was coming for us.

After a little experience we could watch the approach of these shells and determine whether it would be necessary to cover or not. To me, when first seen, they always appeared to be coming straight for me, but a few seconds' watching has shown in several instances that I was not in their way. It is a fact, however, that these guns from the battery mentioned were exceedingly well served, and when they were fired it was wise to cover, as very many of their shells would strike the embankment directly in front of us, while others would just skip over, and if not bursting, strike in the open space between the batteries, scooping out a place in the damp sand nearly midway, and bounding, pass over the other battery and onward into the harbor. Another gun which annoyed us very much was mounted on Fort Johnson, on James Island, some distance above those just mentioned, two bolts from which have been presented to this society and may be seen at our cabinet. We all had a special dislike for this gun, and called it a wicked one. Unless the smoke of the discharge was seen it was useless to try to cover from it, for the shell came so swiftly

that it reached us some time before the report ; and if we were to have been hit, we never would have known what hurt us. The shriek or howl of these missiles will be remembered by all who have ever seen a Whitworth gun. Most of them would pass just over us and ricochet over the next battery, as the round shells before mentioned. Their range on us was so perfect that it seemed to us they could land them about where they wanted to, and at one time the appearance of two or three persons on the top of the bomb-proof was about sure to draw their fire ; and the writer has seen shells strike within a few feet of parties standing in that position, and others pass by within a foot or two of the surface.

It is not intended in this paper to write particularly of the firing, and the foregoing is simply to show that the rebel gunners could make our position uncomfortable.

Before the evacuation of Fort Wagner this battery was used for the defence of the island, and of course, upon our occupation, was reversed, rebuilt and strengthened, and Parrott guns mounted in the best position for active siege work.

The morning of the seventeenth was pleasant, and we had an idea that the day was to be an eventful one, as our battalion had for a week been under orders to be ready to move at a moment's notice, and all, excepting enough to furnish two reliefs for duty at the front, were served with three days' rations and held in constant readiness to move, the supposition being that they would go to James Island, our commanding general being anxious to get into Charleston before Sherman's troops. This was our own idea of the matter, and as no information could be obtained from those we thought might know, and part of our forces being already on James Island, we believed we were quite correct.

The day passed very much as usual until afternoon, our men being occupied in putting the battery in order, preparing ammunition and in their ordinary daily duty, and the fire from the enemy being rather light. About the middle of the afternoon we received orders to open with all the guns we could man at the moment the firing should commence from Fort Strong (formerly Wagner), and to continue it as rapidly as possible, directing our fire at Sullivan's

Island, and bursting our shells over the bridge leading from the island to Mount Pleasant. These were all the instructions we were favored with; but we were now sure that General Sherman was getting too close to Charleston for the comfort of its occupants, and that the old joke among us was to become a reality, "that Sherman would some day come down to the wharf in Charleston and beckon for us to come up."

We at once made everything ready and awaited the signal, and at about half-past seven or eight o'clock we saw the flash from the first gun from Fort Strong, and the order to fire was given. Every available piece was opened on the point it commanded, special attention being given to Sullivan's Island and the bridge. The mortar shells must have annoyed the enemy quite as much as the swift-flying rifles, though many more of the latter were fired. It would be useless for me to attempt a description of this scene. Each shell could be followed by the eye, if one had only time to watch it. The lighted fuses, tracing the course of shells, made splendid fireworks, more beautiful than any the writer had ever

before seen; more attractive, perhaps, from the fact that they were not coming in our direction. We always observed that the direction the shells were taking had a great effect upon one's admiration for them. The writer has always rejoiced that he was a witness of this scene, and will always retain it in his memory.

There were several occasions during the siege when as great a noise was made as on this, but they need not be mentioned here, as they will furnish the ground-work of another paper in the future; but it does seem to me that no one, unless present that night, ever heard a real, genuine noise. I have heard and read of the roar and din of battle, but the noise of the firing that still night, continuously, from those heavy guns, the hissing shriek and explosion of the shells, was deafening. We in Fort Putnam were greatly disturbed and annoyed by the shells which tripped, and those which burst prematurely from the guns in Fort Strong, which, being located below us, had to make their line of fire only a little on one side, and frequently these bad shells, and the composition bands which are on all Parrott

shells, would drop about us too closely. These accidents were common in Parrott practice, and we were fortunate to escape any serious result on this occasion; still, this sort of thing makes a soldier mad.

About this time, the rebels opened a few guns from Sullivan's Island, and began firing at us, and for an hour or two we were between two fires—that of friend and foe. This state of affairs disturbed us very much, and our boys were almost willing to turn a gun or two on Fort Strong, just to even up with them, declaring in strong language their indifference to the fire in front, and expressing their disgust in stronger terms for that from our rear. The firing by the enemy was vigorous for about two hours, and all but the men on duty at the guns and those on guard were under cover in the bomb-proofs. No casualties occurred, our men having learned from long experience how to dodge.

About midnight we noticed a fire in the city—small at first, and rapidly increasing into a large, raging fire. In a short time this fire spread, until there were seven large fires in different sections

of the city, and one in the river near by, which we could see was a ship, as the flames crept up the rigging and masts. A burning ship is a beautiful spectacle, and we watched it as intently as possible, at the same time trying to help it along by turning our shells on it. The whole scene was fireworks on a magnificent scale, and we were in just the proper position to get the full view. Soon we heard terrific explosions in and around the city at irregular intervals, and suspected that the rebels were trying to blow up the rams and gunboats that we had been watching so long, with the ammunition stored in their magazines, and were also determined to burn the city. Excitement now ran high with us, and as much as we regretted their apparent determination to destroy everything and burn the place, we could not resist the desire to help the trouble along; so we began to put the shells in about those fires as fast as we could send them along. We fired at very short intervals, regardless of our standing instructions that the guns should be fired the long distances only a certain number of times an hour. It would seem that this was gross disregard of orders, but we

reasoned that we should have some discretionary power, and that if the chief of artillery was present he would rejoice to see the good work go on, so we kept them flying.

It was reckless, though, and we were very fortunate to escape accident, for a hot gun is a very dangerous plaything about the time the cartridge and shell are going into it. It was our custom to mount a gun and fire it until it burst, or was rendered useless from some other cause incident to artillery practice, and it may be said we were somewhat indifferent as to the life of a gun, though we always preserved them as long as possible. We mention this for the reason that the custom in the regular army had been to condemn a gun after it had been fired a certain number of times, under the theory that it was only safe for this number, estimated according to test when cast. We found to our cost, however, that Parrott guns are liable to burst at any time when fired, and that too much care in handling them is impossible. I have often rejoiced that no accident resulted from our recklessness on this, for us practically, the last night of the

war. Nothing was damaged for us, excepting that the sand was thrown around some, and we continued firing as rapidly as we dared, until daylight, when we ceased firing all around.

This night we remember as the shortest, yet the longest, in our whole experience. We were so busily occupied that we had no time on our hands, yet were so anxious to learn what the next move was to be, that it seemed as if morning would never come. We wanted to go to the city, and, after the firing ceased, speculated considerably as to the possibilities and probabilities of getting a chance to go over. We knew that our business was to remain in charge of the battery until relieved, and the thought that those left in camp might be permitted to go, and we at the front obliged to remain and content ourselves as best we could, annoyed us very much as we walked back and forth on the top of the bomb-proof, impatient and discontented. Had we the necessary permission, what could be done without a boat? and there was none in sight, the very nearest one being nearly a mile away. Where were the boat-picket all this time? Perhaps they had gone to the

city before daylight. This, I thought, would have been the proper thing if I had only secured my passage with them. These and a hundred more such thoughts occupied my time until broad daylight. It seemed as if all were asleep, no boats moving in the fleet, even; but this matter was settled to my satisfaction a little later.

At the first dawn of day we could see on the parapet of Fort Sumter, very indistinctly, something which, as the light increased, we decided to be a field-piece used for defence against a night attack, and to fire on the boat-picket in case they should come too near. This was conclusive evidence that the garrison had gone, and we reflected that they must have had a nice time in going up the harbor with our shells from at least ten guns cracking over the fort and channel all night.

I was recently asked if I remembered that a shot was fired from our battery some time after the rest had ceased firing, and I partially denied that such a thing occurred, being unable to recall it. But, upon inquiry of some of those present, I find it to be a fact. The sergeant who fired it says that he asked

for permission to fire at that piece, saying that he could knock it off, and if he did ask for such permission it is more than probable that he received it, for this piece was in a very tempting position, just on one corner of the fort. The shot didn't hit it, much to the surprise of every one, for the sergeant had a good reputation as a "shot," and could drop a shell anywhere on that fort that he was desired to, having cut away the flag-staff several times.

Between five and six o'clock the magazine of Battery Bee, on the northern end of Sullivan's Island, exploded. The morning was pleasant and calm, and the water in the harbor without a ripple. Suddenly a huge column of smoke, dirt and timbers arose high into the air, expanding until it formed an immense, dense cloud. In a moment the report came, and it was terrific, the concussion being tremendous. At this time I was standing on the trail of No. 2, looking across the water in that direction, and plainly saw the explosion, and waited for the report. It came across the water with a rush and a sort of snapping, and a peculiar noise that I cannot describe, followed by the crash. We were conscious of feeling a

of doubt and uncertainty about this time, and glanced over the water toward the fleet, while a vision of a possible "tidal wave" suggested itself to us, causing some speculation as to its probable effect upon us in our position, scarcely above the level of the sea, and on the fleet of monitors lying abreast of us. Nothing of this kind occurred, however; the water was not disturbed, although the shock was perceptibly felt on our island, and for miles around,—the concussion and perhaps excitement being sufficient to remove me from my position on the gun-carriage. We now looked for more of this sort of work, supposing that all the magazines would be fired, and each moment expected to see Forts Sumter and Moultrie "go up." This would have been the result of the rebel programme, which was very well laid out, but fortunately was interrupted at just the right time, and in the following manner: A boat was seen moving along the creek behind Fort Strong, and to come out into the open water between Morris and James Islands, where one had not been seen in broad daylight for a long time. As this approached and passed around the head of

the island toward Sullivan's Island, we recognized Lieutenant Hackett and boat's crew, of our regiment, from the garrison of Fort Strong. We informed them that a small boat was just leaving the monitor, which lay at anchor nearly abreast of us, and cautioned them not to be beaten, though we didn't think they had the slightest chance of getting to the island first. In a moment these boats were in sight of each other, and then commenced the liveliest and most interesting boat-race ever witnessed. It seemed to us that our crew were not half at work; in fact, to be little more than moving. This may be partially accounted for from the fact that our boat was moving directly away from us, while the navy boat was pulling broadside to us; also that it appeared to us that the latter had much the shorter distance to row. It would interest many to know the exact distance each had to pull, and it may be that the state of the tide might have placed the navy boat at a great disadvantage, but we were not thinking of these matters then, the question being, who was going to get there first, and our anxiety being great because our boat was apparently making such slow progress.

But great was our joy, and excitement ran high, as the two boats drew together and narrowed the contest down fine, when we saw Hackett leap from the boat, and running up the beach, disappear over the parapet of Fort Moultrie. An instant later, down came the rebel flag and our own was run up. This was the work of a very short time, yet it interfered seriously with the rebel programme, as before mentioned, for the fuse to fire the train and blow up the magazine was nearly burned out, and in a few minutes we might have witnessed another explosion like that of Battery Bee, before described, but with far more serious results to us, had not the train been found, separated and stamped out. All this time we tried to retain our outward composure, but perhaps it need not be said that there was great excitement inside. We must be content to look on and see all these things going on, because we had no boat; and even if we had had one, we had no right to use it without instructions. If one had been near, however, it would probably have been used, whatever the consequences might have been.

The next event of importance to us was the ap-

proach of Colonel Ames, who evidently intended to go to Charleston. Of course I wanted to go with him, but there was no boat, nor did the colonel invite me. In conversation with him about going over, and several other matters, I noticed that while he didn't say I could go, he did not state any objection to it, and I concluded that if I could not go when he did I would be sure to take the next chance, and went into the battery to give the sergeant instructions, informing him that I was going to the city, and that if he could get a chance, there would not be much objection to all of them going. While I was in the battery a boat came along in which the colonel and his adjutant took passage, and when I returned they were well under way, but there was another boat coming, so I should not be far behind, and in a few minutes was on the way in company with Lieutenant Dodge and the sutler of our regiment—two very good companions. Lieutenant Dodge's wisdom in taking the sutler along I always admired, experience proving how serviceable a sutler, with cash on hand, can be to two other fellows "dead broke."

After a long pull, the distance (nearly five miles) was accomplished, and we stepped upon the wharf at Charleston, looked around a moment to take in the situation (the reverse of all we had looked upon for so long a time), and started for a walk up into the city streets. We passed the custom house, post office, Bank of South Carolina, large warehouses and other buildings of national and local importance, and presently found ourselves in a street where a fire company, with an old-fashioned hand-engine, was at work putting out one of the fires we had seen the night before. This was rather a novel sight, and we watched them some minutes while they looked us over thoroughly, too. The troops had begun to come in from James Island, and squads of them were met in every direction. All were ordered on duty to arrest stragglers, extinguish fires, confiscate any property that would be of service to any one trying to escape, such as horses, carriages, saddles, bridles, etc., and bring any captured to the post office building, which was temporary headquarters.

Many horses were brought in, thus furnishing

means for looking about town, which many availed themselves of. Very few white people were in sight, excepting the mayor and some city and confederate officials who surrendered the city and claimed protection for the hospitals, etc. ; we remember of seeing but very few during the early part of the day. Some citizens opened their houses and dispensed hospitalities as best they could from their limited supplies. Corn-whiskey seemed to be the most popular drink, and it was about the only article of which a full supply could be found.

The soldiers had already begun to look through the stores, and could be seen in all directions with all sorts of plunder. A blockade-runner, which ran in the night before, had been visited, and among other things captured from her we found each soldier supplied with two or three ugly-looking dirk-knives. The first white man I met was one whom I had frequently seen in Providence before the war, and who still resides here. This circumstance seems singular. He told me he had been in the rebel army, but had got away and remained in the city. Confederate money was plenty, and some of the banks

seemed to have discounted freely. I had personal knowledge of one. Many incidents occurred during our inspection of the city; many places of importance were visited, and, in connection with our impressions, may form their part of a future paper.

Our twenty-four hours' tour of duty expired some time since, but commencing on Morris Island and ending in Charleston as it did, amid such confusion and excitement, the reader hopes for pardon if he has continued a few hours over.

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE:

BY

AUGUSTUS WOODBURY.



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AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE.

[Read before the Society, May 30, 1882.]

AMBROSE EVERETT BURNSIDE was born in Liberty, Indiana, May 23, 1824, and died in Bristol, Rhode Island, September 13, 1881. The interval between these two dates was filled with the events of a busy and useful life. It was also a life which attracted an unwonted measure of honor, esteem and affection. In public, it was spent in patriotic service. In private, it was the object of a devoted and fervent love. It exhibited and illustrated some of the best qualities of manhood. It is very fitting that it should be set forth before those who shared the perils of its career, and who, in the spirit of a generous comradeship, have rejoiced in the honors which marked its course. It is also fitting

that we should close this day of commemoration by reviewing the life of him who holds a chief place in our memory, because he was always willing to become the servant of all. I have been invited to perform this grateful duty, and while I address myself to this labor of love, I ask, as I know I shall receive, your respectful and patient attention.

The youth of Burnside, before entering the military academy at West Point, was spent in the little western town where his father, Edghill Burnside, had fixed his residence, upon his removal to the northwest from his native state of South Carolina. His great-grandfather had come to this country from Scotland. His grandfather, during the Revolution, was a loyalist, and after the war of independence, was obliged to leave the country—settling in Jamaica for a time, but subsequently returning to South Carolina. His father took part in the emigration to the northwest, escaping from the evil of slave-holding by freeing the slaves whom he had inherited, and following what was then called the "Quaker trail," though not himself belonging to the Society of Friends. Among the South Carolina families that

removed to Indiana was Miss Pamela Brown, whom Mr. Burnside married. Nine children were born to them, of whom Ambrose was the fourth. He was named for the family physician, Dr. Everts, but, on his appointment to the military academy at West Point, changed his second name to Everett, retaining it afterwards through his life-time. There is a story, that the boy at one time tried to learn the trade of a tailor, and that he was found by friends who became interested in him, conning a book of tactics, while working at the board. He was carefully brought up, and taught as well as he could be in the elementary schools of the time. It is known that he was of an ardent and adventurous character, with an active and sanguine temperament, which was hardly suited to a quiet occupation. His father, who held the office of associate judge of the county court, desired to give him a military education, and it is a pleasing proof of the esteem in which Mr. Burnside was held, that the young man received the almost, if not entirely, unanimous recommendation of the legislature of Indiana for an appointment to the national military academy. The Hon. Caleb B.

Smith—afterwards Secretary of the Interior under Lincoln—was the member of congress holding the gift of appointment. But as Mr. Smith was not in full accord with the existing administration of John Tyler, the good offices of his father's friend, Judge C. H. Test, were brought into requisition, and by his influence the place was secured. At the beginning of the academical year, 1843, young Burnside was admitted a cadet at West Point. Among his classmates were Orlando B. Willcox, Ambrose P. Hill, Romeyn B. Ayers, Charles Griffin and Henry Heth. In the other classes appear the names of Ulysses S. Grant, Fitz-John Porter, Barnard E. Bee, George B. McClellan, Thomas J. Jackson, John G. Foster, Darius N. Couch, John G. Parke, and Jesse L. Reno.

Burnside was graduated in 1847, in the artillery—eighteenth in a class of thirty-eight. He was immediately appointed brevet second lieutenant, and was promoted to a full second lieutenantcy, September 8, 1847, and was assigned to the Third Artillery. He was at once ordered to Vera Cruz to take part in active service in the war with Mexico, which

was then drawing near its end. Put in charge of a baggage train, he was sent into the interior along a line of communication threatened by guerrillas at different points. He won the praise of his superior officers for his successful performance of this duty. The chief battles of the war had, however, been already fought before his arrival at the front, and there was consequently no opportunity for winning distinction in the field. Upon the proclamation of peace and the return of the army, Lieutenant Burnside was ordered to Fort Adams, in our own state, where he soon made many dear and life-long friends.

In the early part of 1849, he was transferred from Fort Adams to New Mexico, and assigned to Bragg's Battery. He arrived at his new post on the 1st of August. The command was organized as cavalry, and was employed as escort to the United States mails upon the plains. On the 21st of August, while in command of a detachment of twenty-nine men, he came in contact with a body of sixty or more Apache warriors, who disputed his passage through a ravine near Las Vegas. Burnside immediately attacked and routed his savage foe—killing eighteen,

capturing nine prisoners, forty horses and all the supplies of the band. Captain Judd, in command of the post, warmly praised his subordinate, and recommended his promotion to first lieutenant. In the spring of 1851, Lieutenant Burnside was quartermaster of the Mexican Boundary Commission, under the direction of the Honorable John R. Bartlett. In September, 1851, he was sent from Gila River to Washington with important despatches which it was necessary to forward with utmost speed. His route lay through a hostile territory, and he had to run a gauntlet of twelve hundred miles. With an escort of three men and his faithful colored servant, Robert Holloway, he safely made his way, meeting with many hair-breadth escapes, and within three weeks the despatches were in the hands of the proper authorities at the capitol. His promotion in December was a deserved reward for his daring, vigilance and faithfulness. At the end of his service as quartermaster, in March, 1852, he was ordered to return to his former post at Fort Adams. There he remained until November 1st, 1853, when he resigned his commission in the army.

His residence at Fort Adams was naturally a very happy experience for the young officer. Perhaps it was the happiest of his life. He was of a jovial, gay and light-hearted nature. He was intelligent and active in mind, handsome in person, of a tall, commanding stature, agreeable in manners, with a position and name in the army which gave him an entrance into the best social circles in Newport, and he soon became an acknowledged favorite. In an address which he delivered at Newport a few years ago, he alludes to what he calls "the follies and frailties of his youth." But he was glad to say that notwithstanding these, he had always been met with uniform kindness and confidence. The reason is obvious to us. For we know that those "follies and frailties," whatever they may have been, were mostly upon the surface of his life. They had no power to spoil or even taint the inner purity and generosity of his spirit. Doubtless it was a time of danger and temptation. But it is certain that he passed safely through the ordeal. While at Fort Adams, he was married, on the 27th of April, 1852, to Miss Mary Richmond Bishop, of Providence—and

the union proved to be in all respects of the greatest satisfaction and benefit. The strength and solidity of Mrs. Burnside's character were an admirable balance and counterpart to the lighter qualities of her husband, and she became in after years his best counsellor and his firmest support.

But the young officer was not wholly engrossed with the gayeties of social life. While in service on the plains, he saw that the carbine with which our mounted troops were armed was not adequate to its purpose. He studied the matter thoroughly, and the result of his studies was the invention of a breech-loading rifle, which was in every way superior to the arms then in use. It could be easily loaded, discharged and cleansed; it was accurate in aim and long in range. For more than ten years it held a high place in the estimation of military men as one of the most serviceable weapons of its kind. Although it has since been superseded by better and more effective arms, it was yet a very creditable evidence of the originality and facility of the young man's powers of mind.

Sanguine of success in the manufacture of this

weapon, and encouraged to believe that the government would give him a profitable contract, Burnside, as I have said, resigned his commission. He immediately removed to Bristol, built a factory and began the work. He had the assistance of some of our leading capitalists, but the negotiations at Washington failed of completion and the enterprise ended in disaster. In the early years of our civil war the manufacture of the arm became profitable, but it was too late to be of any pecuniary advantage to the inventor. At the time of its first inception, it was accompanied by many discouragements and disappointments. Later on, while the Buchanan administration was in power, there were too many adverse influences at work to prevent the introduction of the rifle into the service of the army, and the end was a complete failure. Burnside sold his uniform and sword, gave up all to his creditors, and sought occupation elsewhere. He found a position in the Land Office of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, at Chicago, and removed thither in the latter part of April, 1858. In June, 1860, he was promoted to be treasurer of the company, and removed to New

York, where the opening of the war for the Union found him quietly engaged—like thousands of others—in the occupations of a contented and peaceful life.

There are some, who, with a certain show of justice, say—and the matter may at this point be appropriately discussed—that Burnside did not possess the qualities which are thought necessary to success in business. While all must acknowledge his administrative and executive ability and his sense of responsibility, he yet did not have that measure of caution in dealing with other men which seems to be required in the transactions of trade. He lacked the element of distrust. He took too much for granted. He regarded a verbal promise as binding as a written one. He believed that others understood his plans as clearly as they were marked out in his own mind. He trusted when he should have watched. Never knowing by experience the nature of intrigue or double-dealing, he could not be made to see that there was anything in others which justified any suspicion of their motives, or any thought of their untruthfulness. He could not understand

how any man could work against him or become his enemy, or even his rival. His own heart never had an ungenerous feeling, and he could not conceive how any other heart could cherish it. We can readily see how open he was to deception by those who had an interest in deceiving him, and how liable he was to be injured through an excess of generosity and trustfulness. This complete confidence in others is both an amiable and in many respects an admirable feature in human character. Some of the best and loveliest qualities grow out of it. Without it, I am quite sure, Burnside could not have attracted the affectionate esteem which we are all glad to give to him. But in the rough conflicts of the world, and in the great variety of human forces, with which the generous and chivalrous soul has to deal, it does not answer—if one wishes to achieve what generally goes by the name of success—to place entirely out of sight the painful fact of human falsehood, wickedness and sin. It is a grand elevation, at which the high and honorable man stands, from which human baseness and meanness retire from view:—as when one stands upon a mountain

top, from which the unsightly and low things in the valley are hidden, or, in the distance, become even picturesque. Yet the baseness and the meanness and the lowness are still there! It was certainly creditable to Burnside that he could overlook them all, or, still recognizing their existence, could hold fast his faith in human nature and never let it go.

The war for the Union did not find him unprepared. The country had educated him, and he felt it as a patriotic obligation and duty to enter its service. He had foreseen somewhat of the trouble that was coming. While in New Orleans, during the autumn of 1861, he frankly told his Southern friends that they were mistaking the temper of the North if they supposed that secession could be peaceably accomplished. Men of all parties would unite to save the Union from disruption and the government from ruin. He was a member of the Democratic party then, and had been honored by its confidence in Rhode Island. But this was a question above party and could not be decided without bloodshed. There could be but one issue to the war. The Union would be preserved and the South would

he reduced to poverty. Such were his opinions then, and his confidence in the success of the government never wavered even in the darkest days of the struggle that ensued.

When Governor Sprague decided to send a regiment of infantry and a battery of artillery to Washington immediately after the attack upon Fort Sumter, no one but Burnside was thought of for the command. He at once responded to the summons to come to Rhode Island and organize the regiment. He shut his desk in New York, took the first conveyance to Providence, and immediately began the work. By the end of the week the battery had been sent forward and half the regiment—five hundred men—started for the capital. The other half followed in a few days. One or two regiments reached Washington in advance of the First Rhode Island. But I venture to say that no troops were better organized and prepared for immediate active service than those from our own state. They could have taken the field at once. Burnside had the entire confidence and willing aid of the Governor, and was ably seconded by Pitman and Slocum—good soldiers

both, who had been tried and proved in the Mexican war—by Balch, Goddard, Merriman, Tompkins, of the battery, and the company officers. But the good equipment, the careful training and the efficiency for every duty of the campaign, which were shown by the regiment, were mainly due to the intelligence, energy and ability of its colonel.

I do not intend to give an account of that first campaign of the war, ending as it did in the defeat at Bull Run. It is sufficient to say that the First Rhode Island had an experience of every kind of service during its term of three months and a half. It had its garrison duty, its camp, its bivouac, and its picket service. It made long marches, it fought a bloody battle. It helped to win the success with which the day at Bull Run began. It was in the rear guard in the humiliating retreat at evening. "Let us go with the Rhode Islanders!" shouted the Sixty-ninth New York, "we shall be all right there!" For, through the day, the valor of the Rhode Island regiments—the First and Second—had been conspicuous to all along the line. Burnside was in command of a brigade consisting of his own

regiment and the Second with its battery, the Seventy-first New York and the Second New Hampshire. It was a brigade which did its whole duty on that trying day, and did it faithfully and well. It lost such gallant officers as Slocum, Ballou, Tower, Smith and Prescott. But to those who came off safely from the field, no shame attaches that they survived the battle. They did what they were ordered to do as well and faithfully as they could, and at the word of command they retired from the contest. The opinion which their fellow citizens held of the manner in which they had performed their duty was well expressed in the very cordial welcome which the First regiment received on its return to Providence. In the warmth of that welcome it was very fitting that the colonel should have the first place and the chief part. It was natural that he should suffer from the chagrin and disappointment which accompanied the defeat, and from the grief which touched all hearts in the thought of those who had fallen. But the heartiness of the reception when the regiment returned, proved that even an unsuccessful heroism could not fail of ap-

preciation and reward. The first volunteers were employed for only three months. But their term of service was a very important period, and they performed a very important duty. They saved the capital from what had almost become a state of siege, and their presence at Washington, besides affording an immense relief to the President and his advisers, gave renewed confidence to the country. It proved that the North was fully alive to the danger which threatened the national life, and was also fully prepared to meet and avert it. The assurance was amply given that the people were moved by a deep-seated principle of patriotism, and that in the assertion of that principle, they were ready to make any sacrifice and perform any duty which the government might demand. The First Rhode Island was a type of that kind of manhood which is always prepared both to defend and to maintain the institutions of freedom. It answered the call to duty with promptitude. It did its work with faithfulness. It would have overstayed its time if that had been thought needful. Many of its officers and men went back to the strife and gave up their lives a willing sacrifice to their country's good.

Burnside received a merited approval in his appointment as brigadier general, August 6, 1861. His first duty was to his friend, McClellan, in reorganizing the Army of the Potomac. Then it was proposed to send him upon a coast-wise expedition along the western shores of Chesapeake Bay. Finally it was decided that, with a sufficient force of infantry and in co-operation with the navy, he should make a descent upon the coast of North Carolina. It would appear from Burnside's own narrative that the proposition came mainly from himself. McClellan was preparing for an advance, and the object of Burnside's movement was to co-operate with his chief. But the enemy was bold, even to audacity, and, pressing forward his outposts, flaunted the flag of the rebellion within sight of the dome of the capitol. The Army of the Potomac was kept in winter quarters on the south side of the river and around Washington until the opening of the spring. On the 10th of March advance was made upon Centreville and Manassas, to find those posts evacuated by the rebels and their ramparts mounted with harmless Quaker guns. McClellan, returning to the

neighborhood of Washington, began to embark his troops for Fortress Monroe on the 17th of March and opened his Peninsular campaign.

Meanwhile, Burnside was hastening on his preparations for the expedition to North Carolina. His headquarters were established in New York, and the months of November and December were occupied in making the necessary arrangements. On the 19th of December headquarters were transferred to Annapolis, and on the 5th of January, 1862, the embarkation of the troops began. By the morning of the 8th, all were on board the transports, which immediately got under way. The army numbered 12,000 men, among whom were the Fourth Rhode Island, a battalion of the Fifth Rhode Island and Battery F, First Rhode Island Light Artillery. Eleven steamers and thirty-five sailing vessels furnished transportation. Accompanying, were nine gunboats and five floating batteries, armed with forty-seven guns as an army division; and twenty gunboats and batteries carrying fifty-five guns as a naval division. All the forces rendezvoused in Hampton Roads, from which the entire expedition,

with sealed orders, went to sea on the night of the 11th and the morning of the 12th of January, 1862.

For ten days nothing was heard of the fleet, but on the 23rd, tidings came of storm and trouble. Cape Hatteras is not an inviting place in the best of weather, and Hatteras Inlet is hardly more than a swash-channel of varying depth. The tempest came down upon the fleet while it was attempting to make an entrance by this doubtful passage into Pamlico Sound, and the transports were fearfully knocked about. There were croakers at the North and even in Rhode Island who prophesied disaster and failure. Happily, their predictions were falsified. The channel was finally passed with the loss of two steamers, one gunboat, one floating battery and one or two supply schooners. Six men and two officers were drowned. On the 25th the storm broke, and the vessels of the expedition floated securely on the calm waters of Pamlico Sound. Throughout this trying time the bearing and conduct of officers and men were all that could be desired. Burnside himself seemed ubiquitous.

The correspondent of the *London News* speaks of him in warmest terms. He notices a feature of his character already familiar to the men of the First Rhode Island. "He has performed all the duties of harbor master," says the writer, "narrowly escaping being swamped on more than one occasion, and there is not a grade in his army that he has not filled during the last fortnight, so anxious is he for the well-being and comfort of his troops."

Roanoke Island, lying between the passages from Pamlico to Albemarle Sound, was occupied by the enemy with a garrison of four thousand men, holding five earthworks, mounting thirty-two guns. Before descending upon the main land it was necessary to occupy this important position. On the 7th of February, the gunboats under Flag Officer Goldsborough, engaged the shore batteries. During the following night the troops were landed, and on the 8th a battle was fought which ended in the capture of the enemy's entire force, and of all his material of war. It was a brilliant achievement. As it was the first important success of the Eastern armies since Bull Run, its announcement at the North excited

great enthusiasm. The President and the War and Navy departments sent letters of thanks to Burnside and Goldsborough. The mayor of New York issued a proclamation of congratulation. The legislatures of Ohio, Massachusetts and Rhode Island voted their thanks for the service—our own legislature supplementing its action by the gift of a sword. Salutes were fired in the principal northern cities. Demonstrations of the public joy throughout our loyal communities were to be witnessed on every side.

The next step was to secure a foot-hold on the main land. The troops were embarked on the 6th of March and the two following days, and on the 9th the fleet slowly proceeded to Hatteras Inlet. On the 12th the gunboats got under way, and, proceeding across the sound and up the Neuse river, came to anchor about twelve miles below New Berne. Here the troops were landed on the 13th and began their march up the right bank of the river. Bivouacking at night about a mile below the enemy's defences they made ready for the coming fray. On the 14th, in the midst of a dense fog, the attack was made upon a line of earth-works defended

by sixty-six guns and about 8,000 men. In the course of a few hours the position was carried, the enemy retreating across the bridge which spanned the river Trent—burning a portion of it behind him—and through the city of New Berne, which he left to its fate. Burnside immediately ferried his army across and took possession of the place.

For the next three months and more, New Berne became his headquarters and the centre of expeditions to different towns along the coast. Fort Macon was attacked and captured by General Parke on the 26th of April. For all these services the administration at Washington was profusely grateful. Burnside received the thanks of the President and Secretary of War, and was promoted to the rank of major-general, his commission dating March 18th. His brigade commanders, Foster, Reno and Parke, were also promoted to the same rank, dating April 26th. Colonel Rodman, of our own state, who had highly distinguished himself at the battle of New Berne, in command of the Fourth Rhode Island, was made a brigadier-general, dating from April 28th. The naval officers, Golds-

borough and Rowan, received the thanks of congress and a deserved promotion.

These operations on the North Carolina coast would have had an appropriate ending in the fall of Wilmington. But it was not permitted to Burnside to add this to his list of captures. His instructions did not contemplate a movement to that point. Why it was not ordered has never been explained. At the time, the place was not formidably defended, and it could have been captured with a slight increase of the force at Burnside's command. It proved to be during most of the war a harbor of refuge for the vessels that ran the blockade and furnished supplies to the rebel camps. But by some power Burnside was stopped at New Berne, and the three following months were a period of comparative inaction. But enough had been done to show the quality of his generalship and to attract the attention of his countrymen. The expedition to North Carolina, the manner in which it had been conducted, and the successes which had attended it, had secured his lasting fame. It is no matter of surprise that he should then have been looked upon as

one of our most active, trustworthy and patriotic generals. The opening of his career had in it the promise of a brilliant progress.

The presence of Burnside in North Carolina was unquestionably a help to McClellan in his operations on the Peninsula. The Army of the Potomac wound its slow length along through the spring and early summer, laid siege to Richmond, and was finally, during the last days of June and the first of July, forced from its position and obliged to change its base from the Chickahominy to the James, with headquarters at Harrison's Landing. General Burnside was ordered to reinforce McClellan without delay. On the 5th of July, 8,000 men were despatched from New Berne, and on the 8th were landed at Newport News. A short time afterwards, about 4,000 more from Hilton Head, under command of General Isaac I. Stevens, were added to the force. General Foster was left in command in North Carolina with a force sufficient to hold the places already occupied. Burnside retained a nominal authority there as commander of the department, but on the 26th of August he relinquished this, and all connection with the scene of his earliest successes was thus severed.

Burnside was now at Newport News with a command numbering about 12,000 men. His next step was to organize this force into the Ninth Army Corps. Obtaining authority for this purpose on the 18th of July, he issued his orders on the 22d, appointing his staff and organizing his corps—forming three divisions under command of Generals Parke, Reno and Stevens. It had been determined by the authorities at Washington to evacuate the Peninsula. Burnside was offered but declined the command of the Army of the Potomac. He could not supersede his old comrade and friend, but he could give him an efficient support. The Ninth Corps was moved to Fredericksburg by way of Aquia Creek, on the 2d and 3d of August. General Reno, with the greater part of the command, was immediately sent up the Rappahannock to aid General Pope, now sorely beset by the enemy on the north bank of the Rapidan, in the neighborhood of Warrenton, and around Manassas Junction. Burnside, after returning to the Peninsula to aid McClellan in his movement, was stationed at Fredericksburg, with a brigade or two under General Rodman. The remainder of the

Army of the Potomac was moved from its positions on the Peninsula to Alexandria, from the 16th to the 28th of August. The enemy, now under command of General Lee, after forcing Pope back upon Washington, with sanguinary fighting around Manassas, at Bull Run and Chantilly—where the brave General Stevens lost his life—made for the upper waters of the Potomac, and crossed into Maryland in the early days of September. Meanwhile, McClellan concentrated his forces around Washington. Burnside was withdrawn from Fredericksburg, was again offered and again declined the command of the Army of the Potomac. That army was now organized in six corps, of which the First and Ninth formed the right wing, under Burnside, who was thus given the advance. He marched upon Frederick, entering the town on the 12th of September—the rear-guard of the enemy leaving the town as our advance marched in—the two bodies having a smart skirmish in the streets. Burnside was received with joyful acclamations and a warm and demonstrative enthusiasm. The Ninth Corps had now four divisions, under Generals Willcox, who had succeeded Stevens, Stur-

gis, who had succeeded to Reno's division when that gallant officer took command of the corps, Rodman, who had taken Parke's division, as Parke himself had been made chief of Burnside's staff, and Cox, who had brought to the corps the "Kanawha Division" of Pope's army—in which Rutherford B. Hayes was lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio.

The enemy, on his retreat, made a stand at Turner's Gap, in the South mountain, and here, in the forenoon of the 14th of September, Cox's and Willcox's divisions came in contact with the rebel troops strongly posted. General Hooker, with the First Corps, arrived about noon and was sent up to attack the enemy's left. General Reno, with the remainder of the Ninth, pushed rapidly through the Gap. In the latter part of the day General McClellan arrived upon the scene, and Burnside's command, advancing on all points, cleared the mountain passes of every obstruction. It was a well-fought battle, under Burnside's eye and immediate direction, and he certainly deserves the credit of having efficiently and successfully carried the mountain passes. McClellan approved his plans and the man-

ner of their execution, and confirmed the order already given for Reno's final advance. In the last hour of the day, Reno was shot dead. He was one of the most gallant and skillful officers in our army, and his death is mourned to this day as one of the severest losses of the war.

On the 17th was fought the battle of Antietam. The Ninth Corps in advance—General Cox succeeding to the command—pushed on towards Sharpsburg, and now formed the left wing of the Army of the Potomac. Hooker, with the First Corps, was now posted on the right, and came under the command of General Sumner, who had direction of that part of the army. He was moved across Antietam Creek on the evening of the 16th and opened the battle early in the morning of the following day. McClellan states that his plan was "to attack the enemy's left, and as soon as matters looked favorably there, to move the corps of General Burnside against the enemy's extreme right, upon the ridge running to the south and rear of Sharpsburg." In front of Burnside's position and between him and the objective point of his attack, was a stone bridge with low

parapets, which it was necessary to carry in order to cross his command. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, Burnside received orders to attack. The troops were immediately put in motion and the attack was made. Twice were the regiments selected for the task driven back. The third attempt was successful, and by one o'clock in the afternoon the bridge was carried, and three divisions were promptly thrown across—Rodman, meanwhile, crossing his division at a ford below. The corps gallantly ascended and occupied the ridge, and, pressing forward, advanced to the outskirts of the town of Sharpsburg. The success of this movement depended somewhat upon the favorable result of the attack delivered from the right of our line. But that attack had been very strongly met, and at three o'clock in the afternoon had almost entirely ceased. The left wing, which had really occupied the most advanced position of the day, was now pressed backward, and, retiring to the ridge on the other side of the creek, held it firmly and could not be dislodged. The night shut down upon a bloody battle-field. The losses on both sides were large. In Burnside's

command, General Rodman, of our own state, fell, mortally wounded, while gallantly leading his division in the final struggle of the day, beyond the bridge. Twelve days of pain and suffering, followed, and on the 30th of September he died, leaving the memory of a brave, faithful and Christian man to be long and faithfully cherished by all who knew his worth.

The result of the battle of Antietam, although not a decisive victory, was yet of such a nature as to compel General Lee to withdraw his army across the Potomac. Burnside wished to renew the battle on the morning of the 18th, but McClellan was not prepared to do so until the morning of the 19th, when it was discovered that there was no enemy in front, except about two thousand wounded men who could not be moved, and as many more unburied dead. General Lee had returned to Virginia. For the next few weeks the two armies lay inactive on opposite sides of the Potomac. McClellan was desirous of wintering in the neighborhood for the purpose of re-fitting and re-organizing his command. The President was desirous of striking

another blow upon the enemy before the winter set in. Early in October he ordered McClellan to take his army across the Potomac. But it was not till the 1st of November that the entire command was finally transferred to Virginia. It then advanced with celerity—General Lee retiring up the valley of the Shenandoah, our own army making its way along upon the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. On the 7th of November headquarters were at Warrenton, and there, on the evening of that day, a special messenger arrived from Washington, bearing an order from the War Department, relieving General McClellan and appointing General Burnside to the command of the Army of the Potomac. The order was dated on the 5th, and on the 9th, after much serious and even prayerful thought, Burnside assumed command. "With diffidence for myself," were the closing words of the general order, "but with a proud confidence in the unswerving loyalty and determination of the gallant army now entrusted to my care, I accept its control with the steadfast assurance that the just cause will prevail."

The honor to which Burnside had now been raised

was considered, next to the command-in-chief, the highest in the army. When it was a matter which allowed of discussion, he had declined it, for he felt that his friend, McClellan, should be allowed an opportunity to retrieve the losses which had been suffered in the Peninsular campaign. Doubtless had Burnside been summoned to Washington for consultation, he would still have pleaded that McClellan should be retained in command—at least, till after the battle for which McClellan says in his report he was preparing, and which could hardly be long delayed. But the order was now peremptory, and could not be avoided. There was nothing left for Burnside but to obey. He appreciated the confidence which the government reposed in him, and he understood the greatness of the honor. But he also felt the weight of the responsibility which had now come upon him. The sense of personal obligation in all matters of public duty was at all times very strong with him—never more so than now. It was a large command—in a letter to me at the time, he called it “enormous.” He knew that many of the general officers were strongly attached to McClellan.

It was natural, too, that with all the personal good will which Burnside attracted to himself, there should still be a feeling, that a stranger, so to speak, had come to take the command, passing over those who were more closely identified with the Army of the Potomac and its career. There was also a modest appreciation of his own ability. But to decline the position thus accorded to him, and almost forced upon him, would be an indication of a lack of interest in the cause, and might even be interpreted as a disinclination for the service, which Burnside did not and could not feel. Conscious of all the difficulties of the situation, he accepted it with an entire and patriotic devotion to the public good.

The army was concentrated and halted for a few days around Warrenton. It was in a measure re-organized in three grand divisions—of two corps each—respectively under Generals Sumner, Hooker and Franklin. It numbered at the time, in the immediate front, 127,574. Besides these, about 100,000 men were distributed around Washington and along the upper Potomac. The entire force was under Burnside's command, but the new organization in

grand divisions applied only to that part of it which was in face of the enemy. With this force, Burnside prepared for active and aggressive movements. His plan was to march upon Fredericksburg by way of Falmouth, crossing the Rappahannock at the latter place, occupying the town and the hills beyond. Communication with Washington was to be had by way of Aquia Creek and the Potomac river. This was the first step. The objective point was Richmond itself. With plenty of supplies at Fredericksburg, "wagon trains can be organized," says the general in his written plan, "and filled with at least twelve days' provisions, when a rapid movement can be made upon Richmond, direct, by way of such roads as are open to us." As the bridges across the Rappahannock had been destroyed, pontoons would be required to cross the army. It would also be necessary to provide a vast amount of supplies—forage, horses, mules, beef-cattle and subsistence—and these should be ready at Fredericksburg, upon the arrival of the army at that place, or soon afterwards. The plan, after considerable discussion between Burnside and the authorities at Washington, was ac-

cepted. There seems, however, to have been some misunderstanding of the details by General Halleck, who, at that time, held the position of general-in-chief. The contemplated movement was evidently not so clear to him, as it was to the general who conceived it and was now prepared to put it into execution.

Burnside, believing that his plan was as fully understood by the President and General Halleck as it was by himself, set his army in motion. The advance started on the 15th of November and arrived at Falmouth on the 17th. Headquarters started on the 16th and arrived on the 19th. No ponton train had reached the Rappahannock, and there was no intelligence of any. The abundant supplies that had been asked for were not forthcoming. Rain began to fall. The river was rising. The fords above Falmouth were impracticable. There were no means of crossing the army, and the commanding general, chagrined and disappointed, found that his plans were frustrated at the very first stage. General Lee, finding that our army had left Warrenton, made a rapid march across the country and down the

south bank of the Rappahannock, and on the 22d of November, his troops deployed along the hills in the rear of Fredericksburg. The road to Richmond was effectually blocked. Three days afterwards, on the 25th of November, late in the afternoon, the ponton train, having suffered various misfortunes by land and sea, arrived near the general headquarters. General Daniel P. Woodbury, who had charge of the matter, had requested General Halleck to delay the movement of the army for a few days that he might make the connection sure. But that officer declined to hold the army back, and it accordingly moved, as I have stated, only to find itself stopped at Falmouth, with no further means of progress at its disposal.

What should be done next? was the question at headquarters. After the cold and snowy weather in November the temperature became more favorable for military movements, and it hardly seemed advisable to put the army into winter quarters. The pontoons were in camp and supplies had become abundant. General Burnside was unwilling to sit down quietly under the first failure. He wished to

make another attempt to move his army towards Richmond. The chief obstacle in the way was the army of General Lee, strongly posted and fortified on the hills above Fredericksburg—a few regiments holding the town itself. After careful deliberation, Burnside decided to cross the Rappahannock and make an attack upon Lee's position. Lee himself seemed to have no inclination to take the offensive. His army was well established, and communication with Richmond was easy. He quietly awaited the attack. On the 10th of December, Burnside concentrated his army—in available force about 100,000 men—along the river front. On the 11th, under cover of a heavy bombardment, six bridges were laid—not without opposition from the enemy's troops in the town—and one division and two brigades were sent across to hold the town and the bridge-heads. On one of the lower bridges the Second Rhode Island crossed, leading the column. On the 12th, the remainder of the army—with the exception of General Hooker's grand division, held in reserve—was sent across. The battle was to be fought on the next day. The general plan was to make a vigorous attack with

our left upon Lee's right, about a mile below the town, seize the road in the rear of the hills, if possible, and compel the enemy to move out of the earth-works on the crest of the ridge by taking them in flank and reverse. If this movement should prove successful the right and centre were to move directly upon the heights and force the enemy into retreat. The plan of battle seemed both feasible and hopeful. Its success depended upon the celerity and vigor with which the opening attack was delivered, and the promptness and force with which it should be supported. By twelve o'clock, meridian, all the necessary dispositions were made by General Franklin, who held command upon the left, and the attack was made by General Meade's division, supported by General Gibbon's. It was gallantly, and for a moment successfully, delivered. The troops charged the enemy's position with great vigor, pierced the first, and very nearly reached the second line, breaking in pieces successively three brigades. General Gibbon's division hurried up in support. But now Jackson's corps of the enemy's army appeared upon the scene and our men were forced back. Re-

inforcements were sadly needed, but reinforcements did not come. General Franklin had about 47,000 men—to speak correctly, 46,892—with 116 pieces of artillery, under his command. He sent Meade with 5,000 men to attack, and Gibbon with about as many more, to support. On the call for reinforcements, a brigade under General Ward was pushed forward. But it could do no more than help extricate the troops in front from their perilous position. At half-past one o'clock Burnside sent a written order to Franklin to advance with all his available force and carry the enemy's position in his front. The order was not obeyed, because, as Franklin says, "darkness would have overtaken us before we could reach the enemy." He even called the order, if he is correctly reported, "the last resource of all weak generals: an attack along the whole line." The movement from our left thus became a decided failure.

The attack made by the centre and right of our line, notwithstanding the discouraging result of the attack of the left wing, was well and bravely delivered. The ground was a somewhat broken plain and

was swept by the enemy's fire. As the success of this movement depended to a considerable degree upon the favorable issue of the attack made from our left, there was little hope of victory when that attack failed. But the men behaved with the utmost gallantry. They made most daring but inefficient charges upon the enemy's works, returning again and again to the attack. Through the short winter afternoon—long enough, indeed, to those who were engaged—the slope in rear of the town was a sheet of fire and a scene of carnage. It was like marching up the glacis of a fortress. The earth-works on the crest, the stone wall at "Marye's," thundered with artillery and blazed with musketry. The Army of the Potomac—gallant, long-enduring and persistent—was held at bay till the sun went down and darkness shut out the fearful view. The battle closed with the disastrous defeat of our forces all along the line. Sumner and Hooker had done everything that man could do to retrieve the failure of our left, but that failure was decisive.

Yet our troops held their positions, and Burnside wished to renew the battle on the next day. He

would even have put himself at the head of the Ninth Corps and stormed the heights in person. The column was formed and ready. But the three grand division commanders dissuaded him from the attempt, and he finally—though with reluctance—gave it up. During the 14th and 15th our forces held the town, the wounded were sent to the rear, and a part of the dead were buried. On the night of the 16th, favored by storm and darkness, the army was silently withdrawn across the river without molestation, and the bridges were taken up. A month more of pleasant weather passed, and Burnside, by no means discouraged by his failure, prepared once more to try his strength with the foe. The fords above Falmouth were carefully examined, with a view to crossing the Rappabannock and giving battle to Lee upon his left flank. Meanwhile, Burnside visited Washington and had a long, free and frank conference with the President, the Secretary of War and the General-in-chief, in which the whole situation was fully discussed. He offered to resign, but Mr. Lincoln would not listen to such a proposal, and he returned to headquarters completely assured of the

confidence of the administration. Preparations were made for an immediate movement, in accordance with advice both verbal and in writing from General Halleck, and with his own disposition to actively engage the enemy. It was decided to cross the Rappahannock at Banks's Ford and United States Ford, with a view of turning Lee's left flank and obliging him to fight us in open field. The army moved out of its encampments on the 20th of January, 1863, reached the neighborhood of Banks's Ford—where the main body was to cross—about nightfall, and prepared to make the passage on the following morning. But soon after dark a furious storm burst upon the soldiers in bivouac. The rain fell in torrents, and soon reduced the roads to a mass of mud and mire. It was impossible to advance, and the movement, thus stopped by the elements, was given up. The army returned to camp as best it could, and immediately went into winter quarters. On the 25th of January, Burnside was relieved of the command and was succeeded by General Hooker, to whom he transferred it on the 26th. He immediately returned to his home in Providence, where he quietly remained till the middle of March.

None of General Burnside's friends would wish to disguise the fact that his command of the Army of the Potomac was a failure in execution, if not in administration. He did not himself desire to disguise it. His plans were good. They were substantially the same which Grant followed in his Virginia campaign of 1864. The main difference was that Grant's lines of march were more in the interior than those which Burnside proposed. The objective point was the same. Burnside designed to march by way of Bowling Green, which would bring him nearer the coast of Chesapeake Bay. He hoped to take his supplies with him, or to be supplied from Port Royal and other accessible points until he reached the James, when he could hold his communications with Washington directly by water. Had the pontons been ready at Falmouth, had his supplies been sent there to meet him on his arrival, had he been able to cross the Rappahannock, as he intended, and seize the hills in the rear of Fredericksburg, in all human probability his movement would have been successful. All the grand division commanders have expressed the opinion that he would have succeeded

had not this failure occurred at the very beginning. There was a great lack of energy somewhere in sending forward from Washington the bridge material. When the ponton-train was fairly in motion by land, it suffered many mishaps. The boats that were sent by water had no wagons. A series of accidents and delays occurred, and the army was fairly stranded on the north bank of the Rappahannock.

After the first failure many of the subordinate generals seemed to lose heart in the enterprise. The winter was coming on and they did not wish to move till spring. They hesitated about attacking Lee in his strong position. There were discussions and bickerings among different portions of the command which impaired the efficiency and seriously lowered the tone and *morale* of the army. There was a want of co-operation with the chief on the part of those who should have been most zealous and helpful. On the day of battle all these various influences were felt. It is not too much to say that General Franklin did not clearly understand what was expected of him, nor was he cordially or earnestly disposed to carry out the aggressive movement assigned to his

direction. He had a grand opportunity, but he had neither the heart nor the mind to improve it. The man who could publicly call his commanding officer "a weak general," could not be expected to give him a hearty obedience, or a warm support. The well-planned enterprise failed. That it would have succeeded in more favorable circumstances and under the influence of a stronger will, the campaign of 1864 afterwards proved.

There is other evidence, indeed, which comes from one of the chief actors in the scene, and which carries the weight of deliberate utterance and the assurance of the highest soldierly qualities of character. General Meade himself, in his evidence before the committee on the conduct of the war, expressed the opinion that a victory would have been gained had he been properly supported. In an address which he made a few months after the battle, he said in the course of his remarks: "I speak of Fredericksburg, where the Pennsylvania Reserve Corps crossed and led the advance, unaided and alone, up the heights, and held their position for half an hour, while the others crossed. Had they been followed and sup-

ported by other troops, their courage that day would have won a victory." That the enemy's line was pierced, was very rudely shaken, and on the point of being broken altogether, becomes clear from the accounts which have been published on the other side. The attack of General Meade was severe enough to call for the presence and the utmost exertion of Lee's best general, Stonewall Jackson, to repel it. His enthusiastic biographer says that he seemed possessed by the "genius of battle" in that hour of danger, "and his countenance glowed as from the glare of a great conflagration." Other evidence of a similar character, and to the same purport, abounds. It comes from both sides, and there can be but little doubt, that had adequate support been promptly sent forward from our left wing, the fortunes of the day would have been different. A great victory was within our grasp.

But whatever may have been the cause of the failure, Burnside was not the man to shrink from taking upon himself the responsibility of it. He sought no shelter. His magnanimity shone out more conspicuously than ever. "For the failure I am re-

sponsible," he says. When relieved, he said to the President: "Neither you nor General Hooker will be a happier man than myself, if he shall gain a victory on the Rappahannock." "Give your full and cordial support and co-operation to the brave and skillful general who is to command you," he said to the army as he transferred his command. Nothing could be more generous, and nothing could be more characteristic. Nor were these words the formal expression which the occasion seemed to demand. I happened to be at headquarters during the time when his mind was mostly exercised in regard to the many trying matters connected with his failure. I had with him the very freest and fullest conversation. He would call me up in the morning, an hour or two before the camp was astir, and we would pace up and down the lines of tents, earnestly and frankly discussing the situation of affairs. While he was entirely outspoken, he was always generous and kind in the expression of his opinions of the officers of the army. I cannot recall a single word of unjust disparagement of the soldierly qualities even of those who were known to be lukewarm in their sup-

port or lacking in their confidence in his judgment. I am sure that what he said in public was the expression of the genuine feeling of his heart. In the full light which beat upon him he was the same man as in the unreserved intercourse of private friendship. For he had nothing to conceal. He had no private enmities to cherish, as he had no private wrongs to redress. The enemy on the other side of the Rappahannock was the enemy of his country and not of himself. It happened while I was at Falmouth that some scouting party brought in among other things an intercepted letter addressed to Stonewall Jackson, from his wife or some friend of the family, announcing the birth of a child. It was promptly forwarded to its destination under a flag of truce, and its receipt was kindly and courteously acknowledged.

Moreover, I am well assured that there were not then, or afterwards, any feelings of personal injury towards those officers who had the most to do with thwarting his plans. He had contemplated a movement across the Rappahannock at a point about six or seven miles below Fredericksburg, to divert the

enemy's attention while General Averill with the cavalry was to make a raid upon the enemy's rear by way of the upper fords. This was in the last days of December, 1862. One or two officers, obtaining leave of absence, went directly to Washington, and, in an interview with the President, persuaded him that such a movement would be disastrous. The President was induced at once to telegraph an order that no movement be made without letting him know. The cavalry force had already started, and of course had to be recalled. Burnside was grievously disappointed, and immediately went to Washington (as I have said) to consult with the President and the Secretary of War. He then ascertained by what means his contemplated movement had been frustrated. It was a time when, if ever, a man would be justified in using the language of strong invective against those who had thus abused his confidence. But Burnside had an admirable self-control; and, though grieved and indignant, that he was hindered and balked in this unworthy way, it was yet more on account of the injury that was done to the cause than of the indignity that was put upon

himself. I speak on this matter from personal knowledge, for I was with him at the time he went to Washington. He made a warm protest to the President against such practices, for he was strongly convinced that they were vastly prejudicial to the interests of the service. They were proofs of insubordination. But, what was worse in his eyes, they were unpatriotic and disloyal. His personal grievances were lost sight of in the greater injury that threatened the Republic if such acts were allowed to go unnoticed and unpunished. It was in this spirit that "order No. 8"—dismissing some officers from the service and relieving others from command in the Army of the Potomac—was written, but not issued. It may be accepted as the declaration more of a public principle than a personal intent. For what I would wish to emphasize is, that the keenest feeling that General Burnside had in the matter, was not personal. If ever there was a man or a public officer that was able to sink his private feeling in his service of the country's interest and welfare, Burnside was that man. It was an admirable and a very conspicuous feature in his character,

and it has been illustrated in so many ways and on so many fields, as to be stated here without a question or a doubt!

It is a grateful task to turn from discussions of this kind to scenes of more brilliant and successful adventure. General Burnside was assigned to the command of the Department of the Ohio on the 16th of March, 1863. He arrived at Cincinnati, the headquarters of the department, on the 23d, and assumed command on the 25th. He held the position until the 11th of December. Two divisions of the Ninth Corps were sent to him in April, and he thus had the pleasure of welcoming to his command his former companions in arms. The three important events of General Burnside's administration of the Department of the Ohio, were the arrest, trial and conviction of Clement L. Vallandigham for disloyalty to the government, the entire suppression of John Morgan's raid and the extinction of his force of partizans, and the deliverance of East Tennessee from the rule of the Southern Confederacy. An episode of the operations of this period was the participation of the Ninth Corps, under General Parke, in the capture of Vicksburg by General Grant.

The arrest of Vallandigham was one of those acts which a bold and loyal man is sometimes obliged to perform at the risk of transgressing the bounds of ordinary obedience to the strict letter of the law. There is no question that the speeches made before the arrest were calculated to weaken the power of the government, and were extremely disloyal, if not absolutely treasonable. In an address about the 1st of May, Mr. Vallandigham was unusually violent and vituperative. The President, the army, General Burnside and the general orders issued for maintaining the peace of the department, were the subjects of especial invective. The speaker was arrested on the night of the 4th and immediately taken to Cincinnati. He was at once tried by a military commission and sentenced to "confinement in some fortress of the United States * * * during the continuance of the war." The sentence was approved by Burnside, and Vallandigham was ordered to be confined in Fort Warren. Meanwhile, application was made for a writ of *habeas corpus* in the United States Circuit Court, for the Southern District of Ohio. Learned counsel on both sides pre-

sented the case before Judge Leavitt—a magistrate of thirty years' standing. After patient hearing, the writ was refused. The President, however, with characteristic sagacity, commuted the sentence to one of banishment from loyal territory, and ordered Mr. Vallandigham to be sent beyond the lines of our armies, through General Rosecrans, then commanding at the front. The order was promptly obeyed. Mr. Lincoln rightly judged, that to the Confederacy the disloyal orator would be an unwelcome guest. He was coldly received, and he afterwards transferred himself to Canada, where he found an asylum till the last days of the war, when he was permitted to return home.

That which is interesting to us in this transaction, is the spirit in which Burnside carried it through to its end. He declared that he considered it his duty to "stop license and intemperate discussion, which tends to weaken the authority of the government and the army." Speakers who attempted to inflame the passions of the populace by their disloyal utterances would be met by the strong hand of military power. "They must not use license," said Burnside, "and

plead that they are exercising liberty. In this Department it cannot be done. I shall use all the power I have to break down such license, and I am sure I will be sustained by all honest men. At all events, I will have the consciousness, before God, of having done my duty to my country; and when I am swerved from the performance of that duty by any pressure, public or private, or by any prejudice, I will no longer be a man or a patriot." There is no doubt, that the prompt and decisive action which was taken in this case, had a very tranquillizing effect throughout the Northwest. There had previously been many violent harangues, which, in the leniency of the government, had been overlooked. After the arrest of Vallandigham, these harangues practically ceased. It was found that the commander of the Department of the Ohio would not tolerate any such doings within the bounds of his jurisdiction. There were to be no enemies in the rear. Disloyalists at the North were to go to their own place. Even there—within the lines of the Southern army—they would not be cordially received. Men whose business was mainly to talk treason had no real standing

anywhere. Those who were engaged in a life and death struggle with the government did not wish for recruits whose chief weapon was their tongue. But such men did not care to fight, and so they sought safety in silence. The arrest of Vallandigham extinguished the entire brood.

General John H. Morgan was an intrepid and active partizan, and during the month of July he made a raid through the southern counties of Indiana and Ohio, which at one time threatened very serious results. Morgan, with a force of two or three thousand mounted men and four pieces of artillery, broke through our lines in Kentucky on the 2d of July. Pushing forward, not without opposition, he reached the Ohio river at Brandenburgh on the 8th, and capturing two steamers, he ferried his command across, and, having placed his men and animals safely on the Indiana side, burnt his transports. For a time, it seemed as though he was about to do a vast deal of mischief. But Burnside had already organized pursuing forces which followed closely upon his heels, patrolled the river with armed boats, employed the militia that were available, arranged a system of de-

fence for the towns most seriously threatened, and, in fine, effectually hemmed in the daring raider. Morgan attempted to make his escape across the Ohio at different points, but was effectually baffled everywhere. He was hotly pursued through the lower range of counties, his rear, under Basil Duke, his second in command, was overtaken and captured on the 19th, another part of the band was taken on the 20th, and on the 27th, Morgan himself and the rest of the command were compelled to surrender. No similar enterprise on either side, during the war, came to such an inglorious end.

When the Department of the Ohio was organized, it comprised the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan, with Eastern Kentucky and prospectively East Tennessee. The last named portion of the Department was still in the hands of the rebels. Burnside directed his attention to the relief and occupation of East Tennessee immediately upon taking command. In making a movement in this direction, two objects were held in view—to protect the left flank of General Rosecrans, who was operating in West Tennessee, and to deliver a loyal population

from a rule which had become both oppressive and hateful. Regarding this as of chief importance in the administration of his department, Burnside received authority to organize the Twenty-third Corps, which he hoped to lead, with the two divisions of the Ninth Corps, over the mountains. His plans were formed, and, with the advice and co-operation of Generals Thomas and Rosecrans, preparations were early made to begin the movement. By the 2d of June, everything was ready, and headquarters were transferred from Cincinnati to Lexington. But on the 3d, orders came from Washington to send the Ninth to the re-inforcement of General Grant, who was then operating against Vicksburg. On the 4th, the Ninth, under General Parke, was started. It did excellent service in Mississippi, and received the thanks of General Grant. But its departure postponed the movement into East Tennessee, for a season. After the suppression of Morgan and his band, the project was taken up anew, and, at last, on the 16th of August, Burnside moved out from Lexington. The Ninth Corps had not yet returned to Kentucky, and the movement was made by the Twenty-

third, re-inforced by new levies from different portions of the Department. The design was to cross the Cumberland mountains by unfrequented roads and passes, which, owing to their difficulty, had been left unguarded by the enemy. Cutting loose from his communications, Burnside left Crab Orchard on the 21st of August, and on the 30th, arrived at Montgomery. The next two days were occupied in crossing the last ridge, and on the 1st of September the command marched into Kingston and proceeded at once to Knoxville, arriving there on the 3d. The army was divided into five columns, that were united at Montgomery, except the cavalry, which passed through Wheeler's Gap and occupied Knoxville on the 1st of September. The movement was an entire success. The enemy's general, Buckner, was completely surprised, but succeeded in getting off with most of his force, retreating southward in considerable haste, leaving behind a large amount of military stores and public property. Twenty-five hundred of the enemy, with eleven pieces of artillery, were left at Cumberland Gap without orders, and on the 9th of September, fell into Burnside's hands as prisoners of war.

This march over the Cumberland mountains takes rank among the most brilliant achievements of the war. It was the first time in the course of the struggle that an Union army had moved independently of its line of communication. Cavalry raids had been conducted on both sides with differing results. But this was an important movement of 18,000 men, not for inflicting a temporary injury, but for permanent occupation. It was effected with as much celerity as the nature of the ways and mountain paths would permit. The wagon trains were obliged to make a considerable detour to find suitable roads, while the troops on foot and horseback, clambered over the heights and through the gaps. Many of the horses and mules were broken down by the severity of the march, and the men were obliged to take to the drag-ropes to haul the artillery over the obstructions in the way. But every difficulty was cheerfully surmounted, the army descended into the valley and East Tennessee was conquered without a battle. Apart from the difficulties, the march was very picturesque. Officers and men recall with pleasure the scenes of beauty and grandeur which every mile

of progress disclosed. Their letters are very graphic and even enthusiastic in description of the country through which they passed.

But that which excited the most grateful feeling, was the very warm and cordial reception with which the troops were met. There were no more loyal people in the North than the people of East Tennessee. They felt that the coming of an Union army was indeed a deliverance. They welcomed Burnside with most joyful acclamations. There was a considerable number of East Tennessee soldiers in his army, and the scenes at their meeting with kinsmen, friends and neighbors, are spoken of as most affecting. The old flag, which had been hidden away, and in some instances, buried in the ground, was brought forth and floated from every staff. Knoxville was radiant with the stars and stripes. It was an hour of genuine triumph; and the satisfaction of having achieved this brilliant and in every way gratifying success, went far to compensate for the disappointment and gloom of the defeat at Fredericksburg. The real importance of the movement was also seen in the occupation of the railroad, which

was the connecting line of communication between the advanced armies of the enemy, east and west. Burnside received the thanks of the President for his great success.

During the next six weeks the valley of the Holston was occupied and the railroad destroyed as far eastward as the Virginia line. Early in October the Ninth Corps joined the little army and swelled its proportions to about 25,000 men. Before its arrival, the rebel General Bragg, re-inforced by Longstreet's corps from Lee's army in Virginia, defeated Rosecrans at Chickamauga and pushed him back to Chattanooga. Emboldened by this success, the government at Richmond determined to make a bold effort to recover East Tennessee, and sent Longstreet against Burnside. Meanwhile, General Grant had been placed in command of the military division of the Mississippi, and, relieving Rosecrans by Thomas, appointed Sherman to the command of the Department of the Tennessee, retaining Burnside in command at Knoxville. Longstreet first came in contact with our troops on the 14th of November, near Loudon, where a smart action took place with a fa-

avorable result for our side. Burnside, however, in order to relieve Grant altogether from Longstreet's presence on his left flank, decided to withdraw to Knoxville. On the way, a severe engagement occurred on the 16th of November at Campbell's Station, in which the enemy was decidedly worsted. On the next day the march was resumed toward Knoxville, Longstreet following; and on the 18th there was another action near the town, which resulted in an advantage for our forces, under the immediate command of General Sanders—a very brilliant and promising officer—who was mortally wounded. The effect of these movements was to compel Longstreet to undertake the siege of Knoxville. The town itself was well fortified, and could only be carried by regular approaches. Longstreet sat down before it and began to lay his parallels, hoping to reduce the place by starvation. But on the 23d, 24th and 25th of November, the battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge were fought, and Longstreet found it necessary to make an assault. The attack was delivered against Fort Sanders on the 29th of November, and was a complete and dis-

astrous failure. A day or two after this, Sherman was sent up the Tennessee river, and on the 5th of December, Longstreet raised the siege of Knoxville and retreated up the valley of the Holston, taking post near the Virginia line, but refraining from all offensive operations. The biographer of General Lee calls Longstreet's expedition to Knoxville an "unfortunate" one, and says that he was sent upon it by the folly of "President" Davis.

The successful defence of Knoxville brought the campaign in East Tennessee to an end. Burnside was relieved of the command of the Department of the Ohio by General Foster, on the 11th of December, and leaving Knoxville on the 14th, arrived at his home in Providence on the 23d. He had done an excellent and a very important work, and received therefor the thanks of Congress in a resolution approved by the President on the 28th of January, 1864. The occupation of East Tennessee was an effectual protection to the left flank of the army operating towards Atlanta. The deliverance of the people from the rule of the rebel government was a signal benefit for which they could not be too grate-

ful, and no name is dearer to them now than Burnside's. The success of the whole movement, from beginning to end, reflecting the highest honor upon the gallant leader, was yet modestly disclaimed by him, with characteristic generosity, in favor of "the under officers and the men in the ranks." Those officers and men, speaking through Major Burrage, of the Thirty-sixth Massachusetts, declare that they will ever be proud to say: "We fought with Burnside at Campbell's Station and in the trenches at Knoxville."

It was while Burnside was at Knoxville that he conceived and submitted to the authorities at Washington a plan for a march to the sea. He stated it in brief as follows: "To move on the south side of the Tennessee, through Athens, Columbus and Benton, past the right flank of the enemy, sending a body of cavalry along the railroad, or on its west side, to threaten the enemy's flank and cover the movement of the main body, which, consisting of 7,000 infantry and 5,000 cavalry, will move rapidly down the line of the East Tennessee and Georgia railroad to Dalton, destroying the enemy's commu-

nications, sending a cavalry force to Rome to destroy the machine works and powder mills at that place; the main body moving rapidly on the direct road to Atlanta, the railroad centre, and there entirely destroying the enemy's communications, breaking up the depots, etc.; thence moving to some point on the coast, where cover can be obtained, as shall be agreed upon. It is proposed to take no trains, but to live upon the country and the supplies at the enemy's depots, destroying such as we do not use. If followed by the enemy, as we undoubtedly shall be, Rosecrans will be relieved and enabled to advance, and from the celerity of our movement and the destruction of bridges, etc., in our rear, the chances of escaping material injury from pursuit, are in our favor. Our chief loss would probably be from stragglers." This despatch to General Halleck was dated September 30, 1863. On the 2d of October, the reply came: "Distant expeditions into Georgia are not now contemplated." A year later than this, namely, on the 21st of September, 1864, General Sherman had the plan, as he says, "in his mind's eye." On the 26th of September he became "more posi-

tive in his conviction, but was in doubt as to time and manner." In the course of a day or two he was "perfectly convinced." On the 29th, he telegraphed Halleck that he preferred "to make the movement on Milledgeville, Millen and Savannah." On the 1st of October, he asked General Grant for permission to destroy Atlanta and march across Georgia to Savannah or Charleston. On the 2d of November, Grant telegraphed to him to "go on as he proposed;" and on the 16th of November, Sherman finally started from Atlanta on his memorable march to the sea. In my history of the Ninth Corps, I state that before General Grant came east to make his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac in the spring of 1864, he had already projected this movement in his mind. General Badeau, in his book on Grant's campaigns, makes the same statement. On the 13th of January, 1864, Grant wrote to Halleck: "I look upon the next line for me to secure to be that from Chattanooga to Mobile—Montgomery and Atlanta being intermediate points." Had Burnside been allowed to elaborate his plan in detail, it would have been found to contain in it the

substance, at least, of that of Grant and Sherman. I do not put him in the rank of either of those two great commanders. He would not put himself there. I simply state the facts in the case to show that Burnside's suggestion of the movement antedates the other plans—one by nearly four months, the other by a year.

For some reason which I have not been able to ascertain, General Halleck conceived a strong feeling of distrust toward Burnside. He even thought that Burnside contemplated retreating from East Tennessee, or surrendering his army when Longstreet came against him. In this he was entirely mistaken. Throughout the whole of the anxious period after the battle of Chickamauga, Burnside never lost heart or courage. He believed that he could hold out until relief should come. He believed that he was helping Grant by drawing Longstreet to Knoxville and occupying him there. The event justified his opinion. Bragg was greatly weakened and Grant was able to gain a decisive victory. The whole movement was a complete success, and while it was in progress, Burnside had the satisfaction of receiv-

ing from Grant, November 17th, a despatch containing the following words: "You are doing exactly what appears to be right." I think that with such positive and unimpeachable testimony as that, we can safely leave the record of Burnside's operations in East Tennessee.

We come now to the last year of the great rebellion. Burnside was again assigned to duty as commander of the Ninth Corps, on the 7th of January, 1864. His especial task was to re-organize and recruit the corps to the number of 50,000 men, if that were possible. He was to have three white divisions, and, at his own request, a division of colored troops was added. He submitted a plan on the 26th of January for a coast-wise expedition to North Carolina, to complete the work which he had so well begun in 1862 by the reduction of Wilmington and the occupation of the entire state of North Carolina, or at least, such portions of it as would place the railroads and the lines of communication in the interior within our control. If this plan could be successfully carried out, Richmond would be evacuated and the army of Northern Virginia would fall a prey

to the strong and now well-hardened Army of the Potomac. For the next five or six weeks, Burnside was actively engaged in recruiting his corps, and on the 8th of March, Annapolis, Maryland, was designated as the rendezvous. Another month of incessant labor followed, and on the 11th of April Burnside left Providence for his last campaign. The two divisions of the Ninth that had been at Knoxville, came East in March, and by the 20th of April 25,000 men had been collected, organized, equipped, armed and made ready for immediate service. Burnside's plan for going to North Carolina had neither been accepted nor rejected, and up to the middle of April, the officers and men of the command fully expected to be sent upon that service. Being at Annapolis at the time, and in constant personal communication with the general, I have reason to believe that Burnside himself was not apprised of his destination till a few days previous to his reception of the order to march.

When that order came, it was to proceed to Virginia and guard the rear of the Army of the Potomac, holding the line from the Rapidan to the Poto-

mac. Burnside, with his staff and a few friends, went to Washington by rail, while General Willecox marched the corps. The column started on the 23d of April, and, on the night of the 24th, encamped a few miles outside of the city of Washington. On the morning of the 25th, the corps passed through the city, paying a marching salute to the President, who was stationed in a balcony of Willard's Hotel. It was a scene of great spirit and animation. The veterans of the corps, bearing the marks of their hard service, with their tattered flags—not one of which had ever fallen into the enemy's hands—were objects of the greatest interest. But when the colored division passed, the enthusiasm reached its height. The men themselves, slaves no longer, but freemen and soldiers of the Republic, when they caught sight of the President, could not restrain themselves. They shouted, cheered, swung their caps, and showed every mark of affection, esteem and joy. They saw in Mr. Lincoln the emancipator of their race. It was the first time that any considerable number of colored troops had passed through Washington, and their bearing and appearance drew

forth many expressions of commendation from the multitudes that filled the streets and from the President and his friends, who witnessed the march. The corps crossed Long Bridge and went into camp on the Virginia side of the river. The expectation of going down the coast was given up. The command was soon distributed along the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and headquarters were established at Warrenton. By the 1st of May, most of the command was drawn forward between the Rappahannock and Bull Run, and it became definitely settled that it was to operate in connection with the Army of the Potomac, and that its field of service would be in Virginia.

General Grant opened the bloody summer of 1864 by moving the Army of the Potomac from the Rappahannock on the 3d of May, ordering the Ninth Corps to march with all possible despatch on the afternoon of the 4th. On the 5th, General Lee struck the Army of the Potomac in the entanglements of the Wilderness. Burnside was marching all this day to the reinforcement of Meade, then in immediate command, and reached the battle-field on the morning of the

6th. He found himself confronted by his familiar antagonist, Longstreet, and between the two opposing corps the contest was severe. In the course of the battle, Longstreet was wounded, and the advantage lay with our men. Burnside's arrival was very opportune, and Grant took occasion to speak of the movement of his corps to the scene of action as a "remarkable march."

It is not my purpose—nor indeed is it necessary—to speak of the sanguinary battles that were fought between the opening of the campaign in the first days of May and the middle of June, when the army sat down in front of Petersburg and began the regular siege of that place. The fighting and manœuvring of the two contending armies, the battles and the marches, have all been sufficiently set forth. It is enough to say, that Burnside and his corps were engaged in every battle and every important movement from the Wilderness to Petersburg, and that their duty was always promptly and effectively done. In other respects the most notable act was one which capitally illustrated Burnside's magnanimity of character. At the beginning of the campaign, the Ninth

Corps was an independent command. There were, therefore, two distinct, although co-operative armies in the field. Burnside and Meade received their orders from Grant. It was an arrangement which was not altogether satisfactory to either party. Burnside saw its disadvantages and also the remedy. He was Meade's senior and superior in rank. But he was willing to waive all considerations of this kind, when he saw that the good of the service would be promoted by such a course. At his suggestion, therefore, General Grant, on the 25th of May, issued an order incorporating the Ninth Corps with the Army of the Potomac, and Burnside thus voluntarily came under the command of one who, in former days, had been a commander of one of his divisions. It certainly was an act of generosity which was very honorable at the time, and which we can now gratefully recall.

On the 18th of June, after three days' fighting, our lines of siege were laid in front of Petersburg, the Ninth Corps occupying the salient—about one hundred and twenty-five yards from the enemy's position on Cemetery Hill. On the same day, the col-

ored division, which had been occupied in guarding the lines of communication since the army crossed the Rapidan, joined the corps. General Grant had at last secured a firm grasp upon the Army of Northern Virginia, and he held it in a position of which the abandonment would be the assurance of utter defeat. "The last ditch" had become a literal fact. The end of the rebellion was certainly drawing near. Could anything now be done to hasten it?

Among the Pennsylvania troops belonging to the Ninth Corps was a regiment that had been raised among the miners in Schuylkill County. Lieutenant-colonel Henry Pleasants, of this regiment, was an experienced mining engineer, and he conceived the bold project of running a mine from the position of the Ninth Corps to a point beneath the rebel works opposite, and when completed to explode it, with the hope that the enemy thus taken by surprise could be successfully attacked. After securing through the proper channels—though somewhat reluctantly given—the approval of the commanding general of the army, Lieutenant-colonel Pleasants began work at noon on the 25th of June. He com-

pleted the excavation—having taken out 18,000 cubic feet of earth—on the 23d of July. The next few days were spent in charging, laying the fuses and tamping, and on the 28th of July the mine was ready for exploding.

It was Burnside's plan, immediately upon the explosion, to put in his colored division, supporting the attack by his white divisions—the corps itself being supported by other corps upon either flank. Upon gaining the crest of the works shaken by the explosion, the attacking columns would divide and take the enemy's line in reverse. The colored troops were drilled for two or three weeks with especial reference to the duty they were expected to perform, and their commanders carefully reconnoitred the ground. General Ferrero and his officers became quite enthusiastic in the prospect of service which promised distinction. But when this plan of attack was submitted to Generals Grant and Meade, they did not give to it their approval. General Grant afterwards had the frankness to say that he believed that, if General Burnside had put his colored division in front, "it would have been a success." But at the time

when this opinion would have had weight, he disapproved that movement. The colored troops were distrusted at headquarters. The formation of the column of attack was not approved, and on the afternoon of the 29th of July, Burnside found that his plan of attack, which had been carefully studied and elaborated, must be given up. One of his white divisions—harassed and worn as they had been by the hard service of the summer and by the necessity of perpetual watching an enemy in very close proximity—must make the assault. Burnside allowed his division commanders to draw lots for the leading position. By an extraordinary fatality the lot fell upon General Ledlie—the least experienced and the least competent of the three. We can only look upon this mode of selection as an unfortunate error of judgment. Burnside should have given to his best and most trusted subordinate the duty of leading the attack. Thwarted in his first choice of the colored troops, he should have put the best of his white divisions forward. In cases of this kind it does not answer to trust to chance.

The mine was to have been exploded at 3½ o'clock

on the morning of the 30th. The fuses were ignited promptly, but the connections had become damp, and the fire would not communicate. The failure was remedied as speedily as possible, and at sixteen minutes before five o'clock, the mine was successfully sprung. An entire six-gun battery, and its garrison of two hundred men and more, with all their paraphernalia were thrown into the air and fell again in inextricable confusion. A huge chasm two hundred feet long, fifty feet wide and twenty-five feet deep, with sand, clay, broken gun-carriages, caissons and human beings remained—a scene of ruin and desolation. The enemy was taken completely by surprise. “The troops in the immediate vicinity,” says the author of Lee and his Campaigns, “were considerably demoralized by the sudden and appalling explosion.” Ledlie’s division was immediately ordered in and made for the breach. The troops entered the chasm, but by some unhappy error they were permitted by their leaders to remain there. In point of fact they had no leader, for General Ledlie did not go with his command. Whether they were surprised themselves by the havoc that had been

made, or were disposed to stop and make captures of the half-buried men who were crying for help; whether there was any misunderstanding of orders, or some strange feebleness of will in the immediate direction fell upon them and paralyzed their efforts for the moment, we cannot tell. "Had they advanced beyond the crater," says the author I have just quoted, "they might have carried the line, for the Confederates had not yet recovered from their surprise. To the astonishment of every one," he adds, "they huddled into the crater and sought shelter there and behind the breastworks." Other troops were at once sent in, and last of all, the colored division. But they all, with the exception of Potter's division and the colored troops, crowded down into the crater at once. Potter and Ferrero got their commands beyond, but they were speedily driven back, and, mingling with the others, increased the confusion. All accounts agree, that if the leading division had made at once for the crest of the hill beyond, the rebel line would have been broken, and the other divisions following in support would have, in all probability, won a decisive victory. But after

the first half hour had passed, and the enemy had recovered from his surprise, while the troops remained in the crater without advancing, the day was hopelessly lost. It would seem, however, that some strong demonstration might have been made by those portions of our army that were formed on either flank of the Ninth Corps, by which the suffering troops in the crater could have been extricated from their deadly position. General Meade declined to go to the front, although solicited to do so by General Burnside and other officers. Grant went forward, and seeing how hopeless the enterprise was, ordered the withdrawal of the troops. Thus ended in disaster what, in its inception, was as promising an attack as the Army of the Potomac ever made. The disagreement between the generals in regard to the plan of attack before it was made, was extremely unfortunate. General Meade was punctilious, and, as General Badeau says, lost his temper on the day of battle. General Burnside naturally felt great chagrin that his arrangements, which he had carefully made, should be so completely set aside within twelve hours of the time at which the attack was to be

made. Still he loyally set himself to the task and would have accomplished it had not the leading division delayed too long in its advance. It could hardly have been expected that Burnside himself would lead the way. A court of inquiry investigated the matter and blamed Burnside and several of his officers by name. The committee on the conduct of the war subsequently took up the case and exonerated Burnside. General Grant, in his testimony, blamed not only General Ledlie for his inefficiency, but also "his seniors, for not seeing that he did his duty, all the way up to" himself. He considered the operation as most promising in results. "Such an opportunity for carrying fortifications," said he, "I have never seen, and do not expect again to have." It is a significant fact, nevertheless, that it was with great difficulty that Lieutenant-colonel Pleasants could obtain approval at headquarters for the project of mining the enemy's works.

This was the end of Burnside's military service. He was granted leave of absence on the 13th of August and immediately left the army for his home. Mr. Lincoln refused to accept his resignation, but on

the accession of Mr. Johnson, it was again tendered, and on the 15th of April, 1865, was finally accepted.

General Badeau, in his history of Grant's campaigns, bears witness to Burnside's "magnanimous cheerfulness" in the matter of waiving his rank when assigned to duty under Meade. "On every occasion during the war, when there was need, Burnside displayed the same heroic self-abnegation. His ability has been questioned, his strategy criticized, and sometimes even his vigor denied; but the purity of his patriotism and the loftiness of his public spirit were unsurpassed." Badeau acknowledges that his criticisms of Burnside are more severe than any he had ever heard from Grant. That is very true, for Grant knew that much of the criticism was undeserved. The personal relations of the two men were always extremely cordial, and Grant had no more loyal supporter at any time than Burnside. Badeau feels impelled to say that no one more fully than himself "acknowledges or admires the unselfish patriotism" of Burnside, "and the lofty willingness which, even after the event of the mine, he displayed to subordinate his own interest to that of the army,

and his own reputation to the success of his cause. Despite his mistakes and his misfortunes, General Burnside's military career remains a credit to himself and his country, from the magnanimity and public virtue by which, on so many occasions, it was adorned." It hardly seems necessary to repeat such language before an audience and in a community which has seen the lofty patriotism of Burnside conspicuously manifested on the most numerous and important occasions. It has its weight, however, as coming from one who was not especially friendly to any of the generals of the army except his own hero and his favorites. It is in pleasing contrast with the language of those tyros in the service, who show their incapacity of appreciating nobleness of character and their military ignorance by attempting to belittle Burnside and his deeds. The biographer of General Lee adds his meed of praise, and speaks earnestly and warmly of the noble qualities of Burnside in accepting the command of the Army of the Potomac, as shown in "the manliness with which he sought to save McClellan from his political enemies, and the modesty with which he met the tempting offer of his government."

After the war was ended, General Burnside entered into business relations with some friends in Providence, in connection with the manufacture of locomotive engines. But wishing for more active employment, he began the construction of railroads in the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. I am quite sure that, at the time of entering upon this enterprise, he had no thought of engaging in public life; but the people of Rhode Island were desirous of expressing their interest and esteem for him, and demanded his election as their governor. He was nominated for the office March 30, 1866, was elected April 4th and was inaugurated May 29th. He held the office by successive re-elections for three years, and retired from it in 1869, having secured the entire approbation of the people of every political opinion. His administration was marked by an executive ability of a high order, and he was especially active and instrumental in obtaining from the general government the prompt acknowledgment and payment of the war claims of the state. His labors in behalf of the state were distinguished by fidelity and success, and were characterized by that generosity

and self-forgetfulness which were prominent in all his public career. If I mistake not, the state is even now indebted to him for a considerable amount of expenditures incurred by him in the discharge of his official duties, for which he forgot to reimburse himself.

In 1870 Burnside was in Europe, and this visit was notable for the attempt which he made to mediate between France and Germany, then engaged in war with each other. The German armies were besieging Paris in the autumn of 1870. Early in October, Burnside, with a friend, succeeded in getting through the lines of the opposing armies and became the medium of communication between the governments of France and Prussia. He endeavored very earnestly to arrange preliminaries of peace, but without avail. His interviews with Bismarck on one side and Jules Favre on the other side, although comparatively resultless, were yet very agreeable to all parties concerned, and he left upon these able diplomatists a deeply-marked impression of his intelligence and ability. He was successful in securing permission for a considerable number of Americans to leave Paris and to return

to their homes. On his return he resumed his business in New York and at the West. The railroad enterprises in which he was engaged were not, however, so successful as he had anticipated, and he finally decided to enter into public life.

Burnside's election as a senator of the United States was finally consummated, after a considerable struggle, on the 26th of January, 1875. He entered upon his duties on the 4th of March following. He was re-elected—almost without opposition—on the 9th of June, 1880, to serve a second term, beginning March 4th, 1881. Upon his first election as senator, he decided to make his residence in Bristol, and purchased a farm on the shore of Mount Hope Bay, to which he gave the name of his father, Edg-hill, and where he spent the intervals of his leisure between the sessions of Congress. He found in the labors which it gave him, a relaxation from the cares and duties of public life, and he made the house which he built upon it, the scene of a generous and cordial hospitality.

Scarcely had he entered upon his official career at Washington, when a very painful and distressing

disease, to which Mrs. Burnside had been for some time subject, developed itself with alarming rapidity. The newly-elected senator was called home and remained in close and watchful care over his wife until death ended her sufferings on the 10th of March, 1876. It was a very severe bereavement to Burnside. His wife had been to him in many trying circumstances and experiences a very great help and support. She was a woman of remarkable strength of character, and her death for a time unmanned him. The grief which he was thus called upon to endure, coupled with a severe sickness which now came upon himself, caused him for a time such depression of spirit as to induce him seriously to think of resigning his office. As the summer wore away he regained in a measure the tone and vigor both of body and mind, but there was thenceforth an undercurrent of sadness which gave a certain sombre tinge even to his brightest moments. While he never obtruded his grief, he yet never ceased to feel its influence, and it served to chasten his life by its secret presence.

In the circumstances of the case it was very natu-

ral that Burnside should feel some diffidence and even self-distrust when he engaged in his senatorial duties. But he soon acquired a position of influence and usefulness and attracted the confidence and affectionate esteem of his associates. He held places on important committees—commerce, military affairs, and education and labor—and he was very faithful in all public service. The subjects which chiefly interested him were the extension and enlargement of our trade with foreign countries, the Monroe doctrine in its application to the construction of the Panama Canal, the increased efficiency of the army and the promotion of public education. To all these subjects he gave an intelligent consideration and an attentive study; and when they came up for discussion in the Senate he spoke upon them with clearness and force. He did not assume that he could equal the older, abler and more experienced members of the distinguished body to which he belonged. But in all matters which required the exercise of a self-forgetful patriotism and devotion to the public welfare, he was the unquestioned peer of the ablest. No man could be more free from the spirit of self-

seeking or from the influence of ulterior motives. His single-mindedness was conspicuous. His generosity to an opponent was marked. He knew his own rights and maintained them with self-respect. But he was careful not to encroach in any way on the rights of others. If in the heat of debate he let fall a word or an expression which had even the seeming of injustice, he was quick to acknowledge his error, and to retrieve it. But instances of this kind were very rare, for he usually kept himself in admirable control. He thus won the warm regard of his fellow-senators, and had his life been spared he would have taken a place in the very front rank for usefulness, efficiency and patriotic service. Meanwhile, he was especially mindful of the interests of his state and the private business of his constituents. He forgot himself in all these matters and engaged personally in every labor which might conduce to their successful accomplishment. His army associates, his comrades in service, the widows and orphans of the soldiers who were under his command and had fallen in the strife, will long bless his memory. For they never had and they never will have

in Congress a more faithful and self-forgetful friend. The state of Rhode Island will never have a more devoted representative. The Republic will never have occasion to honor a more patriotic public servant!

I have thus told the story of this pure and honorable life. It is one on which our hearts love to dwell. It is one which our minds will long keep in remembrance. We have followed his career both with admiration and affection. For we have admired the chivalric generosity, the magnanimous surrender of personal feeling to the public good, the forgetfulness of private interests in the public service, the entire self-devotion to his country's cause, which made him the realized ideal of a genuine patriotism. We have loved the man for the nobleness of his aims, the kindness of his heart, his thoughtful considerateness for the humblest of his friends and dependents, his manly self-respect and modesty of bearing, his helpful benevolence, his trustfulness of spirit, and his faith in man and God.

We do not claim for him the possession of the

highest order of military genius. But he did have a certain quickness of apprehension and suggestiveness of mind in military affairs, which is surely kindred to genius. He would have occupied Wilmington when he descended upon the North Carolina coast, could he have been allowed a force sufficient for the enterprise. He urged the capture of Petersburg, when McClellan changed his base from the Chickahominy to the James. The subject of a march to the sea was submitted to the government before either Grant or Sherman had given expression to the thought of such an undertaking. The bold plan of a winter campaign through Virginia, from the Rappahannock to the James, was clearly settled in his mind as soon as he had accepted the command of the Army of the Potomac. The arrest of Vallandigham was in advance of the sentiment or the policy of the government, but was wholly in accord with the purest patriotism, and was really a military necessity. The march across the Cumberland mountains to the conquest and deliverance of East Tennessee was a masterly performance. And finally, the construction of the mine in front of Petersburg, according to the ad-

mission of Grant himself, gave the Army of the Potomac the finest opportunity for a successful assault that that army ever had. That some of his plans should have failed is not to be taken to his discredit. In war there are many accidents and much uncertainty. One of Grant's finest movements in his last campaign—to mention no other instances—was almost completely foiled by a counter movement of a division of the enemy, made without orders, and even without the knowledge of the commanding general. This much is certain, that Burnside, when acting independently and with full freedom to carry out his plans, did win great and important successes. Even in his failures he still commanded the public confidence and gained a larger measure of public esteem. For in every station, whether in prosperous or in adverse fortune, the manly qualities of his character shone conspicuous—those qualities which a generous nation is quick to recognize and ready to appreciate.

That he should escape detraction was not to be expected. But from whatever quarter it came—from the jealous and puerile petulance that made its

exhibition on the floor of the Senate, or from the anonymous, hostile criticisms of the "Nation," or from the sneering disparagement and unpardonable ignorance of the author of "The Antietam and Fredericksburg," or from the wilful misrepresentation and falsehood that disfigure the pages of the "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac,"—it had and still has no more effect upon the strength of his character, or the estimation in which he is held by his fellow-countrymen, than the waves that dash upon the cliffs of a rocky coast, or the wind that whistles through the branches of the sturdy oak. He was too strongly fixed in patriotic principle and is now too firmly held in a nation's honorable love to be disturbed by any such malevolence as this. A just and honest criticism we do not fear. Neither do we hesitate to invite it. For we are convinced that in it and through it all, will shine the purity of motive, the unselfish patriotism, the devotion to the public weal, the military ability and skill, the high and unstained heroism, in the country's service, which characterize the man whom his comrades and the people of our state have delighted to honor.

Side by side with the names of Greene and Perry and the worthiest of Rhode Island's sons, shall stand forever the name of Burnside—not native, indeed, and to the manner born, but loving the state which adopted him with as true a devotion and as firm and constant and loyal an affection as any whom she can call her own. Let the enduring bronze hand down his form and features to future generations. But more enduring still will be the monument which his grateful fellow citizens for long years to come will raise and keep sacred in their memories and hearts!

PERSONAL NARRATIVES
OF EVENTS IN THE
WAR OF THE REBELLION,

BEING PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
RHODE ISLAND SOLDIERS AND SAILORS
HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

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PROVIDENCE
SIDNEY S. RIDER.
1883.

INCIDENTS OF SERVICE
WITH THE
ELEVENTH REGIMENT
RHODE ISLAND VOLUNTEERS,

BY

CHARLES H. PARKHURST.



PROVIDENCE
SIDNEY S. RIDER
1883.

THE NINE MONTHS' MEN.

[Read before the Society, February 11, 1880.]

THE unexpected and untoward results of General McClellan's march upon Richmond by the peninsular route in 1862, while sadly discouraging to those who had looked upon the young general as the appointed leader who was to conduct our army to triumphant success, yet served to intensify the determination of the loyal people of the country, to strengthen in every possible way, the hand of the government in the impending contest.

Probably no single act of President Lincoln during the early years of the war, met with such universal acceptance as his appointment of McClellan as general in chief. His youth, his marked success in

northern and western Virginia, at once gave to him the prestige of success. Even criticism, so rife in later days, was silent. His plans for re-organizing the army and placing it on a new footing, were accepted by the country, even before they were known, and when impatient loyalty clamored for a forward movement, his delays were attributed to the wise foresight and precaution of the skillful soldier, to whom were now freely attributed all the virtues and wisdom of the great captains of former times, and when, after weeks of incessant toil and struggle, the peninsular campaign was ended by the withdrawal of the army from before Richmond, the vast majority of the north were loud in their commendations of his brilliant strategy in the conduct of his so-called masterly retreat. He still to an unexampled degree commanded the admiration and retained the fullest confidence of his defeated, but unconquered troops.

Just at this juncture of affairs, a new candidate for military glory came prominently to the front in the person of General John Pope, who had recently been assigned to the command of the army of Virginia. His orders on assuming command were universally

construed as an open criticism upon General McClellan's methods, and hence General Pope was at once and almost by common consent gazetted for failure by the army of the Potomac, and in fact by every one. Defeat under General Pope was already a foregone conclusion. General Pope informed his army in his opening address, that he had come from the west, where they had always seen the backs of their enemies ; from an army which sought the enemy, and whose policy was attack and not defense. He established headquarters in the saddle and wished soldiers to forget such phrases as taking and holding strong positions ; lines of retreat ; bases of supplies ; that his army was to study the probable lines of retreat of the enemy and allow their own to take care of themselves ; to look forward and not behind, etc. With such proclamations and under such a leader, the army of Virginia commenced its campaign, which in a few short weeks culminated in the second Bull Run and the battle of Chantilly. General Pope was relieved of his command to the general acceptance of the country, and he followed the advice of Horace Greeley and went west.

Thus opened the month of September, 1862. The conviction that there had come an eventful crisis in affairs was wide spread. Our two great armies in Virginia had been most disastrously repulsed, and the confederate forces had at least, been partially successful, and the outlook was by no means cheering. In July previous, the President had ordered a draft of three hundred thousand men for three years, and in August another draft of the same number of militia for nine months, and but slight response had been made to either of these calls. Our army was no longer before Richmond, but was defending Washington, and Lee was marching northward.

Suddenly, and almost as by magic, the saddened people were aroused from their despondency, and began again to realize that they had a country that was worth preserving, and for which, in time of need, sacrifices must be made. Men and money without stint were proffered to answer the President's demands. Old regiments were filled and new levies were raised with wonderful rapidity. Our Seventh regiment, which had been slowly recruiting since May, was despatched to the field and in about thirty

days two full regiments of nine months' men were organized and forwarded to Washington.

The composition of these regiments, the Eleventh and Twelfth, and in fact most of the nine months' regiments, was in some respects exceptional. There were many very worthy citizens, who, from various causes were unable, or at least unprepared to enlist for so long a time as three years, but yet felt the strong obligation to do something more than stay at home and encourage others to perform duties which equally rested on them. It may perhaps be conceded that there are degrees of patriotism, and that he who enters the service of the country in time of danger, prepared to remain until the danger has passed, is a more exalted patriot than he who when a call is made for a limited term offers himself in response to that call. But when we remember that after the attack on Fort Sumpter, Secretary Seward announced that ninety days would end the controversy so inauspiciously commenced, and when we remember with what celerity the country responded to the President's call when the first gun was fired at that now historic fort, and how, as in the times of 1776, men

left their ploughs in the fields, their fires burning at their forges to answer the demand of the country, we may safely leave the question of assigning the relative degrees of patriotism to be solved by the metaphysician, rather than enter upon its discussion among those, many of whom saw the beginning and end of the controversy which settled forever, as we believe, that the United States of America was not a confederacy but a nation.

One other thing probably will also be conceded, that hostile bullets made little distinction between three months', nine months' or three years' men, and that the man who left his arm or leg on the field was seldom asked whether his lost member was enlisted for the war or only for a limited and shorter term.

Assuredly when our Seventh and Twelfth regiments shared in the perils of the attack at Fredericksburg, no questions were raised between them as to their respective terms of service. It was sufficient for them to feel that they were all serving a common cause and were striving for the same result.

I have said that the composition of these two nine months' regiments was somewhat exceptional. The

great uprising from the despondency caused by the defeats in Virginia, had developed a firm determination that no draft should take place, but that the ranks should be filled by volunteers. No such enthusiasm had been aroused since the first call of the President. Business was forgotten and the men of affairs devoted themselves and their means to the country's service. Meetings were held daily in the several wards and the academy of music was the general rallying point until the work of filling the quota was completed. The quota under the two calls was, as I remember, seventeen hundred and ninety-one. For the nine months' service, eight hundred and ninety-six were required. In a few days some eighty thousand dollars was subscribed and paid to the enlisted men from Providence in the Eleventh and Twelfth regiments. Bounties were also offered by the state, the city and the towns, and provision was also made for weekly payments by the city to the families or dependents of those who had enlisted, so that the sum received by the nine months' volunteers amounted to something over five hundred dollars for the entire term. Prizes were

also offered to the ward which first filled its quota, and every provision was promised to the families of the volunteers.

Among other organizations whose activity was specially worthy of notice, was the Young Men's Christian Association, who wisely determined that they could in no way more efficiently serve the Great Master, and promote the objects for which they were organized, than to aid in upholding the government in its great trials.

Through their exertions two companies were raised, officered by members of the Association, and these companies were distinctly known as the Christian companies. The Association never forgot its protégés from the day they first entered camp until their term of service was ended. As for the other companies, they were sometimes called pagans simply as a distinguishing name, not, of course, as indicating their theological status or their moral qualities.

The Eleventh regiment was at the outstart, specially fortunate in its commanding officer. Colonel Metcalf had come from the Third regiment, then in South Carolina, where he had done honorable service,

of which, with his characteristic modesty, he has only given us faint outlines in his papers. Some of us knew him before he came to us, and knew what to expect, and it was to the general regret of the regiment that after a few weeks he left us and returned to assume command of his old regiment at Hilton Head.

One of the first duties to which Colonel Metcalf assigned the writer, was that of an inspecting and mustering officer for the regiment. This position was one not recognized in the regulations, but I was acting under an order from the Governor and received my instructions from the Colonel. They were in brief, to pay no sort of respect to any recruiting officer's representations or to any surgeon's certificate, but if I did not in all respects like the appearance of the recruit or did not think he would make in all respects an excellent soldier, he could not be accepted, and the Colonel informed me he should hold me responsible for the strict execution of these instructions. I was permitted to be somewhat autocratic over recruits, and there were, as I happened to know, several dead-beats who did not pass our muster

whom I afterwards saw in the ranks of the Twelfth regiment. Even at this day I recall the features of some of them. One particularly whose name I forbear to mention, whom I had known as a standing witness in liquor cases in ante bellum days. He came from the Narragansett country, and was ready to serve the cause of temperance and take his fees as a witness in a dozen cases a day with great regularity. He would testify to sales of any article of liquor about which the prosecutor saw fit to inquire. He was a prohibitory enthusiast just in proportion to the amount of his fees as a witness. When they lessened his zeal weakened, and his memory failed him frequently on cross examination, so that he could not tell whether the Hoyle Tavern was in Providence or Woonsocket.

When I saw him as a recruit I instinctively came to the conclusion that he would be more of an ornament to the Twelfth regiment than to ours, and so Colonel Browne reaped the benefit of my kindness and this recruit.

Still one other one comes to mind who certainly must have tried the amiability of my friend, Colonel Browne, if he ever had anything to do with him.

His boast on his return was that he hardly did a day's active duty during his term of service. This man's strong hold was inactive duty.

The result of this sifting process certainly did give an excellent personnel to the enlisted men of the regiment, and it is quite likely that had Colonel Metcalf inspected his officers with as much care as the men had to undergo, his mustering officer at least, might also have been turned over to the tender mercies of Colonel Browne, but Colonel Browne was fortunately saved from such a catastrophe and Colonel Metcalf had to submit to it. A considerable number of our line officers at first were without any militia, not to say military experience. The writer had never drilled with a company until after the war begun, and never occupied any other military position than that of a fine member of the Light Infantry, and had no more idea of the manual of arms than one of the first officers of one of our regiments who, it is said, devised a new order in tactics as follows: "By file present arms. On the right commence presenting." Of course we were unskilled, and I always felt a kindly sympathy for one of our officers somewhat

addicted to the use of polysyllabic words, the meaning of which he did not always fully comprehend. He was called upon to make out for the first time, a certificate of disability for discharge for one of his men, and he wished to say that cause of the disability was not known to exist at the time of his enlistment. The certificate he actually signed was, "the causation of the fatality of this soldier was not known to exist before his enlistment."

But despite our want of military knowledge at the outstart, the position to which we were assigned during the first months of our service, afforded us all ample opportunity to learn tactics and the duties of soldiers. I shall never forget my first night on picket within a few days after our arrival in camp near Fort Ethan Allen. Our picket line extended from the Potomac to the road leading towards Leesburg. At midnight I started to make the grand rounds. My quarters were some fifty rods in rear of the picket line. To say that the night was pitchy dark, would in no sense describe the situation. I had heard of the blackness of midnight, but never had I seen such darkness. It was impossible to distin-

guish anything. But an important duty was imposed upon me, at least I was so informed, and so understood. This was the first detail for picket duty from the regiment. But what could be done; I could not see anything. But yet it was my duty to visit the picket line and see something, and so I moved towards the outposts, and I kept moving and moving until the welcome light of day appeared. We did not find our picket line till morning, and did not find an outpost or any other post. The rain was pouring in torrents during our tramp. I awaited with considerable anxiety the appearance of the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the entire picket line. But when he came I found that he too had succeeded no better than we had. The darkness was simply unpenetrable. Fortunately picket duty at this point was dangerous only in one way,—that you might be shot by your own men. The enemy were many miles from us at the time.

The regiment soon found permanent quarters on Miner's Hill, where for many weeks the daily round of drill, picket and camp duty was our allotted task. We did not annoy the enemy and they did not dis-

turb us. We had become quite proficient in drill, had learned that a considerable part of a soldier's duty was to obey, not criticise orders, and this kind of war did not seem to us such a fearful thing. One night shortly after Colonel Metcalf had left us and we had been surrendered to the tender mercies of Lieutenant-Colonel Pitman, (who, whatever else may be said in his praise, certainly was not spoiled by the excessive admiration of his regiment,) the long roll sounded and off we started in heavy marching order to intercept and capture Stuart's Cavalry.

This was our first long march. Stuart, however, did not see fit to wait for our arrival, but proceeded about his business, leaving us to attend to ours, which was to march back in heavier marching order than we set out. Every one seemed exceedingly desirous to know why our regiment alone carried knapsacks with which to catch Stuart while the other regiments had none. The answer was that the Lieutenant-Colonel so ordered. This was our first attempt to capture cavalry. We had not then learned what infantry men now proudly claim is the chief use of cavalry, that is, to take all the best things not out of their reach, and to supply themselves from in-

fantry with all that the cavalry most desire. It was on this march that one of our infantry made the novel remark, that he should like to see a dead cavalry man. It was indeed a rash remark. The soldier never knew why he made it, but somehow it has passed into history, and when an infantry man now a days is hard pressed, when all other resources fail, like the followers of Mahomet he turns his face to the East and from the depths of his despair, he utters the agonizing cry, "Oh that I might see a dead cavalry man."

General Stuart having no time to wait for us to capture him, we returned to the ordinary tour of camp duties away from the vicinity of the enemy.

Some weeks later we were assigned to the most annoying and unpleasant duty that can be imposed upon a soldier; that of keeping perpetual guard over our convalescent soldiers, whom we were compelled to watch over and keep under as much restraint as if they had been prisoners of war. They looked upon us as their jailers, and they hooted at us and taunted us as home guards not daring to go to the front. The bounty which our men had received was also a sub-

ject of unfavorable comment from those inside the camp who had enlisted in the day of small things in the way of bounties. This duty imposed upon the regiment could have but a demoralizing effect upon it, and it was disagreeable and monotonous to the last degree. At this time a new Colonel came to us in the person of Colonel Rogers. He at once began to attack the authorities at Washington, and faithfully, continually and persistently labored with and belabored the war department to have his regiment sent to the front. It was a question for some time which would win in this contest, the war department or Colonel Rogers. But the department at last came out ahead, as it finally determined that there was no way to get rid of the persistent importunities of the Colonel, unless he was himself confined at the convalescent camp or sent to the front. The latter alternative was accepted. His stay with us was highly agreeable and peaceful, but his voice was for war, and unless current history is much at fault, our friend found when he assumed command of the Second Rhode Island, wars of various kinds already prepared for him. But as was characteristic of him,

he soon brought order out of seeming chaos, and honored his regiment, his state and himself by his gallant deeds.

There were many things in which Colonel Metcalf and Colonel Rogers were decidedly unlike. They had in common, a high sense of honor and no one ever thought of questioning their manliness or bravery. As their deeds have passed into history, it is no breach of the maxim, "nothing but good of the departed," to touch briefly upon some of their personal qualities. Colonel Metcalf, as a rule, commanded without saying anything about it. When Colonel Rogers commanded he couldn't help saying something about it. No one seeing Colonel Metcalf off duty or un-uniformed, would have suspected that he had any command, while the most casual observer looking at Colonel Rogers, even when asleep, would instinctively know that even then the Colonel, at least, thought that he was in the exercise of authority. Colonel Metcalf, though not pleased at the idea of having his regiment doing simply camp and garrison duty, yet was not disposed to create much excitement about it, while Colonel Rogers within

twenty-four hours after taking command, began to belabor the war department for not sending him with his regiment into the thickest of the fight, and there was but one way to remedy the trouble about the location of the regiment, and that was to send Colonel Rogers away to another command, and so we lost our second Colonel, and the war department had a rest.

But the regiment still remained during the winter and early spring months in the muddy surroundings of convalescent camp, performing the monotonous duty of camp guard. Drills were out of the question, as the details for guard called for all the force we could muster. Officers were largely detached on special duty on courts-martial and the like. The writer at one time found himself occupying the anomalous position of member of the court, counsel for the prisoner and the principal witness against him. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the accused was not acquitted.

There was one thing in which all the line officers were united and in which their unity was never shaken, which was that there was one officer of the

regiment whom they did not desire to have promoted to the coloneley. But a more remarkable statement, and one that seems hardly credible, is that there was not a line officer who sought the position. It was, and is, of course, an open secret among Rhode Island officers, that the then state executive was supposed to have, if not a mind, at least a will, which he called his own, and that will generally was to do with every officer just what that officer didn't wish to have done.

Some people call this quality strength of mind, some firmness, some obstinacy and some pure cussedness. The question is a somewhat perplexing one, but after mature consideration of the subject in its various bearings, I am quite strongly inclined to accept the latter definition as the true one.

We interviewed senators and representatives and politicians at home, but the governor never knew from us what our wishes were, and therefore could not gratify himself by thwarting them. So when Captain Church, of the Seventh, was sent to us from the front, as our new colonel, he met with a warm and welcome reception. He believed that the author-

ities knew as well as he did where his regiment should be placed to do the most good, and, though he was not at all pleased at their then post of duty, I understand that he was informed by the department that they had heard something of his regiment from his immediate predecessor, that applications for a change of its position had better be postponed for a few days, at least, as there were several like applications of Colonel Rogers on hand that had not yet been examined.

Colonel Church was, like his predecessor, a capital commanding officer, greatly respected by all his command, and they were ready and willing to follow where he should lead. Soon after he assumed command the regiment embarked for Suffolk. Now, we thought we were to see something of life at the front, surely. Our voyage from Alexandria to Norfolk we shall long remember. Our transport was the old steamer "Argo," (re-named "Hero,") which some of us may recall as the craft which used to ply between this city and Rocky Point in the primitive days of that now famous shore resort. It seemed to us then as if extra pains had been taken to make our accom-

modations as uncomfortable as possible. There were no sleeping accommodations whatever. Even the floors of the cabins were covered with sheets of boiler-iron, strewn helter-skelter, and we revelled in the luxury of being iron-clad when we tried to sleep. The iron-clad fever was then at its height.

Up to the time of our departure from Washington our men had known nothing of the hardships of army life. We had already been provided with excellent quarters, an abundance of satisfactory rations, and, by the kindness of the friends at home, were generously supplied with luxuries. We knew nothing of long, forced marches, scanty supplies and insufficient clothing, and when the order came to leave behind our camp equipage, and the issue of shelter tents took the place of the usual tents, we began to realize that the change was coming. We, however, soon found what our betters had learned before, that one of the hardest enemies with which an army has to contend is its baggage-train; or, as the old Roman captains used to say, its "*impedimenta*." We all know how often the baggage-trains upset the carefully

arranged plans of our generals and was the unavoidable cause of defeat.

At the time of our arrival at Suffolk, that place was besieged by General Longstreet, and our troops were under the command of General J. J. Peck. The town was really a fortification on a large scale. The confederates were greatly desirous to gain possession of this point as the first step towards recovering Norfolk, and with it, the control of the mouth of the James river. There were two railroads between Suffolk and Norfolk, one of which led to Petersburg and the other to Weldon, North Carolina, but so long as Suffolk was in our control these roads were of little service to the confederacy. It was also of great importance to us to keep Longstreet where he was, so that Lee could not have his forces in the coming contest with Hooker. Longstreet was kept south of Suffolk until the day after the battle of Chancellorsville, when he withdrew from the siege which had lasted some thirty days. If Lee had been fortunate enough to have had General Longstreet with his nearly forty thousand troops at Chancellorsville, the result of that battle might have been even more disastrous to the Union cause.

There the regiment found by actual experience what was meant by the term "march," for we pursued under General Corcoran the confederate troops to the Black Water, making one hundred and twenty-five miles in five days. We were generally in line at three o'clock in the morning, then standing until nine or ten, moving during the hottest part of the day, all, as we understood, to discipline us in marching under the most unfavorable circumstances.

Our next post of duty was to join in the feint on Richmond by way of the peninsula, and we occupied Yorktown and for a few weeks garrisoned the forts at Williamsburg, until our term of service was ended.

But I have wandered from the purpose of this paper, which was to try, in a very general way, to indicate the true position occupied by the nine months' men in the war.

They were in one sense emergency men, and in another sense they were really the reserve of the great armies.

That there was an emergency, and a great and critical emergency, in the affairs of the country at

the close of the summer of 1862, hardly needs assertion. It goes without saying. The defeated but still unconquered Army of the Potomac had lost immensely in men and material, and, more than all, it had lost its prestige, and nothing tangible or visible in the way of success had been accomplished. The credit of the country had been strained, as it seemed, to its utmost capacity. General McClellan was losing the marvellous confidence the country had reposed in him. Lee, flushed with apparent success, was moving northward and threatening our capital and its northern and western connections.

It became a vital question whether timely enlistments could be made for three years so as to recruit the shattered regiments in the field to meet Lee's advancing columns and still provide for the safety of Washington; a matter of paramount political and military necessity. Under these circumstances time was of equal value with money. These nine months' volunteers could as well man the defences of Washington, until they were fitted for service in the field, as those who had undergone the active campaigns of the peninsula and elsewhere, and who were still in

the field. The one great demand was to strengthen the two armies in Virginia, now practically united again as the Army of the Potomac, never, in all time, to be known by any other name, and not only prevent Lee from marching northward, but drive him back again within the defences of Richmond.

No force could do this so well or so effectively as that army which for so many months had been arrayed against him. And it seemed, at that time, that a sufficient number of men to serve for the war, could not be put into the field rapidly enough to fill up the depleted regiments.

At this late day, with the advantage of full knowledge of the results, it hardly seems to be a matter of dispute, that the government acted with great wisdom in calling for these new levies for this limited time, rather than incur the risk of failing to recruit a sufficient number of men for three years, in season to answer the emergency.

It has been sometimes said, even by soldiers, that the nine months' men were mere mercenaries who volunteered under the stimulus of excessive bounties, and that they were not actuated by honorable

or patriotic motives. It is undoubtedly true that there was, for a time, a wide-spread feeling among the old regiments who had enlisted at the opening of the war, when bounties were nominal, that the new levies had been more generously treated than the old ones; and it is equally true that for the moment the veterans looked with jealousy upon the new comers with their well-filled pockets. But this feeling was short-lived, and when, as later, they fought side by side, and each strove to win the victories they all so much desired, the former jealousy, unkindness, or by whatever name it may be called, vanished forever, and their only thought was that they were all striving for a common cause and for their common country.

Speaking with some little knowledge of the men who served in the Eleventh and Twelfth regiments, and with the men in other regiments with whom I was brought in contact, I feel warranted in saying, without fear of contradiction, that no state sent into the service during the war, any better regiments in everything that goes to make a good regiment, than these two nine months' regiments;

and I do not hesitate to say here and everywhere, that in the character of the enlisted men, in the fidelity with which they performed every duty, disagreeable as well as agreeable, and in their general personnel, these two regiments had no superiors.

It is quite true that one of these regiments was in no great engagement and carries on its colors no historic battle names. Yet it is to be remembered that it had not itself the ordering of its own destiny. It went where it was ordered to go and performed the duty to which it was assigned, and left no stain to sully the fair fame and honor of the state or country. It is not every soldier to whom is accorded the honor of bearing the colors. It is not every regiment that turns the tide of battle and wins the victory. Yet those who, in the contest of arms, in whatever station placed, faithfully performed their assigned duties, however lowly they might seem to be, are not to be despised because they were not given the opportunity to do the valiant deeds for which others, differently situated, have secured justly merited honor.

NOTE.

The regimental records show that the entire number of enlisted men discharged for all causes, was forty-eight. Nine men deserted and there were eight deaths, making the entire number of casualties, from all causes, during nine months, sixty-five.

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T
BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK,

OCTOBER 19, 1864,

BY

JOHN K. BUCKLYN,

LATE CAPTAIN FIRST RHODE ISLAND LIGHT ARTILLERY.



PROVIDENCE

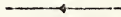
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BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK,

OCTOBER 19, 1864.



[Read before the Society, 1881.]

IN the western part of the State of Virginia is one of the most beautiful, fertile and healthful valleys in the world. Rich in agricultural and mineral resources, shut in by lofty mountains which rise like natural fortifications, it is not surprising that it was early settled and became a prosperous portion of the Old Dominion. Many of the hill farms in the time of the rebellion were occupied by Quakers, who received all with kindness, but refused to take up arms on either side. These men bought their exemption from military duty at five hundred dollars per man. The large farms of the valley were

generally cultivated by aristocratic and wealthy men, whose selfish interests in the ruling class made them friendly to the power that would destroy the Union to perpetuate slavery. The cavalry, both regular and irregular, drawn from this country was composed of brave men, accustomed to the saddle, and it did most effective service, as many a smoking wagon train could prove. The officers were usually men who had learned to love and wield power during generations of financial independence, refined culture, and haughty assumption of superiority. The rank and file were frequently composed of the poorer classes, who had been taught by social position to revere their leaders, and by necessity or choice to ride at great speed over difficult roads and through mountain passes. Their horses were trained to this work before the war, and were far superior to ours for cavalry service. What wonder, then, that the finest cavalry of the army was recruited in this valley. What wonder that they made it for us "the valley of humiliation." This valley was naturally fertile and had been carefully cultivated. Wheat needs scarcely more attention than it receives

at the west, and the yield is abundant. The bottom lands have never been fertilized by man, and yet they present a yearly harvest of grain that enriches the owner. The proximity of this valley to Richmond made the grain available for the use of the confederate army. Hence they came every year to reap the crops, pouring so great forces into the fields that they swept us before them like dead leaves before the autumn wind. A handful of our army could hold the valley while the crops were growing, but a strong army might suffer defeat when the harvest time came. The first battle of Bull Run was a success to the Union army until reinforcements came from the valley and turned the tide of war. From that time until late in 1864 we met with disasters in and around this place. Mosby in the lower valley, and McNeal in the upper, with their peculiar advantages could swoop down upon an unprotected wagon train, or small squads of troops, or single travellers, like vultures from their lofty mountain crags, and they filled the land with sorrow. It was through this valley that the great raids into Maryland and Pennsylvania had been

made. The troops that fought at Antietam, Gettysburg, and in front of Washington, passed through here. Here the war was commenced by the attack on John Brown, and here it received its death blow.

When General H. G. Wright, with the sixth corps, had driven Early through the valley, he directed General Crook, with the eighth corps, to follow cautiously, and the sixth corps commenced a forced march towards Washington. Before that city was reached, the corps countermarched and hurried to succor General Crook. Early promptly retreated, and a season of countermarching ensued. In September the business became serious. Then commenced a campaign which, at Winchester and Fisher's Mountain, made great havoc among the confederates. When Early passed through the mountains, on his retreat, we sent him a parting salute, and kept his herd of cattle and flocks of sheep. Like some school boys he did not appear duly grateful for his chastisement and plotted mischief.

On retiring down the valley, the army passed Cedar Creek, a tributary of the Shenandoah, and

encamped on the eastern bank, with wings thrown back and wagon trains on the turnpike which led through the middle of the army. Strasburg was in front, beyond the river, and Middletown in the rear. These valley pikes are among the best roads in the world, and there are no policemen handy to forbid fast driving. The eighth corps, called also the Army of the Kenawha, General Crook, held the left. The nineteenth corps, General Emory, held the centre. In this corps President Hayes held a command. The sixth corps, from the Army of the Potomac, General H. G. Wright; held the right. General Sheridan having been called to Washington, General Wright assumed command of the army, and General Ricketts the command of the sixth corps.

* In front of the army was Massanutten mountain, occupying the middle of the valley, and making a signal station where the enemy could clearly see our camps, count our troops, and observe all movements.

The 18th of October was a sunny day, and the army, as usual, proceeded with the camp routine.

But little fortifying had been done, and the army was resting, enjoying this beautiful October weather. There was no more thought of a battle in our camp than there is to-day in the streets of Providence. We knew that the enemy was in our front, but we had beaten him so badly at Winchester, and crushed him so thoroughly at Fisher's Mountain, and devastated so many miles of the valley, that we believed his power broken, his spirit crushed, and his resources destroyed. These thoughts had lulled the army into a feeling of security that was soon to be very rudely broken.

General Early was smarting under the remembrance of recent defeat. He possessed complete knowledge of our position, numbers and condition. His plans were laid in wisdom, and executed with a celerity and secrecy that challenge our admiration even in an enemy. Taking all useless and noisy equipments from a chosen body of men, he started them at early evening, in Indian file, around the base of the mountain, where it was thought troops could not move, and fording the creek in the Luray Valley several times, finally forded the north branch

of the Shenandoah, in the early evening, where the water was four and one-half feet deep, and massed in rear of the eighth corps. When the line had closed up the troops moved silently towards the eighth corps, protected by a fog that lay quite heavily over the land. Coming from the rear, they found the soldiers asleep in their tents, and captured many there. Their language to the rudely awakened soldiers was more forcible than elegant. Soon a soldier, slipping from his quarters, ran, thus drawing the enemy's fire, and making further concealment impossible. On they rushed with wildest yells and maddest rage. The eighth corps was pushed on to the nineteenth, and both were crowded on to and through the sixth. The cavalry moved to the right and rear; wagons that escaped moved hurriedly towards Winchester, where a part of the sixth corps was stationed. As soon as the enemy in Strasburg heard the rebel yell they pushed on across the bridge at Cedar Creek, and attacked in front. The uncertainty of the position, the noise and darkness created a panic among many troops that could not be checked. They fled like sheep, leaving only

a handful with the various flags. I had been accustomed to rise very early, and felt the importance of wakefulness at daylight. I probably heard the first gun fired, and arose to listen. Immediately another shot cut the frosty air. Calling to Lieutenant E. N. Whittier, "They are fighting," picking up my clothing and equipments, calling to my man, Levi Jackson, to saddle my horse, I ran to the General's tent, dressing on the way, and said to him, "They are fighting, shall I hitch up the batteries?" "Yes," he replied, and away I went, putting the bridle on my horse while galloping over the plain. I shouted, "Corporal of the Guard, Boots and saddles!" as I passed through the various batteries, and the quick notes of the bugles answered by call. Immediately the call to "pack up" was heard, and the "long roll" echoed across the plain. All trains hitched up and moved to the rear *en masse*, each driver showing a lively interest in the Winchester road. Coming around as soon as possible to where headquarters had been, I saw only the tree to which we tied our cow, all else had gone, and the bullets were falling thick and fast. Hence I had nothing for breakfast,

the same warmed up for dinner, and the remembrance of these for an early tea.

The sixth corps, which had been on the extreme right, facing up the valley, was now on the right and left both, and that, too, without changing its position. The batteries were pushed forward, the brigades moved out, and a line of battle formed facing westerly and southerly. We waited a moment to see where the storm would burst. General Wright having failed in an attempt to hold the nineteenth corps in position, came across to the sixth, and asked if the troops occupying a bluff on our left were friends or foes. I volunteered to ascertain, and rode towards them at full speed. Immediately the whole line opened fire upon me with artillery and small arms. My horse was wounded in many places, but a depression in the ground saved us, although five shots passed through my clothes.

General Tompkins says, "I never think of this battle without thinking of your charging the enemy alone." Our batteries and rifles immediately replied.

“Then shook the hills, with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.”

My task seemed to have been accomplished, and passing around the foot of the bluff in front, I came out from under the storm of iron and lead.

Immediately the enemy struck us on three sides, and pushed rapidly for our rear. I have never seen more rapid movements. Scarcely were batteries put into position before they were flanked and compelled to retire to escape capture. The enemy pushed so furiously that he seemed to arrive first at every place which we wished to occupy. Captain Jacob H. Lamb, with Battery C, scarcely commenced work in a position assigned him by General C. H. Tompkins, when the enemy struck his flank, and with difficulty he retired with one-half of his command. Out from the fog and smoke in front came a hostile line, and immediately the first battery was lost, and a rebel flag waved over one of the guns. Two batteries, a little to the rear, sent canister among them and the flag went down. We drew

back the guns by hand, but soon lost them again. Positions changed so rapidly that staff officers could not report and commanders could not wait. Every man seemed to be doing his best, and more daring acts of courage and desperation have seldom been seen. At times regimental flags were surrounded by foes, but the Spartan bands, with shout and a rapid bayonet charge, would break through and deploy again. Batteries were discharged almost in the face of the enemy. Guns were limbered up and brought away when the enemy was already within the battery. Hard words were time and again bandied between the opposing troops. The men seemed to be mad,—neither discouraged, nor frightened, nor subdued, but *mad*. The moment the enemy ceased to push on the flanks the line halted, the regiments spread out, the guns went into position, and all through the corps was heard the remark, "We will retake those guns before night." The eighth and nineteenth corps went into position. The cavalry came on to the flanks. General Wright ordered the artillery refitted, so far as possible, ammunition issued to the regiments, and the army

to be ready to advance at three o'clock. I know this, for he gave me these orders, which I carried to others and helped to execute them. The enemy made a slight attack upon us, but was easily repulsed, and only showed his continued interest in us by irregular picket firing.

Why did Early not push us until he had destroyed the army? Captured officers told us at evening, and General Early afterwards wrote in his address to the army, that the men left the ranks to plunder, and having obtained a supply of whiskey could not be controlled. Hence we must give whiskey credit for some assistance on this occasion.

In the beginning of the engagement my horse had been wounded, but I continued to ride him until he was severely wounded in five places, and was unable to move. I dismounted, took off the saddle and bridle, and bade him good-bye as the enemy rushed towards us with a yell. Seeing me leaving him he uttered the most heart-rending cry that I ever heard. It rings in my ears to-day. I have read of the sad cry of the horse in times of great danger, but this is the only place where I ever heard it. He was a

noble animal, and would follow me anywhere, appearing to have the greatest confidence in me, and affection for me. After the fight I had him buried where he fell. After a little time I borrowed another horse of Captain Adams, and rode to headquarters. General Wright, with the blood streaming down his face, grasped my hand and said, "My dear fellow, I thought you was killed." The memory of his kindly words and manner have always been cherished by me.

General Tompkins was very busy with the batteries. All supplies within several miles of the troops were brought up. Teams were arranged as well as possible, and a feeling of confidence pervaded the army. If General Sheridan had not come up, we would have attacked at the same time, three o'clock, and would have driven Early across the river, but his presence was a help, especially in the cavalry corps.

At or about one o'clock, when our arrangements were about completed, General Phil. Sheridan came on to the field, riding like mad, and swearing like Sheridan when he is aroused. His horse showed

hard service, and he showed total depravity. He rode so fast, and talked with such rapidity, that his interjections may not have reached the field to-day, but, like the ghost of John Brown, may be marching on. General Sheridan made few changes in the position, and at the appointed time pushed. The coffee brigade had gone to Winchester in the morning, and every man remaining was a hero. The ambassadors of Pyrrhus once reported to him that the Romans seemed to be a race of kings. The same might have been said of our army. They were all capable of the most dauntless heroism and reckless audacity.

When we first struck the enemy's line a lively fight commenced. Nothing could stop the impetuosity of our men. From behind each rock and tree they poured in their fire for a few minutes, and then on with a shout. The artillery was pushed on to the skirmish line, and worked with a will. I placed one section within forty yards of the enemy, and a charge of canister sent him flying with our men in hot pursuit. I saw all of the general officers of the sixth corps close up to the skirmish line, and

if it had not kept moving they would have been in advance of it.

Seeing a group of officers near Middletown, I told a captain to drop his compliments among them. He did so and they scattered. We soon learned that this was General Early and staff, and he abused us severely for our impudence. This seemed unkind, since we had only done as we had been done by, and we never asked him to pay for the shot.

During the advance we found many dead comrades, stripped of their clothing, and this sight roused us to still greater exertions. As the sun sank behind the western hills we drove the enemy pell-mell across Cedar Creek, and followed him so closely that he could not burn the bridge. Then the field echoed with a shout such as Philadelphia may have heard when the old bell of liberty rang out independence. General Early had neglected to secure his captures when he could, and now the road between Cedar Creek and Fisher's Mountain was filled with vehicles of every description.

As the last rays of daylight were fading away,

General Custer, one of the most dashing officers of the world, with a few cavalry, perhaps one hundred, was seen fording Cedar Creek, and winding like a serpent up the hill towards Strasburg. As they passed the summit they struck the enemy, and immediately was heard the rattling fire of carbines, the ringing of sabres, and the echoes of feet swift in flight or pursuit. He quickly sped out of hearing, nor stopped until he arrived at the summit of Fisher's Mountain. The fight was ended, and the day so full of surprises and escapes, of defeats and victories, of carnage and conquest, of joys and sorrows, was ended, and we turned sadly and wearily toward our old camp-ground. We were exhausted.

Looking back it seemed to me that years had passed since morning, the day had been crowded so full of experiences. I could realize Byron's

"Thinkest thou existence doth depend on time?"

I seemed to have grown old many years since yesterday evening.

At the close of daylight, looking northward across the plain, I recognized the gallop of a large horse,

on which I had mounted my servant Levi, and I made my way slowly towards him.

In the stampede of the morning, Levi had packed my possessions and gone off with the wagon train. The driver having broken the wagon pole was hurrying away with his team leaving all of the headquarters baggage to be plundered, when Levi caught him, compelled him to return, and having fitted another pole from a fence-rail, went with the wagon to the rear. Having reached Winchester, he set about preparing dinner with the materials he had saved from the wreck. In the afternoon he started to find me twenty miles away. The other men with the train laughed at him, and advised him to keep out of danger. Having wandered up and down the field for hours he found me thus at the close of the day. But for his thoughtfulness we should have continued fasting until a late hour the next day. General Tompkins remarked, as we sat down to lunch, "This is the only mess that has supper to-night."

Worn and weary, more dead than alive, we had just lain down beneath a small piece of canvas, when

General Sheridan sent for General Tompkins. After a brief interview, he returned, and directed me to take all of the battery teams I could find in the army, and crossing Cedar Creek, bring in the spoils and park them near General Sheridan's tent. I collected a large number of teams, and passing along the road gathered in vehicles of many kinds. From the front of Fisher's Hill my train extended to the hill east of Strasburg. We were compelled, by lack of horses to lash several carriages together, and after many hours of collecting we moved off across the bridge, and parked the train as directed. It has been said that beauty consists in unity and variety. Here was a plenty of variety, but the unity was conspicuous by its absence. A Virginia reach found place beside a nobby little cart, and a twelve pound gun rested innocently beside the doctor's ambulance. Have you seen all the vehicles that followed a southern army? Behold they were all represented there, and many others which usually remained in the back-yard.

As daylight reddened the east, I dismissed the teams and rode across the field to where head-quar-

ters had been. On the battle-field of yesterday I saw the white faces of many intimate friends, cold and stony, staring at me in the morning light. I questioned if they were not happier than I. They had met a soldier's death in the shock of battle, and their memory should be kindly cherished by a grateful country. I was still enduring a soldier's sufferings,—cold, hunger and weariness. They had entered the harbor. I was still on the restless sea, and where should I find rest?

COMRADES:—

Where the rifle bullet whistled, and the cannon loudly crashed,
Where the bugle called to battle, and the sabre brightly flashed,
Where the swamps so foul and fetid that the bravest held his
 breath,
Where each breeze, with poison laden, bore the chilling shaft of
 death,
Where the mountains rise in grandeur, nor fear the wintry blast,
Where the valleys hold in beauty the rivers speeding past,
My comrades, you are lying, where the bravest fought and fell,
In ditch and trench and shallow grave, by us remembered well.
You fought the fight of freedom, where freedom's cause seemed
 lost;

We look upon your lowly graves, and try to count the cost.
And from those graves your comrades made when the fight was
done,

Your shadowy forms, before us, seem rising one by one,
To bid us now remember that each one gave his life
To save our homes and fatherland from internal strife.
The hand we clasped at early morn, when our good-byes were
said,

At night was but a useless thing. That hand was of the dead.
But still you live, you cannot die while comrades live to tell
How bravely you withstood the foe, and foremost fighting fell,
Repeating still the story, bequeathed from sire to son,
Men shall tell in hall and hut how noble deeds were done,
While men shall love their fatherland, your story told by me,
Shall echo down the ages, till ages cease to be.

Your work is all completed, and nobly was it done,
The old flag waves above the fields so bravely lost and won,
Shattered and rent with shot and shell, yet ever shall it wave
Where grass is green and flowers grow above a comrade's grave.

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INCIDENTS OF CAVALRY EXPERIENCES

DURING

GENERAL POPE'S CAMPAIGN,

BY

WILLIAM GARDINER,

LATE SERGEANT FIRST RHODE ISLAND CAVALRY.



PROVIDENCE

SIDNEY S. RIDER, AGT.

1883.

INCIDENTS OF CAVALRY EXPERIENCES

DURING

GENERAL POPE'S CAMPAIGN.



[Read before the Society, February 14, 1883.]

Chaplain Frederic Denison has written and presented to this Society a most interesting and graphic description of the Battle of Groveton, between the Union forces, commanded by Major-General John Pope, and a Confederate force, commanded by the famous rebel chieftain, Thomas J. Jackson—better known as "Stonewall Jackson,"—August 28th and 29th, 1862.

Closely following the events so ably described by the Chaplain, occurred a few incidents of an interesting nature that came under my observation and experience, or have learned from others having a knowledge of the facts, that shall serve as themes for

this paper, and may prove an appropriate supplemental chapter to those written by the Chaplain of the famous "Pope's Campaign."

This campaign was the second in the experience of my regiment—the First Rhode Island Cavalry,—and the most prolific of startling events—humiliation and suffering, both physical and mental, the command experienced during its nearly four years' service in the field.

It is not possible for any one to frame language in such fitting words as will adequately convey to the minds of others than those who have had such an experience, the terrible suffering endured by the men of Pope's command from August 19th, until September 3, 1862. The cavalry probably suffered greater hardships than either the artillery or infantry, as the nature of its service required its presence at points more remote from the army's base of supplies, from which, by reason of its constant and rapid movements, it could not procure nourishment for man or beast.

Three days rations were issued to our regiment August 19th, and by the evening of the 22d, not a

"hard tack" was left in the haversacks of the regiment; and from the latter date until the morning of the 30th, we were dependent upon the country through which we moved for subsistence for both man and horse; and it was as poor a country, at that time, as one can well imagine.

During this interval we gathered corn, nearly ripe, from the fields, and green apples from the orchards. Various methods were devised and made use of, to prepare the hard corn in such manner as would make it palatable and digestible for human beings. By some, it was broken and pulverized with such stones as were procurable in the vicinity where halts were made, either for a few moments or a night bivouac, and when properly broken was boiled in tin cups that would hold little less than a quart, and when sufficiently cooked was eaten without salt. If one was so fortunate as to have found a large green apple during the day's march, he was regarded as a lucky fellow; for, while cooking his corn, he might roast the apple upon prepared coals, and when roasted, realize a luxury that would cause him to be much envied by the dozen or more half-famished

men, with mouths watering, standing or sitting near him. Many attempts were made in the early part of our wretchedness to cook the corn upon the cob by boiling or roasting. The first seemed to harden the corn, and the latter process would ruin it,—for when placed upon the coals it would burn, so hard and dry had it become.

Our poor horses suffered as much, if not more, than ourselves. Forage was not plenty, and if it had been, time was not given to procure it. This fact caused us much unhappiness, for a cavalryman soon learns that in an active campaign his horse is his best friend, and loves it as such. It may seem strange to many, and difficult to understand, how, under any circumstances, a man can be made to regard a beast as his *best friend*. I will try to explain why a mounted soldier, during an active campaign in the field, in close proximity to his enemies, entertains such a regard and affection for his horse.

During the movement of an army, it is the duty of the cavalry to cover its flanks, head and rear, and when halted for the bivouac, or permanent encampment, a cordon of mounted sentinels is established

around the army, with its posts from two to seven and ten miles from the army camp. The distance between the posts is whatever the nature of the locality requires. At all intersections of roads a post is established, from which a view can be obtained of any movement made outside the guard line. Should heavy timber land intervene between that and the next post, either right or left, or both, the distance between the posts is determined by the nature of the obstacles which such forest land, with its swampy bottom or growth of underbrush and vines, would present to an advance of the enemy. If the forest should prove to be impenetrable, the posts would be widely separated, and perhaps beyond hailing reach of each other. Under such circumstances, one cannot well imagine more lonely and disagreeable service than that of being compelled to sit upon a horse, stationed upon a road with which he is not familiar, in a dismal forest during a dark night, beyond the reach of a human voice, with nothing to comfort him but the thought that he is performing the most honorable and responsible service his country can demand of him. Upon *him* rests the responsibility of guarding with

watchful eye, and listening ear, the thousands of sleeping men in his rear against any movement of the enemy, toward or near his post of duty.

Can any one fail to imagine how, under such circumstances, a man should feel thankful for the companionship of a horse, and if attacked by the enemy, —and such attacks were frequently made upon our picket guards—he should learn to regard his faithful horse as his “best friend”? The true cavalryman loves his faithful horse, and will sacrifice much of personal comfort for its welfare, and the intelligent creature is fully capable of appreciating any kindness it may receive from its master, and reciprocates, too, as has been clearly proven by innumerable manifestations of affection and endearment made by them towards their masters. When this companionship has existed for several months, or years, and the mutual bond of affection between man and horse has grown more and more binding with time, *is* it strange or unmanly for a man to manifest the deepest concern for the welfare of the dumb friend, so wholly dependent upon his care and consideration? History has recorded the great sacrifices and suffering of the

soldiers during the great war of the rebellion. Little, if anything, has been written of the poor beasts that played such an important part in the accomplishment of great results, and suffered so much. As a cavalryman it gives me pleasure to divide the honors (as I often during the war shared my rations) with them, derived from successful operations with the faithful friends that carried me to and from twenty-six battle fields of the war.

Having explained the reasons why a cavalryman should regard his horse as his best friend, I think it will not be difficult for one to imagine with what anxiety and solicitude we viewed our poor, half-starved, worn-out horses about August 29, 1862, in this memorable campaign of Major-General John Pope.

Lack of rations and forage had reduced the men and horses to a condition that must soon end in death by starvation, if something was not speedily done to relieve us. The labor and hardships of the past two weeks had been beyond one's power to describe. I do not think a cavalryman of Pope's army enjoyed two hours continuous sleep during all this time. I

have ridden for miles sleeping as we marched along, regardless of pouring rain and the stumbling of my weary horse over rough, stony, muddy and slippery roads, through darkness so black that one could not see his file leader.

After the battle of the 28th, between General Rufus King's division and General Jackson's advance force, which ended by King's division returning from the field about 10 or 11 P. M., our regiment being the last to leave the field, moved as rear guard of the column toward Manassas. Our line of march carried us over that portion of the field where the battle had raged most furiously; and the shrieks and moans of the wounded and dying were heart-rending as we passed them. They begged us for water and help which we could not give or render them, and we were obliged to leave them to the mercy of a not over-merciful enemy.

What terrible requirements war imposes upon the soldier! Here were our friends and compatriots suffering within our reach—our hearts o'erflowing with sympathy for them, yet policy and our duty preventing us from doing that which our humanity

would naturally have impelled us to have done. God grant that our country may never again experience such a terrible war, and that its people may never again witness such scenes, even the remembrance of which curdles the blood, caused by man's inhumanity to man.

We reached Manassas early in the morning of the 29th, and there halted for several hours. Shortly after our arrival, a heavy column of infantry passed us moving toward Gainesville, from which point could be heard the sullen roar of artillery, with occasional rolls of musketry, pretty sure evidence that warm work was being done in *that* vicinity. After halting I moved around the deserted camps in the vicinity, hunting for forage, and succeeded in finding a grain bag partially filled with hay which had probably fallen from some army wagon that had passed in that vicinity. I could not have experienced a greater degree of pleasure if it had been gold, for my poor horse was so famished that when walking he would sway from one side to the other like a drunken person, so weak and exhausted had he become. How well I remember his pleasure when I returned and

opened the bag and with what eagerness he seized what I gave him of its contents, and my own pleasure at discovering about seven quarts of oats at the bottom after removing the hay! We were halted not far from a stream, and after my horse had finished his allowance and drank at the stream, I laid myself down upon the ground and had the longest nap I had enjoyed since the 18th of the month.

When I awoke the day was far advanced, and the roar of battle—some three or four miles away—was loud and continuous, and I knew we would not much longer be permitted to remain where we were. I found my horse much refreshed, and giving him the oats, waited for the order we knew would soon be given us to move to the front. Luckily sufficient time elapsed before the order came for "Billy" to finish the oats, and have a good draught from the stream, and a good grooming—all of which made him seem more like himself than at any time during the past ten days. How I wish I had the power of description necessary to convey to other minds the picture presented at this moment of our fatigued men and horses: Men stretched upon the ground, in the

full glare of a burning sun, sleeping soundly, although the earth beneath them fairly trembled with the roar and reverberation of the terrible battle ; faces bronzed by exposure, dirt-begrimed, and shabby in the extreme. I'm sure their own mothers would not have known them as the darlings they had kissed, and tearfully bade "good-bye" only a few months previous.

"Boots and saddles" sounding from our bugles brought nearly every man to his feet, although some rough shaking was necessary to awaken some of the men, and some tall grumbling was heard when that result was obtained.

Somewhat refreshed by our long halt, but oh, *so* hungry, we mounted our horses and were soon moving toward the battle-field, with no very comforting thought of what it might have in store for us. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived upon the field, which, by the way, was very near to that of Bull Run, fought July 21, 1861. We, with other regiments of cavalry, were assigned a position upon the extreme right of our army line of battle. Our regiment was formed in rear of a stone mansion near

a forest, upon high ground, its line being at such an angle with the Union and Confederate lines of battle as to give us an excellent view of both in the valley beneath us during the little of daylight that remained.

Longstreet, together with a large portion of the balance of Lee's army, had now reinforced Jackson. A heavy column of Confederates were moving toward the field from the direction of Thoroughfare Gap in the Bull Run mountains, and our small army was being menaced by a vastly superior force.

I can never forget that night (the 29th), and its experience of sights and sounds. Our regiment remained in position during the night, upon the right flank, as described, the men dismounted, with bridle reins in hand ready for instant service. Some were standing, others sitting, and many reclining at full length upon the ground, and I need not assure you that our situation was most anxiously discussed. The two armies remained in position ready to resume their bloody work by day dawn. No fires were built, and the field, shrouded by the mantle of night, presented a strange and weird spectacle. Ambulances hurrying to and fro could be heard, but not seen,

through the darkness from our position, searching for those wounded during the day, and when found, their shrieks and moans could plainly be heard when removed from the earth to the vehicle. The incessant murmur of the voices and rattling of spades of those engaged in burying the dead—together with occasional shots along the lines—as some vigilant sentry saw, or imagined he saw, a movement of the enemy in his front, with here and there a vivid flash along those dark lines, as volleys were given and returned with vicious roar, all combined served to make an experience not easily forgotten. How slowly dragged the long, weary hours of that night; and with what anxiety we waited for the coming day to dawn. Some among us were refreshed by brief naps, during which visions of something to eat cheered our minds,—but oh! *how* sadly they deceived our stomachs.

The morning of the 30th opened clear and fine, and the battle began with desultory firing and skirmishing along the lines. Our regiment was not called upon for active service, but remained in position awaiting orders. Our Colonel, Alfred N. Duffié,

well known as "the little Frenchman" and as a thorough and brilliant soldier even at this stage of the war, was made extremely anxious and unhappy by the thought that his "boys" were suffering the pangs of hunger.

Our Chaplain, the Rev. Frederic Denison, was not of that class of men who upon one pretext or another managed to shun danger by having a mission in the rear, when danger threatened in front, but chose to remain with his regiment under any and all circumstances, and usually performed valuable service as a volunteer aid to the Colonel. During the campaign thus far he had followed the fortunes of the regiment during its tedious marching and countermarching, and counted one among the sabres and spurs of the command when battling with the enemy. By some means unknown to me he had learned that our regimental supply train was at or near Centreville, and so informed the Colonel, at the same time volunteering to go to Centreville and have some rations brought to the regiment. Colonel Duffié entertained a most affectionate regard for the Chaplain and would not *order* him to go to Centreville, it being a dangerous ride

of some six or seven miles, but having no one to send, he assured the Chaplain that such service would be highly appreciated by the regiment, and that he would feel under great personal obligations if he would do so. And the Chaplain was only too glad to perform such service, for his love of the men and his interest in their welfare were equally as strong as that entertained by the Colonel for his command. After many cautions from the Colonel "to be careful, and not fall into the hands of the enemy," the Chaplain started, with his faithful colored servant, John Harris, upon the mission that circumstances and his own warm heart had forced upon him. His only weapon was a rapier, a sword of light pattern, his revolver having been left—either by mistake or carelessness—several days previously with his baggage in the regimental wagons. John, the servant, was armed with only a rebel belt knife of peculiar design, picked up by the Chaplain a few days previous while wandering over the field where a battle had occurred near Rappahannock Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Thus armed they started, and rode straight over the hills, and through the woods, and passed

not far from the lines held by the enemy the day before. Advancing they reached the summit of a knoll, and looking down the slope in front discovered at a stream known as Cub Run, in an unfrequented spot, six rebel infantrymen engaged in filling canteens with water. Upon the bank near them lay their muskets. Here was a serious obstacle to the procurement of rations for the regiment. What should be done? The Chaplain's first thought was, I will capture them, and without waiting for a second one he put spurs to his spirited horse, and closely followed by his servant dashed down upon the enemy, and riding between them and their arms, the following dialogue ensued:

"Which way are you going, boys?" asked the Chaplain.

"I don't know," said one of the surprised Rebs. "I know; you are going with me," said the Chaplain. To this the rebel spokesman said: "I don't know about that!" "If there is any dispute about that we will settle it," said the Chaplain, and thrusting his right hand into the left breast inside pocket of his coat as if after his revolver, he pointed with his left hand to the muskets and inquired if they were loaded;

to which the spokesman replied " Yes " The Chaplain then ordered him to take the guns singly and discharge them into the stream, which was done, save two, which he ordered handed to him. One of them being a handsome rifle of the Enfield pattern, the Chaplain gave it to his servant John with the remark, " You may find it of good service in bringing down possums." The prisoners were then ordered to unbuckle their belts, and drop their cartridge boxes, which they did. He next ordered one man who had no gun, to sling the cartridge boxes over his shoulder, and forming them in single file, with the man bearing cartridge boxes in the rear, started them towards Centreville. It seems strange that the firing of the muskets did not call out an exploring force from the enemy's lines to ascertain the cause of the firing of the muskets.

Their lines must have certainly been near, and the shots must have been heard within their lines. Their failure to send out such an exploring force must be attributed to the fact, that being well exhausted by the arduous duties of fighting and marching for the past several days, they were too tired and stupid to make such an effort.

The Chaplain when ordering the discharge of the muskets did not think of such a probable result, but it soon occurred to his mind, and he hurried his captives from the scene of their capture as fast as possible. When well on their way, the Chaplain discovered that the prisoners were talking together in low tones, and not liking this conversation, he divided them into two squads by riding between them, having in the meantime told John to ride close in their rear and keep his eyes open.

Very soon one of the prisoners inquired: "Where is your command, sir?" To which the Chaplain replied: "I'll attend to my business, and you attend yours. To what corps of the Confederates do you belong?" "We belong to Stonewall Jackson's foot cavalry." The term "foot cavalry" being somewhat ambiguous, the Chaplain asked, "How's that?" "We march thirty miles a day and fight at that," was the reply. The most of the march to Centreville was made in silence, but, as can easily be imagined, with any amount of thinking.

The Chaplain hailed the appearance of our lines at Centreville with delight, and having passed the lines,

he soon found a camp of provost guards commanded by Captain William R. Sterling, of the Seventh Ohio Infantry, to whom he delivered the prisoners. One of them belonged to the Eighteenth North Carolina; three to the Fifth Alabama Battalion, and the remaining two to a Georgia regiment, the number of which I am unable to give; probably the Nineteenth Georgia, for the following reason: The roster of the Confederate "Army of Northern Virginia," August 30, 1862, which I find in John C. Rope's excellent book bearing the title, "The Army under Pope," locates the Eighteenth North Carolina with "Branch's Brigade," and the Fifth Alabama Battalion with Archer's Brigade. In this brigade was the Nineteenth Georgia, that being the only Georgia regiment in Brigadier-General J. L. Archer's command. The three regiments represented by the prisoners, were all of Major-General Ambrose P. Hill's division of Major-General Thomas J. Jackson's command, viz., left wing of the "Army of Northern Virginia."

This adventure of Chaplain Denison's is but one of many daring and successful manifestations of individual pluck and nerve the experience of the war has

given us, but they are sufficiently rare to rank the Chaplain among those that are entitled to a conspicuous place upon the roll of honor for distinguished bravery and gallantry upon the field.

This happened more than twenty years since, and it gives me pleasure to place upon record in this manner and form such an interesting incident in the military experience of one who commanded and received the love and respect of all his associates during the war.

But to resume my narrative. By diligent search and inquiry, the Chaplain soon found our regimental supply train, and hurriedly loading into two wagons the necessary supplies, he hastened back to the regiment, making a wide detour from the vicinity of his daring exploit. In due time he found the regiment, which had been removed from the position where he had left it in the morning, to almost the identical ground upon which was fought the first battle of Bull Run.

Having detailed at some length the hungry condition of the men, it will not, I'm sure, be necessary for me to assure the reader that the appearance of

the Chaplain and the two wagon loads of supplies were most welcome. The rations were served, though little time was given to devour them, for now the battle opened, and business of a serious nature demanded our undivided attention, in doing the duty assigned us in the great and terrible conflict, styled "Second Manassas" by the Confederates, and as "Second Bull Run" by the Unionists.

So much has been written of this battle by competent writers, that its main features have become familiar to all, and I need not add more—unless it may be the fact, that the falling back of our army from this field, did not in *any* sense resemble the scare and flight of July 21, 1861.

Our regiment, with other regiments of cavalry, covered the army in its retreat, executing a brilliant manœuvre in retiring by battalions, by which a force was continually facing the enemy in regular line of battle *at a halt*. The movement of retiring was made at a *slow walk* under a terrible artillery fire, and so continued nearly to Centreville, the enemy manifesting little desire to push forward with vigor his advance toward our well-formed lines of horse-

men, and it ceased to advance toward our direction some time before we reached Centreville, although his artillery sent us its compliments at long range with little effect.

It was while making this movement by battalions mentioned, that a characteristic of our French Colonel cropped out that I think is worthy of mention, although some may think it does not reflect much credit upon the Colonel's reputation as a rigid disciplinarian. His action in the matter elevated him in *my* esteem and all others of my regiment acquainted with the circumstances of the case.

I will explain briefly the circumstances as I now recall them. We were falling back—in the manner described—and had halted upon high ground south of Bull Run stream and were facing the enemy, then about half or three-quarters of a mile distant. The ground sloped gradually to the valley below. Off at our right front, about a mile distant, was the stone mansion and forest where we had remained in position during the night. A small force of Confederate cavalry were moving about in that vicinity. In our immediate front the view was unobstructed for per-

haps a mile and a half, to a range of hills running parallel with our line of cavalry. Upon this ridge, separated by a few hundred yards from each other, could be seen from our position two rebel batteries in position for action, which were sending us occasional shots at long range, doing us little if any damage.

Jutting into this valley at our left front was a strip of woodland with quite a heavy growth of forest trees, in the form of a \succ , its angle line in the view of those directly in front being such as to make it serve as a screen to any movement made behind it by the enemy. From our position we could see *both* sides of the V, and discovered a large force of the "grey-backs"—certainly a division, if not more,—moving into the forest where it halted.

General McDowell and staff were in such a position at our left that this movement of the enemy could only partially be seen, and thinking probably that the enemy were trying to gain this position for strategic reasons, and that he was in small force, the General rode rapidly over to our regiment and its Colonel, and pointing with his finger to the strip of

forest land, ordered the Colonel to move his regiment and "clean out the enemy from that vicinity," or words to that effect. The Colonel, and in fact, every member of the regiment present knew that there was a heavy force of the enemy in the forest, and that, under the circumstances, obedience of the order would be equivalent to suicide. The Colonel refused to obey the order, much to the surprise of the General, who was not accustomed to such treatment from his subordinates. "What is the reason, sir, you will not do as you are ordered to do?" asked the General. "I see my way *into* that forest, but I no see my way *out* of it," was the reply. "Consider yourself under arrest for disobedience of orders," said the General, who rode away, and shortly afterwards we moved back to Centreville. I am not sure if the Colonel was really under arrest or not. Some of my regiment say that he was relieved of his command that night by the General, and Lieut.-Colonel Thompson placed in command of the regiment. I am sure that he did not remain long under arrest, for he commanded the regiment the evening of September 1st, during the battle of Chantilly, which was opened by the

Confederates upon our regiment, from which the first blood of the engagement was drawn. Private Isaac Wescott, of F Troop, can justly claim to have been the first sufferer in this terrible battle.

Our regiment during the first day of September had been lying near Fairfax Court House enjoying a much-needed rest and full rations and forage, and now that we were so near Alexandria, with its 60,000 or 70,000 troops of McClellan's army, had good reason to hope that we should be permitted to rest and recuperate before being called upon for active service in the field again.

It was late in the afternoon, and I had prepared a pot of coffee and a delicious stew, known as "Lobscouse" among the boys, prepared in the following manner: Salt fat pork cut in pieces about half or three-quarters of an inch square—quarter of a pound, boiled in about three pints of water. When little more than half cooked put in as much broken "hard tack" as the dish will permit, and stew together until done. Season to taste with black pepper, and we had a dish fit for a king. So we thought in those trying days.

I anticipated a good square meal, when suddenly a stir among the troops in our vicinity presaged a movement. While we were wondering what was up, an aid rode furiously up to our head-quarters and almost immediately "Boots and saddles" was sounded from our bugles, followed by a rapid and peculiar succession of toots, known as "double quick."

I had no time to swallow either coffee or "Lobscouse," and both being scalding hot could not take them with me, and so was obliged, most regretfully, to empty my cooking utensils and secure them quickly to my saddle. I think a saint, under such circumstances, would be fully justified in giving utterance to a few naughty cuss words. I do not remember if I did or not, but it will not be unreasonable for one to imagine that I *did*, for I wasn't a saint in those times. Not because I didn't know how to be one, I would not have it supposed,—but because General Pope's army movements were not calculated to encourage a cultivation of those graces supposed to be necessary to the make-up of such a character.

Horses were quickly saddled, the men mounted, and the regiment moved—at the trot—south of Fair-

fax Court House, upon what is known, if I remember rightly, as the "Winchester road," accompanied by General "Fighting Joe" Hooker, and a portion of his staff.

I do not think we had advanced a mile upon this road when we discovered a rebel battery posted upon high ground in the road upon which we were advancing, and not more than a quarter of a mile distant. We were in column of fours, in direct range of the enemy's guns, and before we could move from the road into the forest at our left, there came, almost simultaneous with the boom of the first gun, the loud, sharp, cracking explosion of a shell in our ranks, a fragment of which struck Private Isaac Wescott in the face, making an ugly-looking wound, from which the blood flowed copiously.

Being nearest him, I grasped his arm and held him in his saddle, and was immediately ordered to conduct him to the rear, which I did, and so lost the risk and glory of further action in this engagement, known as the battle of "Chantilly."

My regiment had two men wounded in this battle, viz. : Private Wescott, already mentioned, and Ser-

geant Charles Briggs, of Troop L, and lost two horses.

Conducting the wounded man to the rear, I met a heavy column of our infantry which was deploying into line of battle in the fields to the right of the highway, across which a six-gun battery was galloping toward a knoll, which, having reached it, unlimbered for action.

The line of battle formed, it advanced toward the enemy, and our regiment moved out of the way to make room for its advance. It soon found the enemy and the battle opened with a fierceness seldom equalled during the war, and continued into the night, during the most terrific thunder storm I ever witnessed, and I am sure that no one, be he Union or Confederate, that was present upon that occasion, can ever forget its terrible grandeur.

The deep, heavy rolling of heaven's artillery, the bursting of thunderbolts, vivid and blinding continuous flashes of lightning, the howling, rushing of the wind, which amounted to a hurricane, and the down-pour of rain in sheets, served to drown the roar of the battle and prevent its continuance.

During the night our forces fell back through Fairfax, and after all had passed, our regiment moved as rear guard along the Alexandria road with flankers well out from the column upon each side of the road ready for instant action, which we had good reason to expect any moment. The morning light of the second revealed to us the fact that we were followed by the Confederates upon both our flanks, pressing us as closely as our belligerent attitude would permit.

A real nice kind of a morning ride, this was, for one with weak nerves to take! We had enjoyed (?) many such since August 9th, and had become tired of them,—upon the principle that one can have too much of a good thing.

Yet we were proud of the honor conferred, that *we* should be chosen in preference to others for the performance of such responsible and honorable, although dangerous, service.

What a time we had driving on the hundreds of infantry stragglers of our army! Poor fellows, tired and footsore, hungry and discouraged, they cared not what might happen to them.

The rear of our army column halted that night

near Bailey's Cross Roads, and we enjoyed a few moments of rest and sleep, from which we were awakened about midnight and the assurance given that the enemy were almost upon us; and such was the fact, for those of us in the extreme rear could plainly hear their footsteps advancing.

Indeed, if Private Allen W. Towne, of D Troop, then doing duty in the commissary department of the regiment, had not been seeking the regiment, and, wandering beyond its halting-place discovered the advance of the enemy, and finding the regiment, promptly notified the Colonel and others of our danger, the chances are that there would have been a midnight fight with all the advantage upon one side, and that many of us would have had to make a march "on to Richmond" under rebel orders.

We moved out of the woods in excellent order, with as little noise as possible, and not *very slowly*, although some of us in the rear thought dreadful slow progress was made by those in advance.

I will not dwell longer upon the events of this campaign.

If *all* were written of, they would make a volume

of manuscript sufficiently heavy to discourage an average army pack-mule, and I haven't the time to devote to such an undertaking, and will conclude this rather rambling and erratic chapter of war experience with the assurance, that if as mean a looking fellow as I and all my comrades were at the close of this campaign, should appear at either my front or back door to-day, I would order him away, and if he wouldn't go, I would put the police upon his track.

We suffered terribly during this campaign, but I do not think one of its survivors regrets having had such an experience.

It taught us how much *can* be endured, and prepared us for future campaigns. It made better soldiers of us, for when in other campaigns the thought would arise in our minds that we were faring poorly, the mind would go back to the hardships of Pope's campaign and effectually quench all disposition to grumble.

While writing this paper, and reviewing the scenes and experiences of those trying days, it has not seemed possible that one could live to tell the story of such an experience nearly twenty-one years after.

I do not crave another such an experience, nor do I regret having had such, while serving that grand emblem of progress, liberty and freedom for all mankind—our dear old flag—the “Stars and Stripes.”

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